




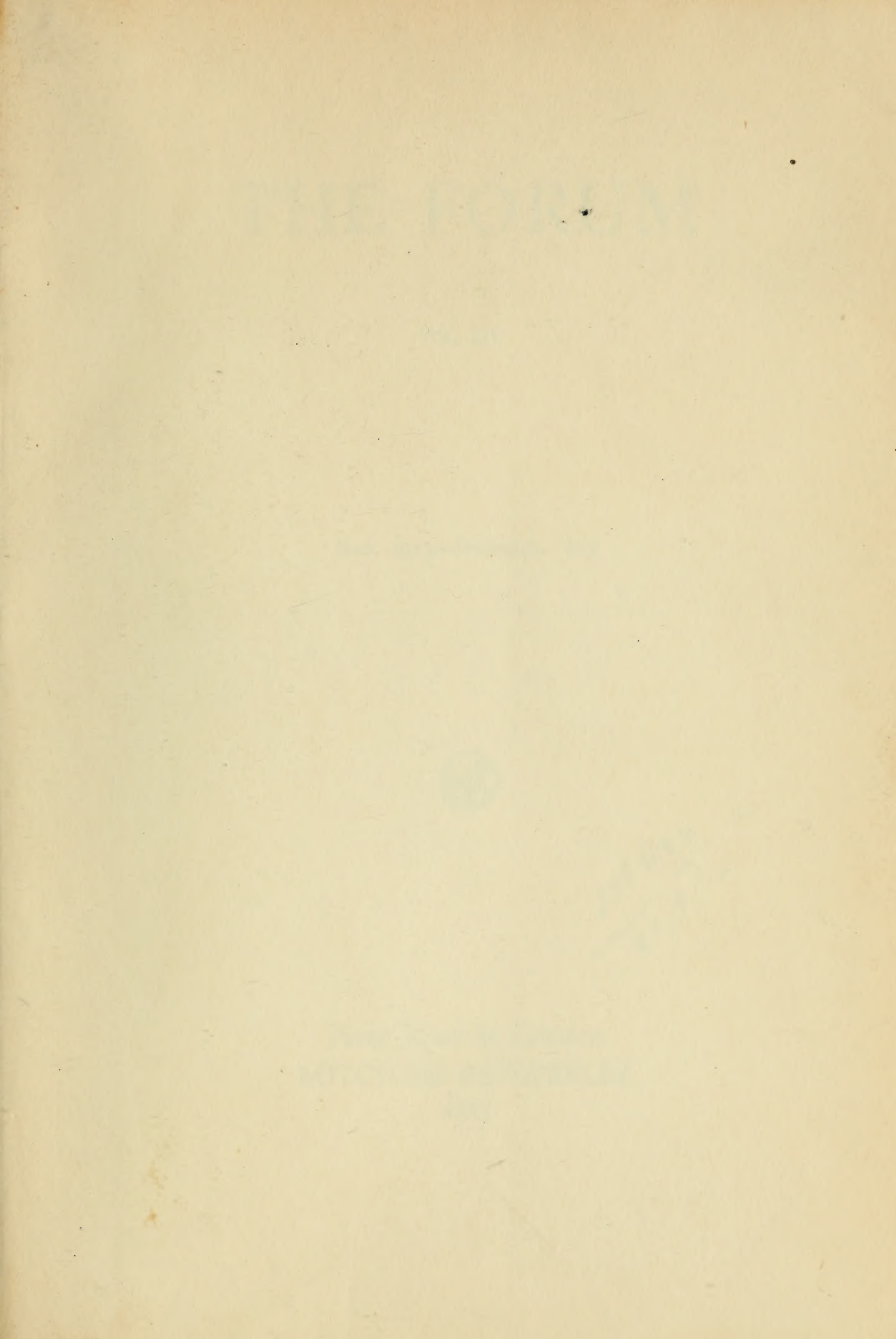
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THE FORUM


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THE FORUM

FOR JULY 1915

MILITARISM AND SANITY

CHARLES VALE

THE ominous conditions that this country is now facing have induced many misleaders of the public to come forward and repeat the blatant nonsense so characteristic of dwarfed minds. We have been told in the past, *ad nauseam*, that war can only be avoided by preparing for it; that elaborate military and naval machines are the sole guarantees of peace; and that the mailed fist, ready at any moment to shatter into dust all the hard-won achievements of civilization, can alone expect courteous attention in the councils of the world. These doctrines have been revived now, in the very shadow of the most convincing refutation that could be given to them. All the nations of Europe had joined, in a greater or less degree, in the terrible race for increased armaments and increased destructive powers. The results of that so-called insurance against war can be seen rather plainly on the map of Europe. But it is probably hopeless to argue with the militarist maniacs. The wars that they prepare for, and invite, lie at their own door; and even they themselves must see, in occasional intervals of sanity, that militarism breeds murder, and that the true patriots are those who, rationally and with full regard to the difficulties of the time, attempt to make such murder less and less probable, by appealing to the only power that can be allowed ultimately to prevail—the power of an enlightened public opinion.

Yet, because many of us believe in peace, not merely as an ideal, a vision, but as an attainable and most practicable basis for international relations, it does not follow that we believe in disregarding the present state of the world and the peoples of the world. It is our duty—the duty of all thinking people—

to work steadfastly for the victory of reason over intolerance; to oppose every attempt to rivet more firmly the fetters of militarism; to demand, as the right of humanity, that the nations shall learn to live together in peace, friendship and comprehension. But it is our duty also, considering the appalling barbarism that has devastated Europe, to make it very sure that our women and children shall not be compelled to bear witness, as so many others have done, to the utter ruthlessness of war and the ultimate price of militarism.

It is not necessary, however, to imitate the professional alarmists and insist upon an immediate reversal of the whole policy of the country and an immediate attempt to build up enormous offensive machines. If, out of all the horrors of this war, any enduring good is to emerge, America must be prepared to help by making it clear to the world that she believes in service to humanity—not as a canting phrase, but as a fundamental principle of her national policy. The conditions of our development have made it easier for us than for any other State or collection of States to ignore racial enmities, old-world prejudices, old-time errors. It seems clearly put before us, as our contribution to the history of this century, to show that the charge of materialism is no longer sustainable; that while the material welfare of the country was being established, there was also taking shape and gaining force a national spirit which, divorced from sentimentalism, creeds and conventions, must fulfil itself in ways that nations have not always understood. We want nothing for ourselves that we are not willing to give to others. We care nothing for the jeers and sneers of those who are enclosed in their provincialism as in a coffin. We have no policy of aggression, no plans for self-aggrandizement. To all who will treat with us on an equal footing, with a similar desire to avoid injustice and promote the well-being of mankind, we offer our friendship and good will, and, if need be, our good services.

It would seem impossible, then, for us to become fatally imbroiled with any State not guilty of deliberate and unpardonable provocation. We have it in our power, without recourse to war, to exert such pressure as should ensure redress and

prevent the repetition of hostile acts. But even if the worst should happen, and the conditions of our day and the crudity of militarism should involve us in armed conflict with another country, there is no need for hysteria or ranting. Naturally, the militarists, having done everything possible to make war more probable, will attempt to transfer the blame to those who have worked for peace, and the cry will go out to the heavens, "If we had had an enormous army and an enormous navy, peace would have been ensured."

That absurd contention has already been dismissed. We do not want an enormous army and an enormous navy. It is an *efficient* army and an *efficient* navy that we require; and if the money that has been voted in the past had been properly expended, such an army and navy would now have been at the service of the country, not as a menace to other nations, but as an adequate police force. No country has a right to maintain a standing army of greater strength than would be needed for home defence. It would seem, in the light of recent events, that no country is justified at present in maintaining a standing army of less strength.

With such an army and such a navy as a basis, and with proper coast defences, the exigencies of war times could be left safely to the spirit which war arouses in men. It is not the magnitude of preparations, but the efficiency with which they are carried out, that counts in such a country as this. The military lessons of the war have been noted: the importance of aircraft and submarines, the use of mined waters, the dominance of the big gun, the development of the trench, the necessity for organization, for adequate supplies. So long as it is popular to think in terms of murder, it is well to think also in terms of efficiency. But efficiency does not mean lavish expenditure and panicstricken efforts to repair the administrative failures of Government departments. It does not mean that the truths of pacifism are to be disregarded. Rather, men's minds will be drawn increasingly to the questions, By whom and by what are such preparations made necessary? Why should man need to arm against his brother, as against a wild beast? Why should

the world still endure the degrading tyranny of militarism and the militarists?

If this terrible war does not result in the overthrow of militarism as it has been understood for at least the last half century; if the law of the jungle is to prevail over the law of civilization; if mankind still sees in murder the only ultimate means of settling differences of opinion; if nations are to regard their own interests as dominant and the interests of the rest of the world as negligible; if the mediæval ambitions of individuals or castes are to dominate these new times and nullify modern knowledge and aspirations; if butchery, lust and vandalism are the true marks of the twentieth century, and every people may fashion its own god in its own image:—what, then, will be left for humanity? It is not pleasant to contemplate more militarism, with its crushing exactions; more murder, with its broken hearts and desolated lives; more raping of women and mutilation of children; more drowned babies, maimed and tortured men, and exhausted and devitalized countries.

It is unbelievable that the human race will submit to a recurrence of such barbarism and that force will still be allowed to triumph over right. It is the destiny of these United States to stand now, not for merely national interests, but for the just principles of international morality. Every step that is taken should be taken with reference to the final goal—the elimination of militarism as the nightmare of the world, and the return of mankind to the ways of sanity and peace.

TO ITALY

JOHN VALENTE

ITALIA! now that your solemn hour has come, we who stand in our far western shore,—loyal sons of loyal sons of your blood,—with heavy hearts, across the wide Atlantic, send to you a message of deep, reverent love. Such is our token; more it is not for us to speak, in praise or blame. Impartial tongues must utter those judging words which in our lips should seem the vainest boasting, the most impious treason. In these bewildering days of strife and conflict, one only truth we know: here in this broad, democratic land of our fathers' adoption, in our bitter need, we have touched the fraternal hand of all mankind. *Henceforth, ours shall ever be the grief of war. . . .*

Yet, O Italy, never have you seemed to us so desirable; never have we felt so complete a need of you. Now, as never before, are we ever mindful of our Latin heritage and the inspiring pride of the noble dead of our race,—the heroes, the saints, and the martyrs. Cicero is ours; Vergil is ours; Galileo, Saint Francis, Dante, Columbus. Remembering the deeds of our own fathers, ours, too, is the triumph of Marsala and the ignominious withdrawal of the last usurper who had defiled your sacred land. If in this supreme hour we seem indifferent, silent, it is the silence of hearts overfraught with sorrow, overflowing with woe.

THE GOVERNMENT OF TO-MORROW

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET

I

THERE are few more discouraging spectacles in American life than the spectacle of legislative inefficiency. Not only is the ordinary legislator a man of mediocre character, but the whole system in which he works is so organized as to call forth little save the most visionless political ability. We have become hardened to the sorry situation. We express little regret at legislative failures because we have long since ceased to hope for any authentic success. Our Albanys and our Harrisburgs, even our Washingtons, are become the sport of cynic wits. If we were French, we should shrug our shoulders and lift our eyebrows. Being Americans, we turn resignedly to the baseball news.

This is deeply unfortunate for a nation. There can be no social vigor save as there is social pride; no social pride save as there is the enthusiastic confidence in the purposes and power of the group. Our political cynicism is the weak strain in our American life. We shall become great only as we become enthusiasts. But we shall become enthusiasts, in turn, only as we are enabled to view with glad assurance the working of our social powers.

Deeply vital, then, as any problem of our American life, is the problem of political reconstruction. If this were a problem of making men better, of transforming their essential character, it might seem difficult, indeed. Human nature is to-day very much what it has been for a thousand years; and there is little likelihood that it will be very different in the thousand years to come. If politics is bad because men are bad, we may as well throw up our hopes and declare that there is little chance for better politics. But a penetrating analysis of our political situation leads one to the conviction that politics is inefficient because there is something profoundly inadequate in the politi-

cal mechanism which we are employing. It is as if a man were compelled to paint a portrait with a toothbrush, or trim a garden lawn with a plough. Politically, we are operating with a system that in one sense is out of date and in another was never in date at all. The first step toward political regeneration, in short, is to look away altogether from questions of human nature, and examine this curiously outworn machinery with which we are struggling to achieve results quite beyond its power.

II

One of the most serious defects of our political machinery is found in the prevalent theory of representation. It is curious how contentedly we accept that theory as if it had been handed to us from Sinai's top, not noting that the times have so changed as to make the theory no longer truly applicable. We view it as a matter of course that a political state should be divided into its smaller units, and these into still smaller units, and these into still smaller; and that in each unit citizens should vote as members of the unit. Thus the group of people who constitute precinct eleven of district four of the borough of Manhattan recognize, as a matter of course, that their political identity lies in their membership within those territorial boundaries. The person who "represents" these citizens represents them as inhabitants of that particular territory.

Amid all the serious questioning of our political procedures, it is curious that this system of territorial division and territorial representation is accepted practically without question. And yet it is not an exaggeration to say that of all features of our political life, it is the one that is most distinctly out of date and the source of the most serious political inefficiency. It is not difficult to see that at one time in the history of society such a system was the only one that could work with secure and comprehensive success. In a community thoroughly agricultural, for example, similarity of interest was in the main identical with spacial propinquity. If, in such a community, one were to district off a square mile of inhabitants, one would find that within that

square mile the interests were fundamentally alike. If one were to take another square mile a hundred or a thousand miles away, one would find, indeed, that the interests differed somewhat from those within the first square mile—the difference between wheat land interests, for example, and grazing land interests—but within the second square mile one would again find the interests fundamentally alike.

It was this fact that gave the territorial plan of political districting its erstwhile excuse for being. But suppose one advances to a manufacturing and commercial community of to-day and districts off a square mile of inhabitants in any large city. Within the boundaries of that small domain one finds a barber living next to a grocer, a grocer next to a real-estate broker, a real-estate broker next to a school teacher, a school teacher next to a saloon keeper, a saloon keeper next to a mason, a mason next to an actor, etc. Within the square mile, in brief, are interests as worlds apart as they possibly can be; and yet our political system operates upon the supposition that all this heterogeneous mass of beings can be swept into unity by the mere fiction of a political demarcation. On election day, these heterogeneous folk are asked to come together and vote for some person to represent their "common" interests. Obviously, they have no "common" interests, save the sheerest matters of external life—streets and lights and policing and taxes. They can have no common enthusiasm, no common will for something socially fine and inspiring. Their "common" will, in short, is nothing but the lowest common denominator of all their diverse interests; and this lowest common denominator becomes incarnate in the politician.

Social enthusiasm can be evoked only where there is a spirit of the group. But a spirit of the group lives only where men feel that they belong to each other. Men thrown accidentally together by the chance renting of this apartment, or that house, cannot be made to feel that they deeply belong together. Herein lies the profoundest defect of our modern political system. We are attempting, in short, to bring into expression group loyalties and group enthusiasms when the groups through which we

operate are largely and inevitably artificial. There is no cure for this, save as we face frankly the issue of organizing political life into its truly natural groups.

What are these natural groups? The answer to this question has been different in different periods of the world's history. In the earliest period the natural groups were the kinship groups. Men felt that they belonged together because they were born of some common ancestor. All the aspects of their life, political, economic, religious, were organized in terms of the blood bond. It is not difficult to understand why this was so. The first period of human history was the hunting period. Men wandered about from place to place in search of game. Obviously, the only bond was that of procreation. So strong was this bond that neither distance nor fortune could weaken its hold. The members of a tribe might be scattered to the four winds of heaven; they were nevertheless members of the tribe.

The second stage of human history introduced a factor which was destined, ere long, to supersede the kinship bond as the principle of grouping—the factor of territorial occupation. When men learned how to plant and reap, a new chapter of political history was opened. Gradually—though only at first under stress of conflict with the kinship principle—the principle of territorial grouping took its place as the great formative factor in social and political life. The history of modern society is the history of the slow supersession of the kinship by the territorial bond. The feudal state is the point of significant transition from the one to the other. The lord lived on the same land as his serfs; and yet he was worlds apart from them. The political group, in short, was a blood group; and political offices were assigned in terms of parentage.

In the modern citizen-state the kinship bond has been at last completely outgrown. Men belong to a political group now not by reason of their descent but by reason of their settled occupation in a certain community. The modern state, in short, exhibits the victory of agriculture over hunting and warfare as the chief human vocation.

Is the evolution complete, or may we look to a further development of social and political grouping? The answer, I

think, lies in the recognition that the groupings of the past were determined by the nature of men's occupations. For the huntsman, life was a roving; and the only possible bond of union was the impalpable bond of descent. For the agriculturist, life was a settled occupancy in which the bond of union was the perfectly palpable one of land. Are men in large measure changing the nature of their occupations? The answer to this is clear. Agriculture, while still fundamental, is increasingly companioned by occupations that make profound alterations in our life. Indeed, the present age may properly be characterized, not as an agricultural, but as a manufacturing and commercial economy. If now the change from hunting to agriculture brought to pass an essential transformation of the principle of social and political grouping, may we not rightly expect that the change from the agricultural to the manufacturing and commercial economy will effect a transformation of equal moment?

The significant change that has occurred is that territorial propinquity is no longer coincident with community of interest. This change is wholly crucial. It means that where political life could be successfully organized in terms of land occupation, such organization is now in large measure artificial and ineffective. Community of interest is now determined fundamentally by specific vocation. A physician living in the eleventh precinct has far more community of interest with a physician living in the fifth precinct than he has with the broker who lives around the corner. Indeed, if one were to trace the lines of interest-demarcation in a great city, one would find them here, there, and everywhere, crossing and recrossing all the conventional political boundaries. If one seeks, in short, the natural groupings in our modern world, one finds them in the associations of teachers, of merchants, of manufacturers, of physicians, of artisans. The Trade Union, the Chamber of Commerce, the Medical Association, the Bar Association, the Housewives' League—these even in their half formed state are the forerunners of the true political units of the modern state.

Always, in history, political effectiveness has had its source in common understanding, in common enthusiasm. Where men

work at the same trade or pursue the same business or follow the same profession, there is an identity of interest that makes for group solidarity and power. A perfectly clear principle of psychology is here involved. Where two or three are gathered together who are of widely diverse interests, there can be little save trivial talk of the times and of the weather. When, on the contrary, there are gathered together those who are of like interest and understanding, there results a mutual enhancement which makes for the greater power of each and of all. The weakness and timid superficiality of our political life to-day are due, in large measure, to the fact that the state is made up of groups of the first—the talk-of-the-weather type. Our political life will come to idealistic power only when the state is transformed into groups of the second—the organic—type.

Anyone who has had the least experience in practical politics knows how disheartening to a citizen earnest for political welfare is an ordinary election. There is the strenuous attempt to persuade every Tom, Dick and Harry to come into one's appointed camp. It is not that the Toms, Dicks and Harrys are not worthy persons; nor that one is contaminating one's self in associating with them. It is rather that the whole process is psychologically hopeless and socially wasteful. One realizes always that these heterogeneous citizens really do not wish anything in common. One realizes that even with the prerogative of the vote in their hands, their wishes are foisted upon them and must continue to be foisted as long as the political system compels such ill-assorted citizens to dwell politically together. One notes, with some quiet cynicism, that the exercise of the suffrage, under the present artificial conditions, is regarded by the good citizen as a somewhat useless duty that must nevertheless be performed, by the bad citizen as one that can be transformed into lucrative profit. Seldom, if ever, does the campaigner witness a solid group that is aware of itself and of its ideals, that can be counted upon to work year after year for that which it holds good. The only solid groups which he finds are those which work profitably for that which is accounted socially and politically bad.

III

The ways of life, in short, have changed fundamentally, and political organization must, if it is to be effective, accommodate itself to the change. Sir Henry Maine, in reciting the fact that the "history of political ideas begins . . . with the assumption that kinship in blood is the sole possible ground of community in political functions," goes on to say, "nor is there any of those subversions of feeling, which we term emphatically revolutions, so startling and so complete as the change which is accomplished when some other principle—such as that, for example, of *local contiguity*,—establishes itself for the first time as the basis of political action." One always invites suspicion when one declares or prophesies a revolution. Yet with the accredited mind of Sir Henry Maine in support of the usage one may confidently declare that the second great political revolution is even now in prospect—the change from the territorial to the vocational basis of political grouping.

That this change, perplexing as will be the problems which it will generate, will mean much for our political life cannot, I think, be doubted. Of primary importance will be the fact that the basis of selection of candidates will be both logically and psychologically superior to that of the present system. A group of a hundred physicians or of a hundred teachers or of a hundred artisans would be far more capable of making secure judgment upon one of its number than a helter-skelter group of citizens selected according to locality. Again, for a man desirous of serving the public welfare, there would be a peculiar joy in standing for the fellows of his craft. His appeal to them for support would be an appeal to their understanding and their intelligent interests. There would be no need for him to lower himself to that type of campaign cajolery which is necessary, apparently, when the appeal must be made to all sorts and conditions of men. It is precisely the undignified character of the prevalent political methods of campaigning that deters many a sensitive mind from offering service to the public—the printing of one's photograph on cards, the widespread dis-

tribution of self-laudatory handbills, the posting of conspicuous placards, the ringing of innumerable door-bells, the whole sorry business, in short, of making one's self a general public nuisance, of doing what any decently self-respecting man would in ordinary circumstances utterly shrink from doing. But to offer one's self to the fellows of one's craft,—that is a far different matter. One comes then not as a stranger. One comes as a worker, known among fellow workers. One has not to force one's self, as it were, down the throats of the indifferent and the unknowing. One stands on one's honorable reputation; and one is accepted or rejected as that reputation is taken to be adequate or not. The whole spirit of elections, in short, would change from an undignified attempt to wheedle and cajole and hypnotize men into a transient support, into a self-respecting expression of willingness to serve one's fellowmen.

But another change deeply important will be in evidence. If one asks what the vital interests are that deserve representation in government, one may not stop short of enumerating all the occupations that are fundamental to our modern life. Education is fundamental, medicine, law, housewifery, commerce, manufacturing, carpentering, bricklaying, etc. How many of these secure effective expression in our present type of government? Where is the voice of the physician speaking for that fraternity whose interest is in public health, in hygiene, sanitation, decent working hours, protection of children, etc.? Where is the voice of the teacher speaking for that group whose interest is in the mental and moral equipment of the children? Where is the voice of the housewife speaking for the great body of women whose interest is in the health and decency of the home, in the nurture of children, in the heightening and enriching of life? Where is the voice of the artist speaking for those whose love is of the beautiful? Government, as it is organized to-day, has no place for these save by indirection. If education, or medicine, or housewifery or art would be heard in the halls of legislation, they must say their words into the half-understanding ears of some ambitious young lawyer who will later reproduce them in his own way—if the times and the occasions fit.

Here is the curiously inept aspect of our modern political

life, that with all the diverse interests that need expression, each in its own way, all expression is barred save, in the main, as it issues from the lips of a lawyer. There can be no adequate political life—no political life, that is, adequate to the rich variety of our social existence—until this tyranny of the lawyer is abolished, until all authentic interests, in short, speak their needful words in their own proper character.

The political lawyer to-day is the logical outcome of the out-of-date system in which we find ourselves. He is the man who can move easily among a heterogeneous citizenry, glib of tongue, genial of hand, easy at all problems, master of none. The incarnation of that conceptual monstrosity, "the average citizen," he fills our legislative halls with eloquence and incompetence. There is no hope for our politics until we rid ourselves of him, bag and baggage. Obviously we shall accomplish the removal only as we completely alter the basis of our political selection, changing from a system of choosing a hail-fellow from among a heterogeneous mass to a system of choosing a craftsman from the craftsman group.

One other advantage of profound importance is to be noted. Grouping by occupation will solve at a stroke, and in the only rational manner, the whole vexed problem of sex difference in relation to political participation. Adult persons—quite irrespective of sex—will have their political identity in terms of the vocational interests they serve. It is nonsense, for example, to suppose that a Tammany lawyer knows as much about the interests of the housewife group as the housewives themselves. Housewifery is an interest fundamental to civilized society. It should therefore have its competent spokesman in the chambers of social legislation. What is here significant however about the new type of grouping is that the housewife assumes her political functions not as one who is supposed to be able to judge upon all matters of public import, but as one who brings to political life her peculiar and expert contribution. The basis of suffrage is changed from the artificial one of sex to a wholly natural one of specific interest and participation.

IV

A prophet may maintain himself in esteem as long as he confines his prophecies to generalities. When, on the contrary, he essays particulars, his prophet's garb is too often transformed into the motley of the fool. The writer will most effectively escape unnecessary embarrassment, then, if he refrains from detailed elaboration. And yet, for the sake of clearness, a word or two must be said with regard to particulars of organization. Two problems come prominently to the front in any such grouping as that suggested: first the problem concerning the lines of group demarcation; second, the problem concerning the basis of group representation.

As to the first problem, it seems clear to the writer that all sharply marked occupational differences must be accepted as lines of political grouping. Thus teachers are sharply marked as over against physicians, housewives as over against outdoor unskilled laborers. In any community, one would be able to divide the adult inhabitants into groups very much as follows: teachers, merchants, manufacturers, engineers, artists (including architects, novelists, poets, musicians), newspaper writers, indoor unskilled manual workers, outdoor unskilled manual workers, housewives, physicians, farmers, lawyers, ministers, public guards (police, firemen, soldiers, etc.). It would be folly, indeed, to hold that the above was an accurate or final analysis of the grouping possibilities of a community. But along some such line as this, it would seem, the grouping would proceed.

As to the second problem, it would seem reasonable to suppose that each occupational group would elect its representatives to a central council. One might safely prophesy, I think, that representation would be on the basis of number. The objection might be raised, to be sure, that a numerical basis would give to the unskilled and unintelligent members of a community a dangerous balance of power. To this, two answers could be made: first, intelligence is, in fact, always more powerful than unintelligent numbers; second, and more important, the fact that a preponderance of voting power was vested in the unskilled and

unintelligent portion of the community would stimulate the skilled and intelligent portion to hasten the elimination of conditions making for ignorance and lack of efficient training.

The objection is often raised that occupational grouping would simply mean a battle of interests—each group fighting for itself. In the first place, matters, in this respect, could scarcely be worse than they now are. In the second place, groups such as we have indicated, are not, in their interests, antagonistic. Housewives are not antagonistic to physicians; nor carpenters to teachers; nor ministers of religion to outdoor unskilled workers. As a matter of fact, the interests of many of these groups coalesce, as in the case of housewives, teachers, physicians, etc. But what is significant is that, with as many occupational groups as we have indicated, no constant balancing of interest one over against the other would be possible—as would be the case, for example, if the occupational groups were, as has elsewhere been suggested, farmers, merchants, clerics.

Finally, it is not too much to suppose that a council selected by craftsman groups would bring to its problems the ideals and methods of craftsmanship. A teacher, for example, would realize how absurd it would be to elect a college president by popular suffrage for a term of two years; an engineer would be convinced of the necessity for expert ability for the handling of tasks requiring expert judgment. It would doubtless transpire that such a council would serve only as the public body for the expression of general policy—much as a university board of trustees now serves—and that it would leave all actual administration to officers appointed because of their expert ability and for a term of office subject to termination only on grounds of misbehavior or proved incompetency. One can scarcely conceive a body of craftsmen tolerating the present uncraftsmanlike organization of public work. Such a body would realize and apply the principle of efficiency, the principle, namely, that the task shall go to him who can.

The foregoing pages express a view of political participation which is wholly in keeping with the “organic” nature of the state. In an organism, each part or member contributes in accordance with its powers,—the heart cells as members of the

heart group, the epithelial cells as members of the epithelial group. The nerve cells run here and there throughout the body; yet they contribute not in terms of their locality—whether they happen to live in the hand or heart—but in terms of their functional activity, their “organic occupation.” The present form of suffrage grouping, on the other hand, is distinctly anorganic. The state is conceived as very much like a heap of sand, each grain like every other grain, each contributing in like manner and measure to the aggregate whole. But nothing is clearer than the fact that not all persons can contribute in equal measure or with like quality of interest and intelligence to the state. Where some persons are, by reason of their preoccupations, utterly ignorant of matters vital to the state, others are alive with expert knowledge. It is because our modern democracy treats all men as abstractly alike, because it fails, in short, to regard them concretely, as persons with individual and group differences, that our democracy fails so lamentably to elicit from its members their authentic abilities and efforts.

It would be folly, of course, to pretend that a high grade of political efficiency will be attained at once when men change from the anorganic system of territorial to the organic system of vocational grouping. But it may at least be maintained, with some show of reason, that with that change, one of the most insidiously persistent obstacles to political efficiency will have been removed.

THE GERMAN WAY OF THINKING

SIMON NELSON PATTEN

A RECENT statement that Germans think differently from Americans was made the occasion for sarcastic comment on the assumption that to think differently indicates a lower plane of thought. What the writer meant, however, was that the Americans had a language that expressed the concepts peculiar to their own development, but they failed to appreciate ideas that are made significant by the evolution of a neighboring state. When Americans think in terms of their own civilization, and Germans in terms of theirs, a breach is opened that puts each nation in the wrong attitude for a sane treatment of the problems of the other. Such a divergence, however, does not necessarily imply that one nation is morally in advance; it merely shows that a nation does not develop particular concepts until its situation demands them. Different national conditions and varying successes may thus force two nations apart and give to each a language incomprehensible to the other.

In attempting to explain the German way of thinking, we must recognize that national thought is never a clearly defined unit; nor must we expect all Germans to hold identical views. Last June, Germany was split into warring factions; in August, differences disappeared before a common danger. Like the firing on Sumter, the shock of the English ultimatum brought all Germany together; as with the North, it may take years to realize in what the awakened national spirit consists, and to give it adequate expression. There is, nevertheless, a unity of thought as of action in the newly aroused Germany, crude though the expression of it may be. We lag behind in the expression of this new thought because our language growth has not kept pace with new developments that surround us. The new wine of progress is still poured into the old bottles of dogmatism, with an unsatisfying result.

At the opening of the French Revolution the difference between the ideas of France and those of other nations was one of degree, not of kind; and yet there is a sense in which they

may be said to be uniquely French, for they were vitalized by French enthusiasm and visualized by French expression. And a new language was created that drove home the new truth, a language that in the end made all nations capable of appreciating the new thought. A word is of little use until some vivid contrast is made which reshapes ideas in accord with the new adjustment. The philosopher Kant, in his enthusiasm for Rousseau's *Émile*, forgot his afternoon walk for what is said to be the only time in his life. We can understand Kant's absorbing interest only by realizing the remarkable way in which new meanings had been given to old words by Rousseau. Before his time the "natural man" was deemed depraved, as contrasted with the "regenerate" man of religion. But now the natural man was to be given a place of vantage in comparison with the conventionalized man of city life, out of which a new concept of human worth arose that reconstructed modern thought. Such a thought movement we are now entering. A leaven of new ideas has permeated our civilization; we cannot resist the change which must follow. To-morrow we may think of Germany as we now think of Ancient Greece—a pile of ruins swept over by less developed races in their rush for power, wealth, and commerce. But German ideals will live, as have the Grecian, because they aid adjustment to world conditions. The clarifying contrasts will become our possession, for thought is immortal, even if nations die.

The words of a people reflect the development through which they have gone, and blind them to concepts arising in nations other than their own; we see only the dangers that our own evolution has helped us to visualize; and when new conflicts arise we impute to our opponents the motives of enemies in bygone centuries, while old fears remain as bogeys to haunt us in a new world. The fear of foreign domination is so ground into our way of thinking that we cannot throw it off. Our language is rich in terms that connote world empire, and we cannot conceive of an enemy who has not some design of despotism. We are helped to this view by the many words we have taken from the Latin, and by the frequent use of Roman examples in our history and literature.

Now such terms and fears are scarcely a part of the German

social thought. These new concepts are expressed by terms of German origin, and consequently have the meaning that home development has given them. I often wonder what term those who charge the Germans with a desire for creating a world empire find in German to express this thought. Surely if the founding of a world empire is a German ambition, there must be some term to express the idea. *Weltmacht* does not mean "world empire," but merely "a place in the sun," the opportunity of a nation for full growth and development. But dozens of plants may reach a full development side by side, and so may many nations. Only Latin terms express the concept the Anglo-American dislikes, and they are not used by the German.

I was much perturbed in my German student days by the failure of German students to catch the contrasts I unconsciously made prominent, and in my own inability to grasp their concepts. My politics did not interest them, and for some time theirs was unintelligible to me. An example of this is the doctrine of States' Rights. Even now I wish some linguist would give me a German equivalent for this thought. A literal translation would be a crude makeshift; the idiomatic phrase is not at hand. At length I gained an insight into the real difficulty. American thought emphasizes the danger of domination by a centralized Government, and hence the need of internal protection. States' Rights is the philosophy of local resistance to national aggression. The Germans have suffered from the opposite evil, that of too much separation in a country that should become a national unit. When we realize how late this unity has been won in Germany, we can understand why German thought has not developed the concept of States' Rights. She has too much States' Rights, and not too little. Yet in contrast to this situation, "home rule," in the sense of local rights of divisions smaller than the State, has been largely absent from our national thought, and is even now only partially visualized. Cities and counties are ridden over roughshod; "ripper bills" are frequent and damaging. What protection with us has any city, county, or State minority against the aggression of the majority? But all these local relations in Germany have been worked out, and their results have become an integral part of the national thought. Every German city is free in a

sense in which no American city is independent. In short, Americans blindly indict and avoid one type of external aggression without even the consciousness that there is a still more important type that really dominates us, and of which we take no cognizance.

One might fill pages with examples of the dependence of national thought and language on the needs of national development. No nation has a perfect language, but develops only such words as express the vital content of the national struggles. It is this fact that makes the translation of German phrases meaningless, except as an irritant to stir up trouble. The German attitude, when understood, is the opposite to that attributed to them. Germans feel that they are a down-trodden race, that every man's hand is against them, and that they must defend themselves against the subtle aggression of every other nation. If one reads the history of the last four hundred years this attitude is understood. However innocent England, France, and Russia may be at the present moment, no one can free them of the charge of past aggressions in which Germany was the sufferer. This fact colors German thought, helps to make its language contrasts, and in turn keeps it from feeling the force of democratic concepts our nation has developed.

The lack of national unity in the past has compelled for the Germans much of the same type of thought development as characterized the Hebrews. With them, the downfall of the material Zion helped in the idealization of an immaterial Zion with even more scope than its material counterpart. German civilization has likewise become an ideal, the realization of which does not mean a crushing dominion over other races. The triumph is to be won for German thought, science, and art. These ideals are so different from those imputed to the Germans that only ignorance can excuse those who twist German words to voice their partisanship. Think of a nation with its back to the wall, carrying on what many believe to be a hopeless struggle, yet supremely confident of its superiority in philosophy, science, and culture, and you will see the German people as they are. This confident idealism gives force to their obstinate national resistance, and will make their faith heroic even if they are again humbled to the dust.

Like the Hebrew, their civilization may lose its material embodiment, while its vital essence prevails even in the nations that now seek to block the new ideas.

There is no better way to present the cultural differences of German and English civilizations than to contrast their ideals of freedom. To us, freedom means the downfall of internal tyrants, and the upbuilding of restraints against exploitation. Liberty is thus a political concept that has no content but freedom from control. We are true to our history when we denounce arbitrary power and build up restraint against national aggression. To these ends we proclaim bills of rights, create constitutional limitations, and put the freedom of person above group welfare. "Scraps of paper" thus get a sacredness that enables them to block the growing need for closer association and economic expansion. All this is absent from German thought. No severe conflict with rulers has taken place. In struggle with outside aggression, prince and subject have fought side by side. Prussian kings have been leaders in progress, subordinating individual impulse to public advantage. There has been no issue on which a fierce antagonism of ruler and subject could arise. Such an issue can only come when Germans, no longer fearing external aggression, can go forward in their internal development as freely and as safely as England and America have done.

When a German talks of freedom he is not thinking of internal political restraints, which loom up so vividly in the Anglo-American mind. The struggle for freedom in Germany has been waged in other than political fields, and has meant the overthrow of religious dogmatism, of ancient superstition, of social arrogance, of effete traditions, and of conventional morality. The German, it is held, must think for himself, act regardless of social conventions, be his own master in the routine of daily life, and have a morality that upbuilds rather than degrades. This is the goal of the German; it is his dearest treasure, in contrast to which political rights have but little significance. We endure a tyranny of public opinion, a textual religion, and a hypocritical morality, because we have not broken the bonds that have made the German free; on the other hand, Germans have not risen to that high level of political freedom that is the cherished possession of

all English-speaking states. Which is the higher level of thought I am not called on to decide. The virtues and shortcomings of each nation are understood when we study its history with appreciation of the issues involved. We are made by our past just as Germans are, and should seek a broader outlook that makes each nation more tolerant toward foreign thought.

If we shift our attention from ideals to ends, similar contrasts appear. The word "democracy" best represents the goal of Anglo-American hopes. The freedom we extol is a distributive concept, thwarting concentration; a political idealism that shields the humble from tyranny. Efficiency and mechanism are undervalued, and about them no ennobling emotions cling. By the German the word "democracy" is seldom used. The cause is to be found in the lack of contrasted social classes. Democracy implies a conflict with some exploiting class. The German aristocracy is so definitely severed from the life of the common people that German thought has developed in ways that overlook its existence. German aristocrats do not absorb the wealth of the nation, as do English and American upper classes. They are servants working for an income little greater than their service. If the landed nobility of a few country sections be excluded, the burden they impose is not great enough to make a national problem.

Hence the distributive process has played a small part in the formative period of German development. If a change is coming, it is due to the rise of a social democracy which is introducing English ideas and contrasts. Marxism is English thought in a German dress, and however important it may become, it is not characteristic of present German thought. Modern progress makes their goal not a democracy, but a bold, inspiring "Kultur." The German sees positive attainable ends; his idealism is concrete; his hopes are realizable. The vague terminology of English idealism, on the contrary, with its talk of "wagons hitched to stars," and the divine right of American citizenship, seems puerile to those whose ideals are realized in city planning, industrial efficiency, and mutual aid.

During recent decades Germany has forged ahead along untrodden paths more rapidly than other nations, and hence the

contrasts between the newer and older expression of thought are more clearly seen in the German than in other languages. A century ago England was forging ahead as an industrial nation, and her people reflected the defects both in thought and deed that result from the dominance of commercial standards. England was then the mechanical nation, for effective industry is ever automatic and material. When at that time a German visited England, he was struck with the mechanical nature of English industry. German industry was still in the household stage; its fewer workers owned their tools, and could start or stop work as they wished. The world of nature, with the pleasures of leisure, was theirs whenever they wished to enjoy it, while English workers were crowded into factories, rose at the sound of a whistle, worked a fixed number of hours, and went home too tired to enjoy the pleasures of the outside world. No wonder, then, that the German visitor deemed the English automatic and material, and thought his own countrymen free and idealistic.

The situation is now turned about. Nothing strikes the visitor of Germany more impressively than the mechanical way in which everything is done, and this fact is the basis of the irritation the foreigner feels. He charges it, of course, to the dominance of the military caste; but in reality military efficiency only reflects the general change that has come over German life. In the good old days, students like myself had an intense admiration for German ways; but I have noticed in each succeeding group of home-coming Americans a falling off in this enthusiasm, until at length actual hostility began to express itself. I was puzzled until I found its cause in the dislike of mechanical ways that interfered with their accustomed American liberty. One of the complaints was that the student could not jump on moving trains if he came late to the station. Now it was a traditional American privilege to risk one's life at his pleasure, and he resented the German doctrine of "safety first." But this same interference with personal liberty is now common in America, where street cars and railroad trains close their doors before the train starts. It shows that the value of human life and the adoption of mechanism to conserve it are at last becoming as prominent here as in Germany. All this is clear, and yet our irritation is not lessened when we

confront some new mechanism in a foreign land. True, Germany is mechanical, and the regularity of industry has reached a stage beyond that achieved in England or America. Let us realize, however, that mechanical rigidity is only a preliminary to industrial efficiency.

Men become efficient to gain dollars, and with the dollars they supply material wants. These are the losses, or at least the assumed losses, of mechanism. But the gains are equally apparent. With efficiency poverty disappears; the hungry outcasts are transformed into respectable citizens. The neglected poor come out of their hovels, receive their share of the world's goods, and feel the glow of sunshine. Only a glimmer of this change finds expression in our thought and language. Our traditional philosophy has no place for efficient mechanism, even though it was among us it obtained a first recognition. We want freedom, not progress; and in our schools we teach ideals, not ends.

In saying this I have no doubt made a confession that will lose me much sympathy. I now proceed to make another. Along with the changes which the new industrial régime has produced in political and social ideals has come another in morality. The past admired the servile man. Humility, meekness, and sacrifice were much lauded qualities, and out of them have come social attitudes which permitted the strong to exploit the weak. Why should a man not yield when self-denial is a virtue? There is no necessity here to trace the origin of this mental attitude, or of the debasing morality that followed from it. The American public is not ready for a moral advance along new lines. We prefer the ambiguous unreality of the old, and seek to restore its prestige by weird emotional appeals. It may, however, be possible to show the origin of this new morality and the conditions that produce it.

Mental attitudes are recognized as resulting from physical traits, and these in turn are influenced by environing conditions. A servile man is also a weak, anæmic man,—poorly fed, clothed and housed. He is dominated by fears aroused by the uncertainty of his situation. His law is not that of nature, but the arbitrary rulings of capricious superiors. The change from personal domination to a mechanical régime breaks the reign of personal fear.

Social law is impartial and upbuilding; at last adjustment is possible, and its fruits in security and welfare are apparent. Out of this new life comes a vigorous, self-reliant, aggressive, and often dominating man. These changes are the result of living under conditions that eliminate personal fear. We may not like such a man as well as his humble, saintly predecessor, but the psychic change implied must be accepted as the mark of an advancing civilization.

Aggression comes naturally with man's conquest of his environment, and its morality would have been an early stage of thought development but for the abnormality imposed by bad conditions upon early civilizations. To be bold and effective means to be mechanical, for only by mechanical devices can the world be conquered and the social product made sufficient to prevent the deficit that makes servility bearable. He who would reap the advantage of mechanism must act with his fellows, share their feelings, and be loyal to his group. Aggression will in time become socialized. If we do not see this now, it is because of the short time its forces have been dominant. The superman will be more keen for personal ascendancy than was the old individualist. But, unlike him, he will rise through apperception of group loyalty, and gain his ends through mutual aid and social coöperation. That vigor, aggression, and group loyalty lead to united social action the present awakening in Germany abundantly shows. Germany must be praised for her social morality, even if its full expression does not always meet with our approval. There is a road from the aggressive superman to a super race, and on this path all races are moving. When we realize this fact we shall be more sympathetic toward the Germans, and be in a state of mind that will make possible an amalgamation of the two civilizations. We need an appreciation of mechanism; they of liberty. The opposition is not so absolute as it seems.

THE WAR AND THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

LINDSAY ROGERS

SINCE the outbreak of the European War the excessive abnormality of armed conflict has been strikingly evident in many fields which, during previous lapses from peace, have been either slightly or not at all affected. Many of these abnormalities, although important, have received little if any consideration; those who write are occupied in discussing questions of larger moment,—the philosophy, causes, conduct and effects of the war itself. Observers wonder whether peace will bring about any modification in the German and Russian governmental systems; whether the growth of social legislation will be checked through the inability of national exchequers to do more than pay the absolutely necessary expenses of the State, and whether the end of the present conflict will inaugurate an era when international disputes will be settled in the same manner as differences between individuals,—by an appeal to law.

All of these problems are, of course, intensely interesting, yet their discussion must be conjectural rather than definitive, and it may, therefore, be somewhat more fruitful, if less important, to turn from these and consider one abnormality of the war which can be treated with tolerable precision. I refer to the effect of the struggle on the English Constitution,—not in any modification of the framework of the government, but in the measures which England has been forced to take for the solution of purely domestic problems, in the manner of their enactment, in their violent disregard of traditional and hitherto respected civil rights, and in the paternalistic and social tendencies which may be temporary, but which, at all events, have established an important precedent.

Some of England's emergency legislation is complete, but the greater part simply grants to the Executive power to issue statutory orders, filling up gaps in the enabling measures, or making specific regulations in accordance with a legislative expression of general policy. In making such comprehensive delegations of legislative authority, the statutes show a marked

departure from Anglo-Saxon legal traditions. To be sure, with industrial and political conditions as they are normally, it is impossible for the legislature to pass laws which will fit every possible contingency; continuous sessions would be necessary. In the United States, delegations of legislative authority to the President and to commissions are becoming more frequent in number and broader in scope. England has long used the device of statutory orders, by his Majesty in Council, but never on a scale remotely approximating that prevailing since the war began, and the change is in material disregard of the Anglo-Saxon theory, which is for the legislature to act as definitively as possible, particularly in criminal matters. From a constitutional standpoint, the manner of enactment of the emergency legislation is interesting but hardly alarming; it was necessary, yet in the future there will be the tendency for the Cabinet (whose increased importance is the dominant characteristic of the English system) to retain, or after an interim to resume, the extraordinary law-making powers which it has exercised since the beginning of the present conflict.

Many of the emergency measures are designed to ameliorate or improve the condition of British subjects who are suffering by reason of the war and to take away certain drawbacks to their entering the service. Thus, to enumerate a few of the new regulations, Parliament has reduced the inheritance tax on the estates of those killed in the war; provision has been made for feeding school children in Scotland; no electoral disabilities can take place through absence on the front; the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Local Government Board are given wide discretionary powers with regard to housing; defendants in legal proceedings and trustees are protected while engaged in war service, and the acceptance of a commission does not vacate the seat of a member of Parliament. Great Britain already had, of course, an immense body of social legislation providing for unemployment, accident and sick insurance, pensions and poor relief. This is now of greater utility than ever before and there is a special act providing compensation for injuries received in the war.

Then there is legislation dealing with the business relations

of British subjects among themselves and with the enemy. Moratory proclamations, suspending the payment of certain debts, have been made under the Postponement of Payments Act, passed by Parliament on August 3, it being the second time that a bill has gone through all its stages and received the Royal Assent within one day. The solitary precedent is the Explosives Act, passed in 1883, when, following the discovery of a bomb in St. Stephen's, a Fenian conspiracy was feared. Parliament has, moreover, enacted measures providing for the funding of the war debt and the issuance of Treasury notes. The Patent and Trade Mark rights of British subjects have been protected, and in some cases the rights of enemy owners may be suspended. The Trading with the Enemy Act forbids, under severe penalties, every "commercial, financial or other contract for the benefit of any enemy," and so stringent are the provisions that doubt has been expressed as to the propriety of a solicitor acting for an enemy client or a physician prescribing for an enemy patient. Under certain circumstances a custodian may be appointed to deal with enemy property and elastic emergency powers have been granted to the courts.

All this legislation furnishes an excellent index to the abnormality of war and the dislocation which it causes in legal, economic and political fields, but apart from the method of enactment which, as I have indicated, is largely by the Executive, constitutional questions are not involved. There is a further class of regulations, however, which the Cabinet has made, under authority from Parliament, dealing with law and order in England, and these have very seriously interfered with the constitutional rights of the citizen. Provision was early made for temporarily restricting the sale of intoxicating liquor; for forbidding the exportation of any commodity, and for taking possession of all foodstuffs, compensation to be determined by arbitration. But of such measures the most important are the Aliens Restriction and the Defence of the Realm Acts, the former being of slight concern to British subjects since it applies solely to aliens, forbidding them to change their names; to have in their possession, without a permit from the competent authorities, such articles as firearms, motor cars, photographic apparatus,

maps, charts, pigeons, etc.; to reside in England without being registered, and to go, without permission, more than five miles from their registered addresses. Furthermore, his Majesty, by Order in Council, may impose restrictions "for any other matters which may appear necessary or expedient with a view to the safety of the realm."

The constitutional liberty of the British subject has remained unaffected, certainly to any appreciable extent, by all regulations except those promulgated in pursuance of the Defence of the Realm Acts, but under these, traditional safeguards were taken away; England was, and in a sense still is, under martial law. For a violation of the regulations an Englishman, until very recently, might be tried before a court martial whose powers extended to the imposition of the death penalty; the right to a jury was denied and there could be no appeal. Since an amendment which received Royal Assent on March 16 last, he may demand a jury trial, but this safeguard may be abrogated by Royal Proclamation in the event of "invasion or other special military emergency arising out of the present war." Provision is made for offending neutrals to be punished under military law, although such cases may be transferred to a civil court at the discretion of the prosecuting officer.

At no time, moreover, since the outbreak of the war, has the Englishman's home been his castle; it is subject to entrance and search without a warrant, and all this is true although the operations of the ordinary courts have in no wise been impeded. In short, there can no longer be the proud boast that in time of war England leaves untouched the safeguards of the citizen against the Executive; long established and jealously guarded provisions of the constitution have been suspended, and this, it is interesting to note, in a struggle which is against Prussian autocracy. England has herself been forced to be despotic. I state the inconsistency, but in no critical spirit; the situation is clearly abnormal. An overweening necessity, honestly proclaimed by the Government and patriotically acquiesced in by the people, has been the justification for the temporary suspension of constitutional safeguards.

The Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act (combining

and amending two previous measures) received the Royal Assent on November 27. The House of Commons passed the bill with little debate, but in the Lords there was considerable discussion, Viscount Bryce declaring that there was no precedent for the substitution of military tribunals for the ordinary civil courts. "The only question," he said, "is whether the British subject is not entitled, as he always has been in times past, to have the constitutional protection of being tried by a civil court when there is a civil court there to try him." Lord Halsbury called the procedure the "most unconstitutional thing that has ever happened in this country," and an amendment was strongly urged, providing that any British subject, not in the service, should have the right to be tried in the ordinary courts when they were available. But no changes in the bill were permitted, and those opposed to such extreme action had to be satisfied with the Lord Chancellor's undertaking that the death penalty should not be applied to a British subject until Parliament reassembled and considered the matter, when, it was considered probable, the Government would agree to an amendment. If the death sentence became advisable, the Lord Chancellor said, it would be inflicted after a trial for high treason.

Under the Defence of the Realm Act, his Majesty has the authority, by Order in Council, during the continuance of the war, "to issue regulations for securing the public safety and defence of the nation"; and he may "by such regulations authorize trial by courts martial, or in the case of minor offences by courts of summary jurisdiction, and punishment of persons committing offences against the regulations, and in particular any of the provisions of such regulations designed" to prevent espionage; to secure the safety of the military forces, ships and means of communication; "to prevent the spread of false reports or reports likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty" and "otherwise to prevent assistance being given to the enemy or the successful prosecution of the war being endangered." Provision was made for trial by court martial, the offender to be proceeded against as if he were a person subject to military law and had on active service committed an offence under Section 5 of the Army Act (the maximum punishment being penal servitude for life),

but it was further provided that if the offence be with the intention of assisting the enemy, the penalty might be death. The offender was to be "treated as if he belonged to the unit in whose charge he may be" and was thus made subject to military law like a soldier on active service. If the offence were minor, the trial might be had before a court of summary jurisdiction, with an appeal, but only on questions of law. The right to a jury was denied in both methods of trial, and the restricted right of appeal in the case of minor offences was far from an adequate safeguard, since it lay with "the competent naval or military authority to determine whether the offence is minor and whether the trial shall be by court martial or in the court of summary jurisdiction."

The Regulations, as promulgated by Order in Council, meticulously forbid any act which may inure to the advantage of the enemy or hamper England in the conduct of the war. The naval and military authorities may take any measures for defence regardless of property rights; they may clear certain areas of inhabitants, require the extinguishment of lights and forbid people to remain out of doors; they may require a census of all animals and commodities and prohibit the possession of signalling apparatus, fireworks, etc. Other regulations cover the safety of railways and bridges, the sale of firearms, navigation in harbors and dangerous areas, the use of naval and military uniforms by unauthorized persons; the obstruction of officers in the performance of their duties; falsification of military documents or passports, and failure to disclose any contravention of the regulations.

Such legislation was necessary and no fault was found with the creation of the offences; but to the manner of punishment serious objection was made, as typified by the discussion in the House of Lords. Minor infractions have generally been dealt with by courts of summary jurisdiction, but if these are able to sit, it was asked, why should not the High Courts, whose business is equally unimpeded, take cognizance of the more serious offences? The great danger of trial by court martial was shown by the case of one Ahlers, who, before the passage of the Defence of the Realm Act, was apprehended for aiding reservists

to return to Germany. He was tried before a judge of the High Court and a jury and convicted, but this conviction was unanimously overturned by the Court of Criminal Appeal on the ground that there had been no criminal intent. If Ahlers' offence had been committed after the passage of the Defence of the Realm Act, it would have been dealt with by a court martial; there would have been no method of reviewing the initial verdict, nor could a writ of *habeas corpus* have been granted. Ahlers would very likely have been hanged.

The situation was different, however, in the case of Carl Hans Lody, who, as an enemy subject, was properly tried by a court martial for espionage. This was before the Consolidation Act had been passed, and the maximum penalty which could be imposed under Section 5 of the Army Act was penal servitude for life. On October 9, however, the Home Office issued a statement which said: "The present position is that espionage has been made by statute a military offence, triable by court martial. If tried under the Defence of the Realm Act, the maximum punishment is penal servitude for life; if dealt with outside that act as a war crime, the punishment of death can be inflicted." Lody was therefore sentenced to death and the execution took place, although it was not announced until some days later.

Now it is difficult to see how a war crime can be committed where civil courts are sitting; the term is properly applied only to conduct in the theatre of war. Apart from statute, martial law is unknown to England; there is nothing resembling the French *état de siège*. The clear intention of Parliament was simply to give the courts martial power to impose a life sentence as the maximum punishment, and, to say the least, the death sentence in the Lody case was tainted with illegality. This was tacitly admitted by the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, which specifically provided that where the offence was with the intention of assisting the enemy, the death penalty might be inflicted.

Lody's conviction recalls the celebrated case of Wolfe Tone, the Irish rebel who was captured while on his way with a French expedition to invade Ireland. He was sentenced to death by a court martial, but the writ of *habeas corpus* was invoked and

officers were sent to bring Wolfe Tone into court. When they arrived, however, he had cut his throat, and so there can only be conjecture as to the probable outcome of this conflict between the civil and military authorities. Nevertheless in this case there was one safeguard,—*habeas corpus*,—which is denied by the Defence of the Realm Regulations.

The discussion in the House of Lords and the Lord Chancellor's undertaking, to which I have already adverted, made it inevitable that when Parliament reassembled the whole subject would receive careful consideration. Meanwhile, in spite of the gravamen of the situation, there was not a great amount of objection to the possibly despotic nature of the trial; most of the offences were minor, with no intention of aiding the enemy, and courts of summary jurisdiction handled the cases. But on March 10, the Commons passed the Defence of the Realm Amendment Act No. 1, which gave any British subject the right, within six days of the time the nature of his offence is communicated to him, to claim a jury trial; but this guarantee does not apply where the offence is tried before a court of summary jurisdiction. Exclusive jurisdiction of courts martial may, as I have said, be restored by Royal Proclamation in the event of a military emergency; and aliens, as a matter of course, and neutrals, as a matter of discretion, are still subject to military law. The position taken by the Lords the previous November assured the acceptance of the measure by the Upper Chamber.

But on the same day—March 10—that the Commons restored the constitutional safeguard of a jury trial, the Government asked for immediate passage of a Defence of the Realm Amendment Act No. 2, so radical in character that Mr. Bonar Law declared the powers demanded to be “the most drastic that have ever been put to any House of Commons.” Under the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act, the Admiralty or Army Council could demand “the whole or any part of the output of any factory or workshop” in which arms, ammunition or warlike material are manufactured, and take possession of and use any such plant. The amendment extends these provisions to “any factory or workshop, or any plant thereof,” and adds three sections giving authority to require the factory to do work in

accordance with directions; "to regulate or restrict the carrying on of work in any factory with a view to increasing the production of war material in other factories or workshops," and "to take possession of any unoccupied premises for the purpose of housing workmen employed in the production, storage or transport of war material." The difficulty under the old regulations was not with resistance by employers, but with the hardships which they might experience. For example, the Chancellor of the Exchequer explained, companies might not have authority to divert their business and there was the question of interfering with pending contracts.

It is difficult to picture a power of eminent domain much broader than that evidenced by the Amendment Act, but no constitutional question is involved since there is provision that compensation for injured parties is to be determined by a commission. The interference with private business is, moreover, simply in respect to war stores; it is otherwise with the sugar trade and the railways, both of which are now under the complete control of the English Government. In the first case, it was a doubtful question of policy, which, owing to larger issues, has been almost completely overlooked; in the second, governmental control was necessary, and so well has it succeeded that a return to private management at the conclusion of the war is extremely improbable. In any event the precedent has been set for the assumption by the State of these and other socialistic activities.

But, although the right to a jury trial has been restored, after being suspended for over seven months, the almost equally important constitutional prohibition of unreasonable searches and seizures is still disregarded. The Englishman's home is no longer his castle; the Defence of the Realm Regulations make a considerable breach in it. The military or naval authority, if he believes that any house or building or any things therein are being used or kept for any purpose, or in any way, prejudicial to the public safety or defence of the realm, may enter, if need be by force, at any time, for purposes of inspection; and he "may seize anything found therein which he has reason to suspect is being used or intended to be used" in violation of the regulations, "including, where a report or statement in contravention

of [the regulations] has appeared in any newspaper or other printed publication, any type or other plant used or capable of being used for the printing or production of the newspaper or other publication." The authority of the naval or military authority is thus practically absolute, extending to the seizure of all things which he suspects to be intended for an unlawful use; and a violation of the censorship regulations may be punished, not only by a criminal prosecution, but by suspending publication.

That these broad provisions, permitting searches and seizures without warrant showing probable cause,—a restriction which is embodied in the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States,—are a marked departure in English constitutional history, can be seen by recalling the celebrated case of John Wilkes and the 45th number of the *North Briton*. As May, in his *Constitutional History* (II, 246), describes the incident:

"There was the libel, but who was the libeller? Ministers knew not, nor waited to inquire, after the accustomed forms of law: but forthwith Lord Halifax, one of the Secretaries of State, issued a warrant, directing four messengers, taking with them a constable, to search for the authors, printers and publishers; and to apprehend and seize them, together with their papers, and bring them into safe custody before him. No one having been charged or even suspected,—no evidence of crime having been offered,—no one was named in this dread instrument. The offence only was pointed at,—not the offender." But the legality of this general warrant was later determined in the civil courts adversely to Lord Halifax and those acting under it; Wilkes and his associates were permitted to recover heavy damages. Now, however, under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, there may be unrestricted searches and seizures upon suspicion of the naval or military authorities.

In short, to quote a writer in the February *Law Magazine and Review*, "at the present moment, the Common Law lies under the iron heel of militarism, a militarism of the same genus that we are endeavoring to destroy on the plains of Flanders. Once let militarism gain the upper hand in her conflict with the

Common Law, war or no war, it will tend to grow to the same evil proportions which it has attained in Germany."

These words were written before the amendment restoring a jury trial was passed by Parliament, but we may still admit the fact without accepting the prophecy; for England, in danger of an aerial raid, with its coasts not perfectly guarded, and confronted by the German espionage system, was forced to radical measures. Possibilities of abuse certainly exist, and important constitutional restrictions have been suspended; but extraordinary situations require extraordinary remedies, and there is no reason to believe but that the Englishman's traditional love of liberty, of due process of law, of security, will persist so strongly that when the war is over there will be a reëstablishment of all safeguards, and the temporary lapse will not afford a binding precedent for similar action, when the times are not so abnormal.

THE DREAM

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

LOVE, if I weep it will not matter,
And if you laugh I shall not care;
Foolish am I to think about it,
But it is good to feel you there.

Love, in my sleep I dreamed of waking,—
White and awful the moonlight reached
Over the floor, and somewhere, somewhere,
There was a shutter loose,—it screeched!—

Swung in the wind,—and no wind blowing!—
I was afraid, and turned to you,
Put out my hand to you for comfort,—
And you were gone! Cold, cold as dew

Under my hand the moonlight lay!
Love, if you laugh I shall not care,
But if I weep it will not matter,—
Ah, it is good to feel you there!

CÉZANNE

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THE dilettante, avid for accounts of an artist's eccentricities, will find abundant and varied material of this nature in half a hundred books written by critics of almost every nationality on that astounding and grotesque colossus, Cézanne. Perhaps no great artist in the world's history has been so wantonly libelled, maligned and ridiculed as he. Nor has there ever been a painter of such wide influence so grossly misunderstood. Cézanne has been endowed with the most fantastic powers, dismissed with a *coup d'esprit* for attributes he never possessed, and canonized for qualities he would have repudiated. Like Michelangelo, he has been both the admiration and the mystery of critics. And he is at once the idol and the incubus of present day artists. His letters alone have formed the technical basis of one great modern art school. A fragmentary phrase of his mentioning geometrical figures was seized upon by a Spaniard and made the foundation for another school. His mention of Poussin drove a hoard of Scandinavians, Austrians and Bohemians to a contemplation of that artist. Cézanne's very limitations have been the inspiration for an army of hardy imitators who believe it is more vital to imitate modernity than to reconstruct the past. Indeed it may be said that all art since Impressionism is divided into two groups, one which endeavors to develop some quality or qualities in Cézanne, the other which attempts the anachronism of resuscitating the primitive art of a simple-minded antiquity. For even this latter group, Cézanne is in part responsible. Did he not say that we must become classicists again by way of nature? And did this not give reactionary and servile minds ample excuse to cling with even greater passion to a dead and rigid past? In his great sense of order his disciples saw only immobility; their minds, redundant with parallels, harked back to the Egyptians. Thus has he been emulated: but, among all these branches shot out from the mother trunk, it can be stated incontestably that only one has understood him, has penetrated beneath the surface

of his canvases, has realized his true gift to the art of the future. And this one, strangely enough, is the furthest removed from imitation.

Cézanne's biography is of value to the art student, for it embodies in concrete form the factors which motivated his æsthetic apperceptions. By Cézanne's biography is meant, not the distorted interpretations of the incidents of his life, now so well known, or the superficial conclusions deduced by his biographers from hearsay; but those actions and temperamental characteristics which are impartially set down at first hand by Émile Bernard. To this chronicler we are indebted for practically all the authentic personal anecdotes of the artist. He had always admired Cézanne, and in 1904 a personal friendship was established between them, which endured until the latter's death. After Cézanne had overcome parental objections and had definitely decided on an artist's career, he spent much of his time in Paris. Many influences entered into his early life. He had met Zola at school and had been intimate with him. Through him he had become acquainted with Manet, and while he appreciated Manet's friendliness, he could never understand that artist's great popularity. He preferred Courbet as a painter, and studied him sedulously. His great influence, however, came from Pissarro. For that persuasive Jew's memory he always harbored a deep respect.

Cézanne's youth, if one may call forty years a youth, was, as he himself put it, filled mostly with "literature and laziness." Not until his final renunciation of city life and his return to the south did his best work begin. At first he made friends timidly. He was a man who could not brook opposition, who was extremely sensitive to rebuffs; and those good people of provincial France were brusquely aggressive in all their beliefs and traditions. At every thought he expressed they sneered. He clashed violently and disastrously with the local celebrities who had the sanction of the established schools. In Paris he had been a frank and even garrulous companion; but at each contact with the narrow, self-centred and righteous community of Aix, he withdrew into himself. His natural spontaneity and good fellowship turned inward, became restrained and pent-up. He

grew sensitive and wary, and in later life this defensive attitude developed into abnormal irritability. To those who could understand, however, he unburdened himself on all subjects, and his opinions were always the result of profound thought. But he never entirely divulged his methods. If questions became too pertinent, he consciously led his interrogators astray. "They think I've got a trick," he would cry, "and they want to steal it. But nobody will ever put his hooks on me (*pas un ne me mettra le grappin dessus*).'" He had already suffered enough at the hands of self-seekers. He had been extravagantly ridiculed by his boyhood friends. He had been robbed and bullied by his hired architect; and having money he had been considered prey by the village widows. He permitted himself to be browbeaten because of his antipathy to any kind of friction. It is small wonder he became misanthropic.

The popular opinion of Aix was that he was crazy, and his chroniclers, almost without exception, have echoed this belief. But, to the contrary, his was the highest type of the creative mind, always in search for something better, never satisfied with present results; the type of mind which gives no thought to the acquisition or retention of property. His joy lay in his creations of the moment, but his desires were far ahead. Some one who showed him one of his early treasured canvases, was ridiculed for liking "such things." Every day Cézanne watched his evolution: to him this progress was the essential thing. He left his unfinished works in the meadows, in studio corners, in the nursery. They have been found in the most out-of-the-way places. He had given large numbers of them to chance friends on the impulse of the moment. His son cut out the windows of his masterpieces for amusement, and his servant and his wife used his canvases for cleaning the stove. He saw his work put to these uses tranquilly, knowing that later he would do better, that he would "realize" more fully. His mind was too exalted to be impatient with the pettinesses of life. His great aversion was politics, and unlike Delacroix, he was above nationality. During the Franco-Prussian War he hid with a relative that he might pursue his own ideal rather than sacrifice himself for the protection of his tormentors. What did he care

for France when his whole admiration was for Italy and Holland? Painting, not the preservation of nationality, was his innermost concern. In evading conscription he called down upon him the public abuse which such actions evoke. But it passed him by: he was too absorbed in his work to heed, just as later he was too engrossed to follow his mother's hearse to the funeral or to seek a market for his pictures. At every step he paused to study the rapports of line, of light, of shadow, of color. At table, in conversation or at church, he never for a moment lost sight of his desire. One can find a parallel for this intellectually ascetic creature only in the old martyrs. He was the type that renounces all the benefits and usufructs of life in order to follow the face of a dream.

With such self-confidence no adversity could daunt him, no logic draw from him a compromise, no flourish of enthusiasm distract him from his course. Zola says of him: "He is made in one piece, stiff and hard under the hand; nothing bends him; nothing can wrench from him a concession." This quality of character was a thing which Zola, the slave of words, could not understand. Cézanne, through much contact with letters, saw the danger of literature to the painter. "Literature," he wrote, "expresses itself through abstractions, while painting, by means of drawing and color, makes concrete the artist's sensations and perceptions." Zola libelled him at great length in *L'Œuvre*. Cézanne's reply was simply that Zola had a "mediocre intelligence" and was a "detestable friend." In their youth Cézanne took the ascendancy over Zola in Latin and French verse; even in his old age he could recite long passages from Vergil, Lucretius and Horace. He knew literature and was able to judge it. His criticisms of Zola are as penetrating as any that realist has called forth. His reputation for barbarism, vulgarity and ignorance has little foundation in fact. To be sure, he did not desert his work for social activities: he despised the polished and shallow wit of men like Whistler: and he bitterly attacked those painters who strove for *salon* popularity. It is therefore not incredible that the accusations against him were but the world's retaliation for having been ignored by him.

Cézanne's work from the first contained the undeniable ele-

ments of greatness. In his first, almost black-and-white still-lives, executed under the influence of Courbet (it is not tenable that they were done under Manet, as is commonly believed: they are too solidly formed for that), there is exhibited a passionate admiration for volume and for full and rich chiaroscuro. We are conscious of the artist's gropings for those fundamentals he was finally to discover in the seclusion of his rugged country of the south. Even his early figure pieces carry this sensual delight in objectivity to a greater height than did Delacroix, by whom they were inspired. And they attest to a freedom from academic principles which was not surpassed by the Impressionists. These paintings are classic in the best sense; in them is an orderliness which Manet and the Impressionists never possessed. Yet withal they are only the results of the literary influences from Delacroix and of his admirations for other painters. They are not purely creative, but the qualities of creation are there. To those who can read the signs, they unmistakably indicate the beginnings of a full and masterly growth.

His potentialities began to actualize with his comprehension of El Greco and the Venetians. From that period on his power for organization steadily developed, and it was still advancing at the time of his death. But organization touched only the compositional side of his work: it was the resultant element. His inspiration toward color, which emanated from Pissarro, was what precipitated him irrevocably into painting. Color, by presenting so many problems, claimed him entirely. To that Impressionist he owes much, not to that artist's actual achievement, but to the incentive he furnished. During his intimacy with Pissarro, Cézanne completed his assimilation of all the traits in others which were relative to himself. His beliefs and intransigencies became crystallized. The road opened into fields where that new element of color, which had taken on so vital a significance, led to an infinity of emotional possibilities. Though Cézanne never completely became a defender of Pissarro's theories, he always looked upon the Impressionists as innovators whose importance as such could not be overestimated. He realized that without them he himself would not have existed, and that they had sketched out a preface to all the great

art which was to come. Without them there undoubtedly would have been great artists, but he knew that a painter with the means of a Renoir is greater than one who, though equally competent in organization, is limited in the mechanics of method. Restricted means permit only of restricted expression. The Impressionists, having made an advance in æsthetic procedure, facilitated the experimentations of Cézanne. But he in turn recognized the restrictions of the Impressionists' methods: indeed, he saw that their theories could apply only to a very circumscribed æsthetic field; and he was not content with them. He studied assiduously in the Louvre and absorbed the myriad impulses which had impelled the great masters of the past. The Louvre and Pissarro constituted his primer. From the one he got his impetus toward voluminous organization; from the other his impetus toward color. From their fragmentary teachings he went on to greater achievements.

There is little or no documentary history of Cézanne's early years. Consequently his youthful admirations are not recorded in detail. But we know enough to gauge his early tastes. He travelled in Holland and Belgium, and though he never went to Italy, he greatly admired Tintoretto and Veronese. He had a high esteem for that master of style, Luca Signorelli, who, had he not gone into architecture, might have become one of the world's great painters. In his studio Cézanne kept a water color by Delacroix—hung face to the wall that it might not fade—and beside it a lithograph by Daumier, whom he regarded highly. We may be sure he fully understood the limitations of these men aside from their ambitions. To him they were points of departure rather than goals to aspire to. Both of them he surpassed early in his career. Cézanne admired also the Dutch and Flemish masters. He had an old and dilapidated book of their reproductions, full of bad lithographs done by inferior craftsmen. But he overlooked all their defects in his remembrance of the originals. Here, as elsewhere, he ignored those details which to another would have militated against enjoyment. His mind was too comprehensive and analytic to be led astray by the flaws of an otherwise perfect work: it penetrated to the essentials first and remained there.

Thus it was in his work. The exact reproduction of nature in any of its manifestations never held him for a moment. He saw its eternal aspect aside from its accidental visages caused by fluctuating lights. In this he was diametrically opposed to the Impressionists who recorded only nature's temporary phases. They captured and set down its atmosphere and were satisfied. Cézanne, regarding its atmosphere as an ephemerality, portrayed the *lasting force* of light. "One is the master of one's model and above all of one's means of expression," he wrote. "Penetrate what is before you, and persevere in expressing yourself as logically as possible." It is this penetration which separates Cézanne by an impassable gulf from those purely sensitive artists who are content with the merely physiological effects of an emotion. In the process of penetrating he became familiar with those undercurrents of causation from which have sprung the greatest art of all ages.

In a Cézanne of the later years not only is the form poised in three dimensions, but the very light also is poised. We feel in Cézanne the same completion we experience before a Rubens—that emotion of finality caused by the forms moving, swelling and grinding in an eternal order: and added to this completion of form, heightening its emotive power, is the same final organization of illumination. The light suggests no particular time of day or night; it is not appropriated from morning or afternoon, sunlight or shadow. So delicate and perfectly balanced is this light that, with the raising or the lowering of the curtain in the room where the picture hangs, it will darken or brighten perfectly, logically, proportionately with the outer light. It lives because it is painted with the logic of nature. Whether the picture be hung in a bright sunlight or in half gloom, it is a creature of its environment. Its planes, like those of nature, advance and recede, swell and shrink. In short, they are dynamic.

If this feat of Cézanne's seems to border on metaphysics, the reason is that there has been no precedent for it in history. It was, in fact, a purely technical accomplishment based wholly on the most stringently empirical research. The manner in which he arrived at this achievement may not be entirely in-

susceptible of explanation. Let us first point out how the Impressionists broke up all their surfaces into minute sensitive parts, some of which reflected or absorbed more than others. That which gives us our sensation of color is the atomic preponderance of one of these attributes. Thus if an atom or combination of atoms reflects highly it translates itself through the retina into our brains as a high force, namely as a yellow. And again, if an atom absorbs more than it reflects, it takes and retains the reflective force of light, and, in discharging this limited power, produces in us the sensation of blue. Now, that point on a round object where the light is strongest is the point nearest the light. As the planes of the object curve away from the light they diminish in brilliancy. The further the plane from the point nearest the illumination, the less light it has to reflect. Consequently it will appear bluish. The Impressionists were satisfied with recording this blue of shadow merely as the complement of the light which was yellow. But Cézanne studied each degradation of tone from yellow to blue. In this study he discovered that light always graduates from warm to cold in precisely the same way; and that, provided the model is white, each step down the tonic scale is the same in no matter what object. But this discovery was little more than a premise. He was now necessitated to solve the problem of just how much the local color of an object modifies the natural colors of the light and shadow which reveal that object. In all colored objects the modifications are different, according to the laws of color complementaries and admixtures. By keeping these laws always in mind, and by applying his discovery of the consistent gradations of the colors of light, he was able to paint in such a way that, no matter how much or how little outside light of a uniform quality fell on his canvas, the colors he had applied would, as they retreated from the most highly illuminated point on the picture, absorb a graduatingly smaller quantity of actual light, and would thus create emotional form in the same manner that nature creates visual form. Hence, the planes in a Cézanne canvas advance or recede *en masse*, retaining their relativity, as the eye excludes or receives a greater or a lesser quantity of light; and since the light never remains the same for any period

of time, the planes bulge toward the spectator and retract from him with each minute variation of illumination.

In all painting prior to Cézanne, the natural variations of light distorted the objects of a picture: that is to say, the colors of external light changed the character of the applied colors, making some advance and others retreat; and because these applied colors were not put on with the exact logic of natural gradations, the proportions between them could not be maintained. Thus in one light certain objects advanced more than others, and in another light certain objects receded more than others. Their relativity was lost. Hence, not only was the picture's composition and balance altered, but the appearance of its objects belied the actual measurements. These variations were so small that the untrained eye might not have seen them, any more than an untrained ear may detect the slight variations of pitch in music. But to the man whose eye is trained, even to the degree that a good musician's ear is trained, pictures appear "off" in the same way that a poorly tuned piano sounds "off" to the sensitive musician. Cézanne, had he never achieved any intrinsically great art, would still be a colossal figure in painting because of this basic and momentous discovery. The Impressionists had been content with the mere discovery of light. Their theory was, not that one can enjoy the natural light of out-of-doors more than the abstract light in a canvas, but that, since every one of nature's moods is the result of degrees of illumination, these moods can only be recorded by the depiction of natural light; and therefore out-of-door light is an æsthetic means. Cézanne recognized the limitations of this theory, but considered it an admirable opening for higher achievement. He thereupon stripped the Impressionists' means of their ephemeral plasticity, and, by using the principles, and not the results, of nature's method, gave them an eternal plasticity which no great art of the future can afford to ignore, and which in time, no doubt, will lead to the creation of an entirely new art.

Although Cézanne had many times given out broad hints of his methods, his friends and critics were too busy trying to discover other less concise qualities in his work to appreciate the full significance of his occasional words. Herein lies the

main reason why an untechnical onlooker and admirer can never sound the depths of art. He is too detached, for, not having followed its logical evolution from the simplest forms to the most complex, he is unable to understand the complicated mechanism on which it is built. Critics for the most part are writers whose admiration for art has been born in front of the completed works of the great masters. Unable to comprehend them fully, they turn to a contemplation of the simple and naïf. Their process of evaluation is thus reversed. Great art is as a rule too compounded for their analytical powers, and they end by imagining that the primitives and the mosaicists represent the highest and most conscious type of the creative will. What to them is incomprehensible appears of little value; and here we find the explanation for the popular theory that the test of great art is its simplicity, its *humanitas*, its obviousness. Persons who would not pretend to grasp without study the principles of modern science, still demand that art be sufficiently lucid to be comprehended at once by the untutored mind. A physician may tell them of profundities in medical experimentation, and they will accept his views as those of an expert in a science of which they are ignorant. But when an artist tells them of recondite principles in æsthetics they accuse him of an endeavor to befuddle them. The isolation of bacteria and the application of serums and toxins are mysteries which call for respect. The equally scientific and obscure principles of color and form are absurd imaginings. And yet without a scientific basis art is merely an artifice—the New Thought in æsthetics. Readily comprehensible painting is no further advanced than readily comprehensible therapeutics.

Émile Bernard was little different from the average critic. In attributing to Cézanne his own limitations, he restricted what he might otherwise have learned. But the literalness with which he recorded the artist's sayings makes his book of paramount interest. We read, for instance, that Cézanne once remarked: "Here is something incontestable; I am most affirmative on this point: An optical sensation is produced in our visual organ by what we class as light, half tone or quarter tone, each plane being represented by color sensations. Therefore light as such

does not exist for the painter." By this he broadly hinted at an absolute relativity between the degrees of light forces—a relativity which translates itself to us as color gradations. Again Cézanne said: "One should not say model but modulate. . . . Drawing and color are not distinct; as one paints one draws. The more the colors harmonize [namely: following nature's logical sequences], the more precise is the drawing." Precision in drawing to Cézanne meant among other things the ability to produce volume. Again: "When color is richest, form is at its plenitude. In the contrasts and rapports of tones, lies the secret of drawing and of modelling." In a letter he wrote: "Lines parallel to the horizon create vastness (*donnent l'étendue*), whether it be a section of nature, or if you choose, of the spectacle that the *Pater omnipotens æternus Deus* spreads before our eyes. Lines perpendicular to this horizon give depth. And since nature for us human beings exists in depth rather than surfacely, the painter is necessitated to introduce into light vibrations, represented by reds and yellows, a sufficient amount of blue to make the air felt."

These observations are of paramount interest because they touch on the essential principles of his *esthétique*. They are at once an explanation and a measure of his significance. Like all great truths, they appear simple after we know them, or rather after we have experienced them. Daumier might have stated with certitude the same principles in relation to tone, for he always practised them qualifiedly. Though his means were limited, he employed those means as fully as his materials permitted. Cézanne, because he possessed the greater element—color—constructed his canvases as nature presents her objects to the sight, as a unique whole. In all of the older painters drawing came first, chiaroscuro second and color third—three distinct steps, each one conceived separately. Daumier was the first painter to approach simultaneity in execution. Ignorant of color, he conceived his drawing and chiaroscuro together. Cézanne went a step beyond, and conceived his drawing, form and color as one and the same, in the exact manner that these qualities, united in each natural object, present themselves to the eye. His method was the same as the mechanism of human

vision. Compared with Cézanne, Monet was only fragmentary. Not only in methods did they differ but in objective as well. The Impressionists' aim was to reproduce nature's externals: Cézanne's desire was to reproduce its solidity. Both achieved their ends. Cézanne's pictures are as impenetrable as sculpture. Every object seems hewn out of marble.

Solidity alone, however, though a high and necessary virtue of painting, is a limited quality. Unless it is made mobile it gives off the impression of rigidity. It is to painting what the rough clay is to sculpture—the dead material of art. In order for it to engender æsthetic empathy it must be organized, that is, it must be harmonized and poised in three dimensions in such a way that, should we translate our bodies into its spacial forms, we would experience its dynamism. This Cézanne did, and therein lay his claim to greatness. In his best canvases there seems no way of veering a plane, of imagining one plane changing places with another, unless every plane in the picture is shifted simultaneously. Cézanne's solidity is organized like the volumes in Michelangelo's best sculpture. Move an arm of any one of these statues, and every other part of the figure, down to the smallest muscle, must change position. Their plasticity, like Cézanne's, is perfect. There is a complete ordonnance between every minute part, and between every group of parts. Nothing can be added or taken away without changing the entire structure in all its finest details. Cézanne once said to Ambroise Vollard, a picture merchant, who had called attention to a small uncovered spot on a canvas which the artist had pronounced finished: "You will understand that if I were to put something there haphazardly, I should have to start the whole picture over from that point."

The individual solidity of Cézanne's color planes is due to the eternalism and absolutism of his light. But it was the other qualities which entered into his art which brought about the interdependence of the parts and evoked the sensation of unity we feel before them. One of these qualities was a perfect rapport of lines. Cézanne, better than any other painter up to his day, understood how one slanting line modifies its direction when coming in contact with another line moving from a different

direction. When color was first investigated realistically, artists saw that two pure complementary tints, when juxtaposed, tended to draw away from each other and to differentiate themselves. Therefore they set about to study the influence that one color has upon another, assuming that lines were more static and absolute and consequently did not change at contact with other lines. Cézanne recognized the fallacy of this assumption, and wrote: "I see the planes crisscrossing and overlapping, and sometimes the lines seem to fall." He realized that the laws governing the opposition of line are most important in the production of the emotion of movement. In all the old painters this emotion was engendered by just such devices, but with them the laws were only dimly suspected—instincts rather than applied science. In contemplating their work we seem torn by some physical impulse to follow one line, but cannot, because the lure of the other line is equally great.

To the man of sensitive and trained eyesight, this physical emotion is incited also by nature, only nature is more complex than art and is without æsthetic finality. Thus in regarding the rapports of two lines in nature, one leaning to the right and one to the left, the highly sensitive person feels unrest and strife, and subconsciously produces order and calm by imagining a third line which harmonizes the original two. Cézanne looked upon nature with perhaps the most delicate and perceptive eye a painter has ever possessed, and his vision became a theatre for the violent struggles of some one line against terrible odds, for the warring clashes of inharmonious colors. He saw in objective nature a chaos of disorganized movement, and he set himself the task of putting it in order. In studying the variations and qualifications of linear directions in his model, he discovered another method of accentuating the feeling of dynamism in his canvases. He stated lines, not in their static character, but in their average of fluctuation. We know that all straight lines are influenced by their surroundings, that they appear bent or curved when related to other lines. The extent to which a line is thus optically bent is its extreme of fluctuability. Cézanne determined this extreme in all of his lines, and by transcribing them midway between their actual and optical states,

achieved at once their normality and their extreme abnormality. The character, direction and curve of all lines in a canvas change with every shifting of the point of visual contact. Since the unity of a picture is different from every focus, all the lines consequently assume a slightly different direction every time our eye shifts from one spot to another. Cézanne, by recording the mean average of linear changeability, facilitated and hastened this vicissitude of mutation.

Another contribution he made to painting was his application of the stereoscopic function of the eye to all models by means of color. From the earliest art to Cézanne, objects have been portrayed as if conceived *in vacuo*, with absolute and delimited contours. Such portrayals are directly opposed to our normal vision, for whenever we look at any object, each eye records a different perspective representation of that object; there is a distinct binocular parallax. Certain parts are seen by one eye which are invisible to the other. But these two visual impressions are perceived simultaneously, combined in one image; that is to say, the optic axes converge at such an angle that both the right and left monocular impressions are superimposed. The single impression thus produced is one of perspective and relief. This is a rudimentary law in the science of optics, but on it our accuracy of vision has always depended. In the lenticular stereoscope the eyeglasses are marginal portions of the same convex lens, which, when set edge to edge, deflect the rays from the picture so as to strike the eyes as if coming from an intermediate point. By this bending of the rays, the two pictures become one impression, and present the appearance of solid forms as in nature. The problem of how to transcribe on a flat surface in a single picture the effect later produced by a stereoscope with two pictures, has confronted painters for hundreds of years. Leonardo da Vinci in his *Trattato della Pittura* recorded the fact that our vision encompasses to a slight degree everything that passes before it; that we see around all objects; and that this encircling sight gives us the sensation of rotundity. But neither he, nor any artist up to Cézanne, was able to make æsthetic use of the fact. The vision of all older painting (although by the use of line and

composition it became plastic because used as a detail) was the vision of the man with one eye, for a one-eyed man sees nature as a flat plane: only by association of the relative size of objects is he capable of judging depth. Cézanne saw the impossibility of producing a double vision by geometric rules, and approached the problem from another direction. By understanding the functioning elements of color in its relation to texture and space, he was able to paint forms in such a way that each color he applied took its relative position in space and held each part of an object stationary at any required distance from the eye. As a result of his method we can judge the depth and sense the solidity of his pictures as we do in nature.

Cézanne was ever attempting to solve the problem of the dynamics of vision. An analysis of his pictures often reveals a uniform leaning of lines—a tendency of all the objects to precipitate themselves upon a certain spot, like the minute flotsam on a surface of water being sucked through a drain-hole. We find an explanation for this convergence in one of his letters. He says: "In studying nature closely, you will observe that it becomes concentric. I mean that on an orange, an apple, a ball or a head there is a culminating point; and this point, despite the strong effects of light and shadow which are color sensations, is always the nearest to our eye. The edges of objects retreat toward a centre which is located on our horizon." It is small wonder that Cézanne, obsessed with the idea of form and depth, should have had little admiration for his contemporaries, Van Gogh and Gauguin, both of whom were workmen in the flat. He let pass no opportunity of expressing himself on these artists who of late years have become so popular. Van Gogh was to him only another Pointillist; and he called Gauguin's work "*des images Chinoises*," adding, "I will never accept his entire lack of modelling and gradation." Does not this explain his aversion to the primitives in whom he saw but the rudiments of art? How could Cézanne, preoccupied with the most momentous problems of æsthetics, take an interest in enlarged book illuminations, when the most superficial corner of his slightest canvas had more organization and incited a greater æsthetic emotion than all the mosaics in S. Vitale at Ravenna?

Cézanne was never attracted by the facial expressions, the manual attitudes, or the graceful poses of his models. The characteristics of materiality meant nothing to him. He was perpetually searching for something more profound, and began his art where the average painter leaves off. Realistic attributes are interesting only as decoration; they are indicative of the simplicity of man's mind; they are unable to conduce an extended æsthetic experience. Van Gogh and Gauguin said well what they had to say, but it was so slight that it is of little interest to us to-day. We demand a greater stimulus than an art of two dimensions can give; our minds instinctively extend themselves into space. So it was with Cézanne. He left no device untried which would give his work a greater depth, a more veritable solidity. He experimented in color from this standpoint, then in line, then in optics. With the results of this research he became possessed of all the necessary factors of colossal organization. He knew that, were these factors rightly applied, they would produce a greater sensation of weight, of force and of movement than any artist before him had succeeded in attaining.

Their application presented to Cézanne his most difficult problem. He must use his discoveries in these three fields in such a way that the very disposition of weights would produce that perfect balance of stress and repose, out of which emanates all æsthetic movement. The simplest manifestation of this balance is found in the opposition of line; but in order to complete this linear adjustment there must be an opposition of colors which, while they must function as volumes, must also accord with the character of the natural object portrayed. In short, there must be an opposition of countering weights, not perfectly balanced so as to create a dead equality, but rhythmically related so that the effect is one of swaying poise. Obviously this could not be accomplished on a flat surface, for the emotion of depth was a necessity to the recognition of equilibrium. Cézanne finally achieved this poise by a plastic distribution of volumes over and beside spacial vacancies. He mastered this basic principle of the hollow and the bump only after long and trying struggles and tedious experimentations. He translated it into terms of his

own intellection: to the extent that there was order within him, so was he able to put order into his pictures. This vision of his was intellectual, rather than optical; and M. Bernard unnecessarily tells us that, so sure was Cézanne of his justification, he placed his colors on canvas with the same absolutism he used in expressing himself verbally. His art was his thought given concrete form through the medium of nature. His painting was the result of a mental process—an intellectual conclusion after it had been weighed, added to, subtracted from, modified by exterior considerations, and at last brought forth purged and clarified and as nearly complete as was his development at the time.

For this reason Cézanne resented the presence of people while he worked. To attain his ends his mind had to be concentrated on its ultimate ambition. It could support no disturbing factors. Even though he had no trick which might be copied, he once said to a friend: "I have never permitted anyone to watch me while I work. I refuse to do anything before anyone." Had he allowed spectators to stand over him, he probably would have fatigued them, for his work progressed by single strokes interspersed by long periods of reflection and analysis. M. Bernard would hear him descend to the garden a score of times during the day's work, sit a moment and rush back to the studio as though some solution had presented itself to him suddenly. At other times he would walk back and forth before his picture, awaiting the answer to a problem before him. It is such deliberateness in great artists which has, curiously enough, acquired for them a reputation for esotericism. Their moments of deep contemplation and their sudden plunges into labor have been interpreted as periods of intellectual coma shot through occasionally by "divine flashes of inspiration" coming from an outside agent. The reverse is true, however. An artist retains his sentiency at all times. He necessarily works consciously, with the same intellectual labors as a scientist. A painter can no more produce a great picture unwittingly than an inventor can construct an intricate machine unwittingly. They are both laborers in the most plebeian sense.

Cézanne's hatred for facile and thoughtless workmen who

continually entertain amateurs, was monumental. To him they were pupils who, by learning a few rules, were able to paint conventional pieces after the manner of thousands who had gone before. They represented the academicians with whom every country is overrun—the suave and satisfied craftsmen who epitomize mediocrity, whose appeal is to minds steeped in pedantry and conservatism. In France they come out of the Government-run Beaux Arts school, to which the incompetents of both America and England flock. Cézanne harbored a particular enmity for that school; anyone who had passed through it aroused his scorn. “With a little temperament anyone can be an academic painter,” he said. “One can make pictures without being a harmonist or a colorist. It is enough to have an art sense—and even this art sense is without doubt the horror of the bourgeois. Thus the institutes, the pensions and the honors are only made for cretins, farceurs and drolls.”

In writing of Cézanne one is led to make a comparison between him and his great compatriot, Renoir, for it is almost unbelievable that one century could have produced two such radically different geniuses. Renoir, first of all, was not an innovator: he was the consummation of Impressionistic means. In Cézanne, to the contrary, we see a man dissatisfied with the greatest results of others, ever tortured by the search for something more final, more potent. “Let us not be satisfied with the formulas of our wonderful antecedents,” he said many times, and he might have added, “and of our wonderful contemporaries.” Renoir was the apex of an art era, while Cézanne was the first segment of a greater and vaster cycle. Renoir, by mastering his means at an early date, acquired a technical facility to which Cézanne, ever on the hunt for deeper conceptions, never attained. Renoir’s genius was for line rhythm. In the acquisition of this there entered, in varying degree, form, color and light; but the line itself was his preoccupation. Cézanne’s genius was for plastic volume out of which the rhythmic line resulted. That is, the one constructed his creations out of color and made color appear like form; while in the other’s creations, which are the result of color, the color is *felt to be form*. In Renoir is *recognized* the solidity and depth of form, while in

Cézanne the color is a functional element whose dynamism gives birth to form which is *felt subjectively*. Renoir synthesizes nature's forms, by grouping them in such a way that the lines move and are harmonious. Cézanne looks for the synthesis in each subject he sits before, and instead of grouping his forms arbitrarily, he penetrates to their *inherent* synthesis. This is why almost every one of his pictures is built on a different synthetic form. His penetration gave him at each essay a different vision of the organisms of a particular subject, a vision which varied as the subject varied. In Renoir movement is attained by *relating the lines*: Cézanne has produced harmony by *accentuating their differences*. In the former the lines lead smoothly and fluently into others, until they all culminate in a line which carries the movement to a finality; while in the latter we feel little of that suavity of sequence: the lines are formed by the spaces between his volumes rather than by linear continuation. Cézanne, if less pleasing, is the more powerful; and with all his lack of suavity he is the more complex and less monotonous. The extraordinary *imprévu* of his formal developments and his unique manner of stating parallels recall the symphonic works of Beethoven. The ensembles of both are made up of an infinity of smaller forms, and both display a colossal power of absoluteness in setting forth each smallest form. Renoir's work is more on the lines of Haydn.

After Michelangelo, there was no longer any new inspiration for sculpture. After Cézanne, there was no longer any excuse for it. He has made us see that painting can present a more solid vision than that of any stone image. Against modern statues we can only bump our heads: in the contemplation of modern painting we can exhaust our intelligences. Cézanne is as much a reproach to sculpture as Renoir is to those who continue to use Impressionist methods. He is the great prophet of future art, as well as the consummator of the realistic vision of his time. Both men deformed nature's objects—Renoir slightly to meet the demands of consistency in his preconceived compositions; Cézanne to a greater extent in order to make form voluminous. Some of his deformations resulted from extraneous line forces which, when coming in contact with an object's con-

tour, made it lean to the right or left, or in some other way take on an abnormal appearance as of convexity or concavity.

M. Bernard thinks these irregularities in Cézanne the result of defective eyesight. But such an explanation is untenable. There is abundant evidence to show that, to the contrary, they are the result of a highly sensitized sight—a sight which simultaneously calls up the complementary of the thing viewed, whether it be a line, a color or a tone. This double vision is only a dependency of the plastic mind which, instead of approaching a problem from the nearest side, throws itself automatically to the opposite side, and, by thus obtaining a double approach, arrives at a fuller comprehension. While slanting his line and distorting his volumes, Cézanne was unconsciously moulding the parts to echo the organization of the whole. In turning his pictures into block-manifestations, he strove for a result which would conduce to a profounder æsthetic pleasure than did the linear movements of Renoir. After we have enjoyed Renoir's rhythms we can lay them aside for the time as we can a very beautiful but simple melody. The force of Cézanne strikes us like that of a vast bulk or a mountain. Contemplating his work is like coming suddenly face to face with an ordered elemental force. At first we are conscious only of a shock, but when our wonder has abated, we find ourselves studying the smaller forms which go into the picture's making. In the 1902 *Baigneuses* of Renoir each separate figure is a beautiful and complete form which fits into and becomes part of the general rhythm. In Cézanne the importance of parts is entirely submerged in the effect of the whole. Here is the main difference between these two great men: we enjoy each part of Renoir and are conducted by line to a completion; in Cézanne we are struck simultaneously by each interrelated part. Viewing a canvas of the latter is like going out into the blazing sunlight from the cool sombreness of a house. At first we are aware only of the force of the light, but as we gradually become accustomed to the glare, we begin to perceive separately objects which before had been only a part of the general impression. The fact that Cézanne invariably spoke of the "motif" should have given his friends a clue to his conception of composition. Before him

composition had been to a great extent the formation of a simple melody of line in three dimensions, constructed by the forms of objects. It corresponded to the purely melodious in music, the opening of the theme, its sequence of phrasing and the finale. Cézanne chose a motif, and in each movement of his picture it is to be found, varied, elaborated, reversed and developed. Each part of his canvas is a beginning, yet each part, though distinct as a form, is perfectly united both with the opening motif and with every variation of it.

In this little understood side of Cézanne's genius lies an infinity of possibilities. Without an ability to organize, all his knowledge is worthless to the painter. He himself could apply it, and his understanding of the exact adaptability of a form to a hollow permitted him to express his knowledge with a force his followers lack. His sensitiveness to spaces and the characters of his forms recall at times the works of Mokkei, who used protuberances and hollows (namely: accidents of portraiture and landscape) to enrich and diversify form. Nature to Cézanne was not simple, and he never depicted it thus. Even in his bathing pieces, whose disproportions are deplored by many, the composition is minutely conceived, not on a simple harmonic figure, but on complicated oppositional planes. Not only are the surface forms perfectly adapted to a given space, but the directions taken by these forms are as solidly indicated and the vacancies made by them are as solidly filled in, as in a Rubens. Indeed, these canvases, as block-manifestations, are nearly as perfect as the pictures of El Greco, who was the greatest master of this kind of composition.

Cézanne should be numbered among the experimenters in art. With him, as with the Impressionists, the desire was to learn rather than to utilize discoveries. The painters from Courbet to Cézanne were the first to usher in an authentically realistic art mode, and they were also the first who sensed the possibilities of inanimate reality for æsthetic organization. Others before them had regarded nature strictly *en amateur*, using only the human body for abstract purposes. Even Michelangelo said that aside from it there was nothing worth while. These modern innovators refuted his assertion by proving the

contrary; namely, by introducing order into chaotic nature. Their simple arrangements, however, would not have satisfied Michelangelo, who, like all men who come at a florescence when the lessons have been learned and it remains only to apply them, demanded an arbitrary organization which should be not only ordered but composed. Cézanne did little composing in the melodic sense of the word. He stopped at the gate of great composition which, after pointing the future way, he left for his successors to enter. His synthetic interest was limited to the eternal fugue qualities of nature. He undoubtedly saw the futility of creating polyphonic composition from lemons and napkins, but he had not found a menstruum in which the qualities of his materials would disappear. The old masters had done all that was possible with the recognizable human body; Cézanne's desires for the purification of painting kept him from attempting to improve on their medium.

Among a great scope of oil subjects, one cannot say through which of them Cézanne has exerted the strongest influence. His landscapes have made as many disciples as his portraits, and his figure pieces and still lives are universally copied. But his greatest work, his water colors, has almost no following. In these he found his most facile and fluent expression. His method of working in oil had always been the posing of small, slightly oblong touches of color which gave his canvases the appearance of perfect mosaics. In his water color pictures these touches are placed side by side with little or no thought of their ultimate objective importance, and they become larger planes of unmixed tints juxtaposed in such a way that voluminous form results. His work in this most difficult medium has an abstract significance, for in it even the objective coloring of natural objects is unnoticeable. The colors stand by themselves; and while the aspect of Cézanne's pictures in this medium is flat and almost transparent, the subjective emotion we feel before them is greater than in his oil work. In these pictures there was no going back to retouch. They had to be visualized as a whole before they could be commenced. Each brush stroke had to be a definite and irretrievable step toward the completion of the ensemble. As we study them, a slow shifting of the planes

is felt: an emotional reconstruction takes place, and at length the volumes begin their turning, advancing and retreating as in his oil paintings, only here the purely æsthetic quality is unadulterated by objective reality. In these water colors, more than in any of his other work, has he posed the question of æsthetic beauty itself. When we contemplate them, we are more than ever convinced that Cézanne was the first painter, that is, the first man to express himself entirely in the medium of his art, color. Unfortunately these pictures are difficult of access. Only occasionally are they exposed in a group. Bernheim-Jeune has a magnificent collection of them, and it is to be hoped they will soon find their way into public museums. Eventually, when a true comprehension of this great man comes, they will supplant his other efforts. His desires for a pure art are here expressed most intensely.

Cézanne, however, is not always able to "realize," as he put it. Even in these water colors he did not attain his desire. He started too late in life to acquire complete mastery over his enormous means. "One must be a workman in one's art, must know one's method of realization," he said. "One must be a painter by the very qualities of painting, by making use of the rough materials of art." He failed to gain that great facility by which supreme realization is achieved, because the span of life accorded him was too short. He was old when his best work was begun, and like Joseph Conrad, he had passed his youth before the great ambition fired him. "Realizing" to him meant the handling of his stupendous means as easily as the academicians handled their puny ones. This he could never do, and his age haunted him to the end. Many have taken him literally when he said he desired to expose in Bouguereau's salon, but though he earnestly wished it, he desired to be received there as Bouguereau was: as one who had mastered his expression. "The exterior appearance is nothing," he explained. "The obstacle is that I don't realize sufficiently." In other words, he did not have great enough fluency to permit only the highest qualities of his art to be felt. In his gigantic efforts to "realize," his pictures changed color and form many times before they were finished. His respect and admiration for inferior

men like Bouguereau and Couture were due to their enviable facility in handling their means. He knew that the fundamental and unalterable laws of organization had been found and perfected by the old masters and that, so long as we were human, we must build on their discoveries. "Only to realize like the Venetians!" he cried. And later: "We must again become classicists by way of nature, that is to say, by sensation. . . . I am old, and it is possible I shall die without having attained this great end." A year before his death he said: "Yes, I am too old; I have not realized, and I shall never realize now. I shall remain the primitive of the way I have discovered."

The prediction proved true, but his destiny was none the less a glorious one. Deprived of the phrenetic impulse which took him in all weathers over country roads to the "motif" from six o'clock in the morning until dark, he would never have achieved what he did. The fact of this great modern genius going to work in a hired rig when too weak to walk, should be a lesson to those painters who are always awaiting the combination of propitious circumstances which will provide them with a perfect studio, a perfect model and a perfect desire. Cézanne, however, knew his high place in art history. Once when Balzac's *Le Chef-d'Œuvre Inconnu* was brought up in conversation and the name of its hero, Frenhofer, was mentioned, he arose with tears in his eyes and indicated himself with a single gesture. So sure was he of what he wanted to do that when he failed he discarded his canvases. Many of them are only half covered. He could never pad merely to fill out an arbitrary frame.

With Cézanne's death came his apotheosis. As he had predicted, thousands rushed in and cleverly imitated his surfaces, his color gamuts, his distortions of line. His white wooden tables and ruddy apples and twisted fruit dishes have lately become the etiquette of sophistication. But all this is not authentic eulogy. Derain, his most ardent imitator, is as ignorant of him as Archipenko is of Michelangelo. And the majority of those who have written books concerning him merely echo the unintelligent commotion that goes on about his name. Cézanne's significance lies in his gifts to the painters of the

future, to those in whom the creative instinct is a sacred and exalted thing, to those serious and solitary men whose insatiability makes of them explorers in new fields. To such artists Cézanne will always be the primitive of the way that they themselves will take, for there can be no genuine art of the future without his directing and guiding hand. His postulates are too solidly founded on human organisms ever to be ignored. He may be modified and developed: he can never be set aside until the primal emotions of life are changed. Only to-day is he beginning to be understood, and even now his claim to true greatness is questioned. But Cézanne, judged either as a theorist or as an achiever, is the preëminent figure in modern art. Renoir alone approaches his stature. Purely as a painter he is the greatest the world has produced. In the plastic arts he is surpassed only by El Greco, Michelangelo and Rubens.

NAN

MARY MEARS

NAN HOLDEN'S life, with lapses of time between the scenes and changes of background, unrolled itself under my eyes for several years, and if I am to tell her story, it must be in the manner of moving pictures.

When I first saw her she was standing in the yard back of the Clarendon post-office and general store, smashing bottles of beer, hard cider, and whisky against a stone. The stone was embedded in glass, showing this was by no means her first raid. I was a sickly youth, consumed with desire to be an artist (my dream began and ended with the purchase of *The Lives of the Painters*), and as I peered at Nan through a crack in the fence, my heart leaped like a frog in a pool. Surrounded by a group of sheepish men, all lit up by the sun, she was a magnificent spectacle. With her serene brow, her frank, purposeful eyes, her parted, just-smiling lips, and heroic frame, she had the look of an avenging angel. Employing an open, sweeping motion which brought every muscle of her back into play, she smashed with business-like thoroughness. But now and again she paused with bottle or jug suspended at the end of a bare, beautiful arm, to inquire, "Yours, Jim Billings? Ikie Goldstein? Claim your property if you want it. If not, here goes!" And thereupon the liquid with its maddening odor ran out over the ground.

The faces of the men were a study. Clarendon was "dry," and its entire supply of liquor came in hidden in Jim Billings' meal bags when he drove home from the mill at Rutland. For years the men's custom had been to secrete the stuff in the packing of the icehouse back of the general store and consume it after business hours. But Nan Holden, when her husband was made post-master, elected to change all that. And, alone and unaided, one woman against two score or more men, she was changing it fast. The fact that Sydney was fond of his glass, added to her zeal.

The men's faces were a dark red, and they quivered all over, like beaten dogs, as *smash, smash, smash*, went bottle after bot-

tle. And the funny thing about it all was, not one of them dared lift his voice to claim the stuff. Had one of them spoken, Nan would have handed him over to the sheriff in short order. And the men knew this. So, while the confiscation went on, they held silence, but with their eyes they hated her as they would hate her later with their tongues. Heavens! how they would talk of her over at the hotel, commiserating Sydney profoundly on having such a wife.

Nan, however, cared little what the men thought about her, or so she assured me next day, when, shy and embarrassed, but warm in her praise, I introduced myself to her. None of the mud of the place—and there was a good deal—stuck to her, she insisted. In the little raw, half-civilized Vermont hamlet, with its few decent women, and those few afraid to patronize what should have been the leading store because of the loafers, she had espoused the cause of righteousness and she had the independence of public opinion that characterizes all true reformers. The truth was, she was at that time doing more for Clarendon than its two schools and three churches combined. Her standard of justice was of the Old Testament order, especially when applied to her own individual problems. It was literally the tooth-for-a-tooth kind, as you shall hear.

I was only nineteen, a run-down little office clerk, and when Nan looked at me, all the mother in her (her baby was born some five months later) sprang to my rescue.

"You'll move right over here," she announced at the conclusion of my call. "That hotel ain't no place for a young chap like you. You'll have that little room at the head of the stairs and I'll feed you up. Then we'll see what's what."

To my protest that I would add to her work, she laughed. "Bless you! One more won't make no difference, especially as you'll eat with Sydney and me, which is to say, you'll eat Protestant. You are a Protestant, ain't you?"

I told her that my family were all Congregationalists.

"Same as us," she declared delightedly. "I cook for Ikey Goldstein, who butchers for my husband, and Ikey is a Jew, which means that I have to cook his meat in separate pots and pans, and cook it different. Though many's the time," she inter-

polated humorously, "that I run short of Ikey's kind and give him a piece of our beef or mutton, and he don't know the difference neither,—and Ikey's Sunday comes on Saturday. Then there's old Michael Flaherty, who works the garden, and he's a Catholic and won't touch meat on Fridays noway, but must have his fish. But you'll eat Protestant and that'll be a comfort."

That same afternoon I moved over bag and baggage, and at supper met Sydney and old Michael Flaherty. Sydney gave me a cordial grip of the hand, then shoved toward me a heaping plate of pork and beans and a tumbler of buttermilk. He was a good-looking fellow, with strong shoulders and neck, and wild, stubborn hair. Had it not been for an affection of the eyes which caused him to wink rapidly he would have been handsome. As to his character, it was a bit weak in spots. But most folks' are.

Old Michael, when we were presented, gave me a solemn bob of the head and a glance that was penetrating—penetrating. Though his face showed as many lines as a Government map, the essential youth in him peeped out between the wrinkles. There was an unmistakable force of intellect to be reckoned with in Michael, whatever else might be said of him. In his young manhood in Ireland he had been a civil engineer. But from one thing to another he had descended, until now, in his seventy-fifth year, with a thirst for drink that far exceeded Sydney's, and with his only kindred, a daughter, wholly disowning him, he had come under Nan's watchful eye. Strange fate that gave two such men into the care of such a woman. But I suppose her strength demanded their weakness.

Ostensibly old Michael took care of the Holdens' garden: in reality Nan took care of old Michael. Many and many a time, when the Irishman failed to come home at night, I saw Nan go in search of him and bring him back and dose him up and set him in the straight path again. The first time I witnessed his fall, I was ashamed of old Michael as a specimen of my sex, and offered to perform these services for him; but Nan waved me off.

"You leave him to *me*," she ordered, "those hounds have

made him drunk again. But it ain't his fault, poor old man." And I was amazed to see tears in her eyes.

And so the weeks flew by and I found myself living under the roof with an angel. And the queer thing about it was, no one saw the angel but me. Old Michael and Sid saw a woman—a very good sort, to be sure; in fact, the most satisfactory sort. They saw in Nan a woman a man could depend upon and look up to, without, however, giving the matter much thought; the kind of woman a man could love, without saying much about it. Syd, as a matter of fact, adored Nan. But he didn't worship her—and that's what he should have done.

I had been with the Holdens a fortnight when Nan confided to me her secret ambition. She was a good deal worried that morning. For one thing, at nine o'clock Sydney was still sleeping heavily, and she had to sort the mail; and for another, Michael was going about with his mouth set to a line, for Nan, as he knew well, had a mighty keen scent for telltale fumes on a man. However, when she returned to the kitchen he threw caution to the wind. Some packages of seeds had come from the greenhouse and he had worked himself into a passion over the labels.

"*Turns!*" he cried, "whoever heerd tell of *turns*? Shure, it's no vegetable for a Christian man, same as meself, to be digging and sweating to raise from the clods of the earth."

Nan left her tubs and went out on the back porch. "Turnips, Michael," she explained.

"Turnips nauthing!" he stormed. None the less he wrote the proper word on the package in a firm round hand that would have done credit to a boy.

"They're abbreviations, Michael," she remarked pacifically.

"To hell with abbreviations!" he cried. "The idiot what wrote 'um had no eddication, else why did he skimp the letters with the whole great alphabet lying idle to his hand?"

He rose, but paused at the bottom of the steps to deliver a parting, irrelevant shot: "Don't you know the darkness of the night is no time for a dacent woman to be traipsing abroad?" he demanded. "Do you stop within after this."

This assertiveness of the primitive male rising triumphant

in the old Irishman, who now had no womenfolk of his own to lord it over, and who was, in truth, as humble as a kitten before Nan, delighted both her and me.

I strolled into the kitchen. "Were you out last night, Nan?" I asked innocently. (She allowed me to call her by her first name; it made us both feel more friendly.) And then I realized that I should not have alluded to her mission of the previous evening. She put more hot water in the tub; then faced me.

"I want Sydney to go back to the undertaking," she said. "It is a much payinger business than store and post-office keeping. And Sydney is a first-class undertaker, and I'm a good assistant, for I was a trained nurse before I married, and I got used to corpses then. That was how I met Sydney, through a patient of mine who died and whose hair I was called in to do up. Sydney had charge of the funeral."

"I see," I murmured. "But does Sydney want to go back to the business you speak of? You'd have to leave Clarendon, wouldn't you, if you did that?"

"Yes," she assented. "We'd have to go somewhere where the folks was particular how they was buried. For nothing shows genteelness in families more than the kind of funerals they give. And of course here the folks ain't genteel either in their living or their dying."

"Well, would Sydney be willing to leave this place?" I questioned. "He likes it here, you know; likes it immensely. But he doesn't seem to see what the life means for you," I added, with a touch of feeling. I was sure enough of Nan's affection to risk a candid remark now and then.

She never changed a hair. She was the embodiment of dignity. Her matrimonial problems were her own and she kept them so. I grew hot faced and was muttering an apology, when she turned to me.

"I think Sydney will be ready to leave here before many months," she said quietly. "I think he'll see *then* that it will be best for all concerned." Her voice had a ring hopeful and prophetic and her eyes a deep light. But I was far from understanding what she meant. In fact, I did not understand until the following summer.

II

I was once more looking for a place in which to recover strength during August and September, when I received a note from Sydney. He opened by telling me of his removal to North Truro, where he was established in the undertaking line, in proof of which he called my attention to his letterhead, a design representing a hearse drawn by a pair of sprightly horses, the whole turnout enclosed in a neat memorial wreath. And then incidentally he told me of the birth of their boy. He added that Nan (not he himself, mind) was anxious that I should see John Holden, and would be glad to have me summer with them if I cared to do so. The next morning I started for North Truro.

I found Nan lining a coffin.

If my heart had bounded and leaped the first time I ever saw her, this time it seemed to clean leave my breast. I am not exaggerating when I say that her beauty; no, graciousness; no, grandeur, took me so by storm that I stood stockstill by the gate and for a full minute could get no nearer. It was artistic, almost religious ecstasy that chained me. But Nan would have drawn reverence just then from the veriest dolt.

Before an open door which let the sunlight and wind into a low-ceiled room, she was standing with bent head. Her skirts and stray locks of her hair were in rippling motion. She was all glowing with the rich contentment of life. But beyond her the shadows deepened and I saw the black hole of a fireplace. She had paused in her lugubrious task to do—what think you? Nurse her babe. The child's face, all but one flushed cheek, was lost in the amplitude of her breast. Her right arm supported it, the wrist and hand describing that curve that makes a man want to weep or go on his knees, it is so infinitely tender. Her other hand, still grasping the hammer, rested on the coffin ledge. So she stood between light and darkness, life and death, and: "Jove!" I thought, remembering my *Painters*, "what a subject for an Albrecht Dürer or a Holbein!"

Even now the memory of the greeting I received from both Syd and Nan makes me tingle. Oh, the simple, kind hearts! I

had never had a home and they vied with each other in welcoming me to theirs.

They exhibited their house to me. It was a double affair, big and old and rambling; and on the *living* side Nan reigned, sewing and cooking for her family; and on the *dead* side Sydney ruled, laying out corpses in his undertaking parlor or "studio," as he called it. This house, they intimated, was as much my house as theirs, if I cared so to consider it; and the baby as much my baby, that is, if I wanted him. And I did want him, decidedly. Naturally, as neither his father nor his mother lacked splendid, firm, rosy flesh, John Holden was a regular dumpling. He had a fascinating coo, and a pair of fists like miniature sledge hammers. He was just the sort of a baby one would expect to find in the arms of such a pair.

The next morning I woke to the sound of old Michael's rich brogue. He was singing in the garden.

"Yes," Nan explained, when I questioned her; "when we left Clarendon, as old Michael's daughter wouldn't have him (nice lot she is), Syd got the old man a good place on a farm. But we hadn't been here long when one day I looked out of the window and seen him coming cross lots from the depot, carrying a potato sack in which he'd crammed everything he owned in the world, even to a pair of worn-out galluses I once knit for him. He come in at that door and settin' down in a chair began to cry. We never thought he'd be willing to stay, for no liquor's to be had here under forty mile. But from that day to this he ain't said a word about leaving. He knows we'll take care of him as long as he lives; and when he dies Syd's promised to give him as good a funeral as anyone could ask. So he's contented."

"And you and Syd?" I inquired.

The question was unnecessary, for my first glance at Nan had told me that she was now deeply tranquil. The people of North Truro, instead of being drinkers and rioters, were highly respectable citizens who supported churches and schools that were all that could be desired by one looking anxiously forward to the education of a young John. But, strange irony, the town had one drawback: its death rate was amazingly low. It was

one of those superlatively healthful places where even the aged linger on year after year with no abatement of vitality.

"Of course we don't want folks to die," Nan declared, "though there bein' next to no funerals does make things hard for us. However," she added cheerfully, "so far Syd's had a good many odd jobs, and I guess things will pan out all right. He's painting the Methodist church now. Then mornings and evenings he goes to that great mansion top of the hill and takes care of Mr. Cobb.

"Silas Cobb's a three-year paralytic," she explained, "and he's that cranky no regular nurse can get along with him. Sydney goes and gives him his breakfast and in the evening he goes again and puts him to bed. Mis' Cobb, she manages to take care of him during the day, and she's 'bout played out. But not her husband. Why, every day he insists on being skewered up in a b'iled shirt and high collar, so that to get him dressed is a great howdedo. And evenings, he often keeps Syd waiting hours before he'll let himself be put to bed. But Syd, he's glad to have the case, though it don't pay much, for the understanding is that when Cobb dies, Syd's to have the funeral, and it's to be a first-class one."

III

I left in September, and almost three years went by before I saw Syd and Nan again. When finally I ran up there, what a changed household I found! The baby, John, was no longer with them. He was not dead—no, not dead. But I'll give you the story as I grasped it from Sydney's incoherent account—and from Nan's eyes. Those clear pools of humor and tenderness under her lovely brow had become pits of blank, hard suffering. It was evident that Nan, deprived of her young, would have gone completely mad but for the fundamental reliability of her character. That wouldn't allow her to become unhinged or to die like a weaker woman, but kept her sane and whole to realize the highest pitch of suffering. Nan still attended to her household duties, thoroughly, if automatically, and the only change one saw in her was a dazed indifference to people. Even when she

looked directly at them, she no longer seemed to see them. With Michael alone was she anything like her old self.

It was pitiful to note the maternal, fussy care she bestowed on the Irishman. And Michael, with a quiver along his lip and a side glance that sought to explain, let her do as she would with him. She used to brush his hair and retie his cravat a dozen times a day. Children, however, she avoided as if the sight of them were torture. The glimpse of a little tot, especially, would turn her into a woman who neither moved nor spoke for hours.

As is often the case with fat babies, little John was croupy. And the second winter, croup was followed by pneumonia. There were no jobs of painting or carpentry for Sydney and no funerals. Silas Cobb, though he could no longer hold up his head or articulate, refused to die, and while evil burned a last murky flame in his heart, John Holden battled with all his baby strength for his life.

Vibrating as he did between sick-room and sick-room, Sydney managed to keep up courage. Despite the conditions existing at home, he never failed in his care of Cobb. And at last, as if by way of reward, the doctor declared that danger for John was over, providing he were taken to a warmer climate. "Your wife must take him to that sister of hers in Virginia," he ordered. "If she doesn't, I won't be responsible."

That night Sydney met temptation face to face. From being a thing of pygmy size which he had managed thus far to ignore, it suddenly assumed the proportions of a giant, and, well—it conquered him.

The cold was so intense he had to stay the entire night with Cobb in order to keep the fire going in the sick-room. At about twelve o'clock the paralytic worked himself up into one of his states of fiendish restlessness, and Sydney, instead of administering a dose of heart-stimulant and remaining with him to see that he did not slide into a position inimical to life, went into the kitchen, lit a fire in the cook stove, and, taking the thermometer from its hook outside the door, began calmly thawing it out. It was as if thawing that thermometer was the one important thing in the world. Fear for his child clutched him. And the man went down before the father. Fixing his thoughts on the

congealed mercury, he waited until in the room beyond the odd gasping sounds ceased and all was silent.

When at last he did go in there—poor Sydney, can't you see him with his shoulders raised and his face one terrible inquiry?—he found Cobb with his head almost touching the floor, his tongue protruding from between his lips, and his eyes leering at his faithful nurse. If ever a dead man cursed, that one did.

In his angry floundering he had slid half off the bed and died of asphyxia.

A creature with a nature less simple, less frank, would have kept his own counsel. Not so, Sydney; though he did manage to hold his tongue for a time. At first, I am persuaded, it did not seem to him that he had done anything greatly amiss. Cobb must have died before long, in any case, and his going just then meant nothing less than the saving of John's precious life.

The funeral came on and Nan helped robe the body. She even patted its necktie and its whiskers, she was so grateful to it for having capitulated to death just when it did. She lined the casket and arranged the flowers. I seem to remember Syd's telling me that, as they were unable to get real English violets, Nan made the door wreath of artificial blossoms, shaking toilet water over it that the curious, sniffing old women might be deceived. Then, having done everything she could do for Cobb, she gathered her baby in her arms and went South, a superlatively grateful and happy woman. It was not until she came back that Sydney divulged his secret. Why he did it at all, I can't say. I suppose it was the working of the curse.

On the evening of her return Nan said happily: "Lucky old Cobb died when he did, wasn't it, Sydney? Just look at John, the darling, ain't he the picture of health?" And that was Sydney's chance.

He confessed to his wife as he would have confessed to his God, in childish hope of absolution, forgiveness.

Just how Nan took the grim disclosure, Sydney didn't tell me. All I know is that, obeying her order, he crept away to bed some time near dawn; and Nan was left to battle with the problem. In the morning the sublime creature had their course mapped out.

After she had given Sydney breakfast, she announced her plan. On the day of Cobb's funeral, it seemed the wife, a poor forlorn, down-trodden creature, had wept bitterly, not at the death of her husband, no one could weep Cobb, but at the lifting of that yoke of service to which she had become accustomed. Without that burden she felt she could not go on. She was years younger than her husband and she lamented that Heaven had denied her a child. All the bitter disappointment of twenty years sounded in her wail.

Now Nan proposed giving John to Mrs. Cobb. "A life for a life," says Nan, eyeing Sydney. And the poor fellow for the first time realized the enormity of his crime. I imagine he demurred feebly. But the knowledge cowed him, for he consented.

As Abraham offered Isaac a sacrifice unto the Lord, so this pair offered their son to Mrs. Cobb. It was Nan's conception of justice, and, as usual, the measure was full and running over. For an antique powerless wreck she gave her fine prancing boy of three.

Of course, both she and Sydney prayed fervently that the unsuspecting Mrs. Cobb would refuse their offer of expiation. But to Nan's statement, that they felt it would be for the child's good if Mrs. Cobb chose to take him and educate him as they could not, the latter listened with unfeigned delight. She even clutched Nan's knees, lifting a face of joy; and Nan went the whole length. She insisted that Mrs. Cobb legally adopt John and take him away from North Truro. "For me and his father," she explained, "we mightn't be able to stand seeing him round." It was her one allusion to her grief.

As I said, the change I found in the Holdens' home staggered me. Geraniums no longer showed their bright faces on Nan's side of the house. In fact, an almost ghostly desolation pervaded the entire dwelling. In Sydney the general blight was less apparent. Mere animal life was so strong in him that he would still occasionally break into a smile of momentary naïve forgetfulness. But let him catch Nan's uncondemning eyes fixed on him and he would steal off and weep like a baby. To Nan

I no longer meant anything. And after a wretched day and night I went away.

I did not see the Holdens again for twelve years. During most of this time I was abroad with my employer. I was now his private secretary. Finally a business matter called me home. I had hardly set foot in New York when I received a letter from Sydney Holden. He told me that old Michael Flaherty was dead. Pleurisy, I think he said. Anyway, they were alone, and if I could run up there he thought the sight of me might do Nan good. I was sure he was mistaken, but I went all the same. Thus it chanced that I witnessed the closing scene of the little drama.

I found Sydney in a state of extreme excitement. There was a vague rumor afloat in the town that Mrs. Cobb was fatally ill. Some one, Sydney didn't rightly know who, had received a postal card from a young girl Mrs. Cobb had taken with her to act as nurse for John. Syd could talk of nothing else. And when the next day's mail brought a letter addressed to Nan in a wavering hand, I thought he was going to have a seizure of some kind.

The letter was from Mrs. Cobb.

The poor woman wrote that, feeling the hand of death on her, she had told John that she was not his real mother. To her surprise she found that the boy remembered Nan; could even describe her. Think of that! Now, having left him all that she possessed (but a few thousands, for she had met with reverses), she was sending the boy back to his parents.

Nan read the letter through; then laid it down softly. She did not touch it again, and a hideous fear clutched Sydney and me. Poor Sydney dared not put the question that trembled on his lips. I tell you it was awful—that joy that was afraid to acknowledge itself—afraid to express itself in laughter or tears. Why, even the shrieks of hysteria would have been preferable to that unfathomable stillness.

One day, about a week after the receipt of the momentous letter, Nan was sitting on the back porch in the glow of the sunset, and Sydney was standing in the doorway with a pipe between his lips. He wasn't smoking. Sydney didn't do things those

days. He merely pretended to do them. Restless, and for some reason keenly alert, I was in the swing with a newspaper. Suddenly, over the top of it, I caught sight of a young figure, striding across the ploughed field that lay between the tiny railroad station and the Holden house. It came on with an impetuous rush, all swinging arms and legs and youthful lifted face.

Sydney put down his pipe and peered distractedly. "That's *him!*" he announced after a moment, in a queer, tense voice.

Nan said nothing. Mechanically she rose. Then a great trembling seized her; she shook all over. In its dumbness, its fixity, her expression was appalling.

Sydney was smitten with fear.

"Are you going to send him away?" he cried. And he stood there vibrating, afraid to go and meet his son, unable to remain where he was. "Are you going to, Mother?" And his voice rose.

Nan strode forward, her garments swirling back from great limbs and breast, her hair sweeping back from her face. Never have I seen a human creature move and look as she did then.

They met by the fence, where the sun turned to a glory a row of milk cans.

Sydney missed a step. He fell down and remained down. He prayed aloud, "O Lord!"

The pair by the fence did not notice him. Nan had wrapped her arms completely around her son. She enfolded, she enveloped that slender form. In a powerful embrace the two bent and swayed as one body. Sydney stumbled to his feet. Then I lost sight of him in a mist. When I saw clearly he was tottering toward the pair with shaking hands outstretched.

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

HORACE TRAUBEL

JANUARY 22, 1889

W. talked about Garland. "He's greatly interested in the George movement: is strongly impulsive: is maybe a little one-idea'd—though as to that I don't feel quite sure: is wonderfully human: gets at the simple truths—the everyday truths: it is not professional." I said: "You speak of one-idea'd men as though you rather discredited them." "Do I? I don't mean to: they certainly have a place—a vast big vital place: they can't be skipped—escaped." I said again: "You may think you're not, but you're a little one-idea'd yourself—and every man is." He nodded. "No doubt: I never heard it put quite in that way: Jesus was one-idea'd, I admit, for instance." I asked him: "Well—have you some objections to Jesus?" "Yes: why not? Emerson had, too: the dear Emerson: he felt that Jesus lacked humor, for one thing: a man who lacks humor is likely to concentrate on one idea." I parried him again. "Why, that's a familiar charge against you, Walt: didn't even Ruskin say that? and I hear it every now and then from somebody or other." He retorted a little hotly: "Well—you've rather got me: I'm not much good in argument. But on that Jesus matter: take that: I've heard it discussed often: some of the bright fellows have been saying it for a long time: not Emerson alone: others: radical fellows—the strong men: thinkers. Yet I confess I'm not altogether clear in the matter." He used the phrase at one point: "Whether genius needs to be funny"—but caught himself short over it: "I should not say that: that is unjust to Emerson: to all of them: when they say humor they don't mean fun in the narrow sense of that word—they don't mean what we call joking, badinage—anything like that." Spoke of Emerson himself as "not what you would call a funny man: he was something better than that: he would not cut up—make a great noise: but for cheer, quiet sweet cheer—good humor, a habit of pouring oil on waters—I have never known his equal. Emerson was in no sense priggified—solemnified: he was not even stately, if that

means to be stiff." The word "humor," he said, always "mystified" him. "I think Shakespeare had it—had it to the full: but there have been others—great men, too—who had little or none of it. The question is, was Shakespeare's humor good-natured? Good-nature is the important equation in humor. Look at Heine, for example: I'm not sure of his place: but look at him—consider him: ask yourself whether he was not a mocker as well as a humorist. They do charge me, as you say, with lacking humor: it never seemed to me it could be true: but I don't dispute it: I only see myself from the inside—with the ordinary prejudice a fellow has in favor of himself: but O'Connor—oh! how he used to boil when he heard me accused of that defect: he'd boil, he'd boil—he'd boil over! The idea that anybody imagines I can't appreciate a joke or even make jokes seems preposterous. Do you find me as infernally impossible as that, Horace? Bryant said to me in one of our chats: 'The most humorous men I have met have been the lightest laughers.' You can't always tell by a man's guffaws whether he is a real humorist or not."

JANUARY 23, 1889

WE talked of Bradley's conviction in the Philadelphia courts yesterday. "Yes, I have read the story: Bradley was monstrous—monstrous; but would you not think him abnormal? I see no other way to account for it: certainly he can't be explained by the ordinary process of reasoning. In the present condition of our criminal laws—of crime—as in affairs like this—these extra sex developments—abnormality is the only word that will cover the case. Then we must remember that such individual abnormality comes from the abnormality of society at large. I think any judge would admit that—perhaps express it almost in my words: it seems to me to arise—so much of it, who knows but all of it?—in an absence of simplicity—in a lack of what I may call natural morality. Perhaps that's not the exact word for it, but as I said, any judge would correctly diagnose the case, I have no doubt." It had appeared to him "rare among rare decisions." "I know that in regard to these Anarchists there are contending impulses drawing us two ways: but for liberty, abstract, concrete—the broad question of liberty—there

is no doubt at all. I look ahead, seeing for America a bad day—a dark if not stormy day—in which this policy, this restriction, this attempt to draw a line against free speech, free printing, free assembly, will become a weapon of menace to our future.”

JANUARY 25, 1889

AFTER continual general talk of Poe, W. said: “I have seen Poe—met him: he impressed me very favorably: was dark, quiet, handsome—Southern from top to toe: languid, tired out, it is true, but altogether ingratiating.” Was that in New York? “Oh, yes: there: we had only a brief visit: he was frankly conciliatory: I left him with no doubts left, if I ever had any.” Poe was “curiously a victim of history—like Paine.” “The disposition to parade, to magnify, his defects has grown into a habit: every literary, every moralistic, jackanapes who comes along has to give him an additional kick. His weaknesses were obvious enough to anybody: but what do they amount to after all? Paine is defamed in the same way: poor Paine: rich Paine: they spare him nothing.” I said: “You should write about Paine.” He nodded, “So I should, I don’t think there’s anybody living—anybody at all—(I don’t think there ever was anybody, living or dead)—more able than I am to depict, to picture, Paine, in the right way. I have told you of my old friend Colonel Fellows: he was an uncommon man both in what he looked like and in what he was: nobly formed, with thick white hair—white as milk: beard: striking characteristics anyhow.” He proceeded: “We had many talks together in the back room of the City Hall. The instant he saw I was interested in Paine he became communicative—frankly unbosomed himself. His Paine story amounted to a resurrection of Paine out of the horrible calumnies, infamies, under which orthodox hatred had buried him. Paine was old, alone, poor: it’s that, it’s what accrues from that, that his slanderers have made the most of: anything lower, meaner, more contemptible, I cannot imagine: to take an aged man—a man tired to death after a complicated life of toil, struggle, anxiety—weak, dragged down, at death’s door: poor: with perhaps habits that may come with such distress: then to pull him into the mud, distort everything he does and says: oh, it’s in-

famous! There seems to be this hyena disposition, some exceptional (thank God rare!) venom, in some men which is never satisfied except it is engaged in some work of vandalism. I can forgive anything but that."

JANUARY 26, 1889

"IT's a nasty word: I do not like it: I don't think I ever thought expurgation in my life: Rossetti wished to cut out or change a few words: only a few words: I said yes, do it: that was long ago: if the question came up to-day I would say, no, do not do it: I think as time has passed I have got an increased horror of expurgation: would not think of such a thing as the exclusion or the alteration of a single word now: it seems so false: to do it at all seems like beginning to do it altogether. Horace, take my advice—though I have always advised you not to take advice: if such a problem should in any way at any time in your own career present itself to you, be obdurate, yield nothing, insist upon your unmitigated self." I said: "Walt, I never heard you talk so vehemently before on expurgation." He said: "Maybe I never felt so vehemently: maybe I never before so realized its dangers: censorship: I don't like it: even the censorship of a man who is his own victim: it's all bad, all wrong, all corrupt: it reduces a fellow to a cipher: seems just like an apology, a confession: it's a sort of suicide. Much as I love Rossetti I would not to-day if the affair was opened up ever again consent to have anything whatever done with the text of the poems: I'd say even to dear Rossetti, all or nothing; not wishing to be ugly: only determined to be firm. Even the gentle Emerson so far forgot who I was and who he was as to suggest that I should expurgate, cut out, eliminate: which is as if I was to hide some of myself away: was to win a success by false pretences: which God forbid: I'd rather go to eternal ruin than climb to glory by such humbug." I asked: "Emerson didn't call it humbug when he gave you that counsel, did he?" "Oh no: it wasn't humbug to him: he was anxious to have people read me: he thought it was better to have the people read some of me, even the worst of me, than not to read me at all: that's the way he put it himself."

JANUARY 28, 1889

W. said: "The great function of the critic is to say bright things—sparkle, effervesce: probably three-quarters, perhaps even more, of them do not take the trouble to examine what they start out to criticise—to judge a man from his own standpoint, to even find out what that standpoint is. I sometimes ask myself: 'Am I not too one of the worst of these offenders? have not I too said this, that, where silence would have been better, honester?' I have asked myself in the face of criticism of my own work: 'Should I reply—should I expose, denounce, explain?' But my final conviction has always been that there is no better reply than silence. Besides, I am conscious that I have peculiarly laid myself open to ridicule—to the shafts of critics, readers, glittering paragraphers: yet I am profoundly sure of one thing: that never, never, has even calumny deflected me from the course I had determined to pursue." He stopped here a bit. Then: "Perhaps it is the function of critics, even the dull critics, to bring the gods, the high ones, down from their great conceit: drag them down, down into the mud, into the gutter: the difficulty is, the whole world seems now bitten with the idea that to criticise, to pick to pieces, to expose, is the all in all of life—the whole story: but is it?"

JANUARY 30, 1889

I picked up his yellowed copy of Richard II from under my feet. Handed it to him. He looked at it. "That's the copy I used to take to the play with me—in my pocket: carried it along in my walks: kept with me down on the Jersey shore: such pieces of books made up in that way by me out of whole books for my own convenience." He spoke of the Richard as "a favorite play" of his. "It is typical: the most likely, conclusive of the Shakespeare plays." Harned referred to his facsimile copy of the First Folio. Who wrote the Plays? W. very vehement. Harned said this book kept him a Shakespearian. W. dissented. "That by no means closes the case, Tom: contemporary evidence is not necessarily the best evidence: look at Mirabeau, in France: undoubtedly in many ways a noble man: always esteemed as a friend of the people: in fact, one of the people: yet undoubtedly,

as it is now conclusively proven, the paid stipendiary of the Court. To have said this at the time or even fifty years ago—even twenty or thirty years ago—would have been taken as the rankest blasphemy: yet there is now no more doubt of it than of the fact that you are this moment spread out there on the lounge listening to me talk.” Then was Mirabeau wholly false? Was history altogether mistaken in him? “I should not like to say that: do not say it: only that he was paid by the Court: got pockets of money in that way. He was a wonderful man: in many respects was the most wonderful man of his time: a democrat, probably”—here W. paused: “Perhaps not that, not a democrat in any sense that would be acceptable to us; but still inclined to hear, even argue, the cause of the people.” He specified one of the Greek “masters” similarly reputed in his time, “yet now acknowledged to have been corrupt.” “We talk of the necessary accuracy of contemporary evidence: that’s poppy-cock: I do believe, for instance, that for truth, for what is positive concerning the great masters, this book here, this book written by Addington Symonds, written in our own day, is better, more to be relied upon, than any record kept at the time, than anything written since, in all the ages between.” He “would not be at all surprised” if “some day there should appear absolute authentic data establishing the origin of the Shakespeare plays”; and in that time “I am confident that it will be shown that many men, not one man merely, had a hand in the work.” In that age “it was not considered becoming for noble lads to have anything to do with writing plays: with playhouses: with receiving twenty-five or fifty or a hundred dollars, as we moderns do, taking it as a matter of course.” “But the group of bright fellows there in London—Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Southampton, Lord Bacon—are known to have accepted Shakespeare—to have been cheek by jowl with him, in fact.” Out of this the authorship must have grown. “Shakespeare was under contract with one of the London theatres to produce two new plays a year: a contract much like mine with *The Herald*: so many pieces, large or small, a month: if less than the full sum, to be made up the next month, beyond default.” Then Shakespeare was to palm the plays off as his own? Was

that the idea? "In the rough—yes: and I know how that would be described by the orthodox: how it was that Shakespeare was a plagiarist, a thief—all that: but I should hesitate to pronounce judgment so cavalierly. Shakespeare took it all as grist to his mill: accepted all: kept his counsel—and his contract." Then Shakespeare was not the chucklehead O'Connor had called him? "Oh no, no: I never believed that: besides, that's not O'Connor's to start with: he repeated it jocularly: it didn't originate with him. It was Delia Bacon who was most severe on that point: handed out the most contemptuous terms: rarely referred to Shakespeare except lightly: called him 'the butcher of Stratford': always applied phrases of that character to him." "But I should say he was one of the sweetest, wisest men who ever lived. Hume says of Queen Elizabeth that she is charged with being a trivial creature, though surrounded with wisest counsellors, but he insists that it must have been greatness of a sort which summoned such counsellors—which recognized, made use of, accepted such personalities as the aids and abettors of her policies." So with Shakespeare. "He was no fool, no butcher: his, too, was no contemptible greatness: he chose well: he was circumspect: he knew what he was about." W. said he had no idea that the Plays all came from the same source: "There are evidences that various influences were at work there: a group, a cluster of the Plays seem to show signs of the same craftsmanship." But "it's not necessary to infer that all the Plays came from the same hand." He thought the Plays indicated "a great taste for glitter: a desire to surpass, overawe: a resolve to overdo: to create the fiercest emphases: to succeed by the very force of the flood—a literal inundation of power." Harned said: "The Plays are so great, won't they stand alone for all time?" W. objected: "I know that is the orthodox view, but I don't accept it. Wilson Barrett here—here in this house—has said the same thing: has said an actor dares not question it: but I question it: question it fundamentally. It has come to be with Shakespeare as with the Bible: we are born to it: we have sucked it in with our mother's milk: the schools, colleges, writers, drive it at you: one can't get away from it: the man who denies the claim is queered." W. threw himself forward in his chair, pointed upward as if to the heavens,

and said with intense earnestness: "It is wrong! wrong! wrong! It is as if we should fix our eyes on one of the stars there: should say: Let that be the only star: let that stand alone in glory, purpose, sacredness: let all the rest be wiped out: let that alone be declared legitimate: let that alone be our guide. Yet there are millions of other stars in the heavens: millions: some as great, some greater: perhaps some we do not see surpassing the best we see: so there are writers—countless writers: some swept away, lost forever, some neglected: some yet to be recognized for what they are."

Harned said: "Walt, you're hitting a lot of nails on the head to-day: you almost weaken my faith in Shakespeare." W. said: "Shakespeare stood for the glory of feudalism: Shakespeare, whoever he was, whoever they were: he had his place: I have never doubted his vastness, space: in fact, Homer and Shakespeare are good enough for me—if I can by saying that be understood as not closing out any others. Look at Emerson: he was not only possibly the greatest of our land, our time, but great with the greatness of any land, any time, all worlds: so I could name galaxy after galaxy." Harned asked: "You have decided feelings about the defects of Shakespeare?" "Yes: it is not well for us to forget what Shakespeare stands for: we are overawed, overfed: it may seem extreme, ungracious, to say so, but Shakespeare appears to me to do much toward effeminacy: toward taking the fibre, the blood, out of civilization; his gospel was of the mediæval—the gospel of the grand, the luxurious: great lords, ladies: plate, hangings, glitter, ostentation, hypocritical chivalry, dress, trimmings"—going on with the strange long catalogue "of social and caste humbuggery," pronounced with the highest contempt. "I can say I am one of the few—unfortunately, of the few—who care nothing for all that, who spit all that out, who reject all that miserable paraphernalia of arrogance, unrighteousness, oppression: who care nothing for your carpets, curtains, uniformed lackeys. I am an animal: I require to eat, to drink, to live: but to put any emphasis whatever on the trapperies, luxuries, that were the stock in trade of the thought of our great-grandfathers—oh! that I could never, never, never do!" Then suddenly he fired out with more heat than ever:

"And now that I think of it I can say this fact more than any other fact lends weight to the Baconian authorship: I have never written, never said, indeed I have never thought of it as forcibly as at just this moment sitting here with you two fellows: but the emphasis that the author of the Plays places upon these fripperies points an unmistakable finger toward Bacon. Bacon himself loved all this show, this fustian: dressed handsomely: tunic: fine high boots: brooches: liked a purse well filled with gold money: the feel of it in his pocket: would tinsel his clothes: oh! was fond of rich, gay apparel: affected the company of ladies, gents, lords, Courts: favored noble hallways, laces, cuffs, gorgeous service—even the hauteur of feudalism." W. then added: "Feudalism has had its day: it has no message for us: it's an empty vessel: all its contents have been spilled: it's foolish for us to look back to some anterior period for leadership: feudalism is gone—well gone. One musn't forget that thankful as we have a right to be and should be to the past, our business is ahead with what is to come: the dead must be left in their graves."

Were the Shakespeare plays the best acting plays? W. said: "That's a superstition,—oh, exaggeration." As to Shakespeare as actor W. said: "Even if he never got beyond the ghost, as has been said, we must acknowledge that to do the ghost right is a man's, not a ghost's, job: few actors ever realized the possibilities of the ghost." W. said: "William speaks of Winter as Littlebillwinter—all one word: I often think of Ben Jonson as Littlebenjonson—all one word: I remember what Emerson said of Jonson: 'He thought himself a good deal greater man than Shakespeare.'" The "Shakespeare personality" was "very mystifying, baffling." "Yet there are some things we can say of it. Whoever Shakespeare was not, he was equal in refinement to the wits of the age: he was a gentleman: he was not a man of the streets—rather of the Courts, of the study: he was not vulgar. As for the Plays, they do not seem to me spontaneous: they seem laboredly built up: I have always felt their feudal bias: they are rich to satiety: overdone with words." I never saw W. more vigorous. He finally said: "I am so sure the orthodox notion of Shakespeare is not correct that I enter fully into the discussion of those who are trying to get at the truth."

A TALE FROM FAERIELAND

SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

WHAT time I lay in bed, loth to arise,
A vision came to me, dazzling mine eyes.

I could not choose but lie abed all day,
Threading sweet words to weave it in a lay.

(So I forgot my hunger, and the deep
Sadness that made me long for endless sleep.)

Not any of the ancient tapestries
Could tell a tale more wonderful than this.

For here, in words of purple and of gold,
And words of silk and silver, Love was told.

And here were figures, marvellously drawn,
Of gods and men, of sunset and of dawn.

And here were symbols, such as Merlin loves,
A Cross, a Herd of Lambs, a Flock of Doves.

And a deep labyrinth, most intricate,
Through whose black vaults unwound the thread of Fate.

And here were words, like roses; and loud words,
Like to the sudden flight of many birds.

And woodland words, like leaves, that, tremulous
Forever, made the verses murmurous.

And one word was a moon: a syllable
Argent and chaste and fraught with many a spell.

And one word was a sun, and it was round,
And it was warm, and had a golden sound.

And one soft word was maiden-fleshed, rose-white,
Delicate-veined: it held the day and night.

And all these words I wove into a lay,
A cloth of words, that made my sad heart gay.

When it was finished, folding it, I said,
“The King will buy it!”—and got up from bed.

“The King will buy my lyric tapestry,
And hang it on his wall for all to see,

“So that the fame of it shall travel far,
Even to where the holy hermits are,

“Who, pausing at their matin prayers, will say:
‘It must be fairer than the birth of day!’

“*‘God bless the hands that wove it, and God bless
The soul of Man that dreamed such loveliness!’*”

And I repeated, “He will buy it for
A treasure of his golden corridor.

“And he will wear it for a robe, when some
Beautiful Queen to visit him is come.

“It shall befit him as its petals do
A lily blossom that is wet with dew.

“It shall befit him as the veil of night
Befits a day that was too gay with light.

“It shall befit him as its carven sheath
Befits a mighty sword whose touch is death.

“It shall befit him so, that, seeing him,
The Queen will feel her very soul to swim.

“ And on that holiday when they shall wed,
’Twill serve to canopy the nuptial bed.”—

So with my lyric cloth I made my way
Unto the Palace, and my heart was gay.

A critic met me at the guarded door.
—“ ’Twill do,” said he, “ to clean the kitchen floor;

“ Or else, perhaps, to garb the lowlihead
Of kitchen wenches, for you see,” he said,

“ The colors are too gaudy and the style
Is obsolete.”—His lips were black with bile.

“ The subject is antique; you should have fraught
Your pretty dreams with valiant, modern thought.

“ Your tale is vague; it should be definite!
I hardly can make head or tail of it.”—

And so he punned and jeered for a long while,
But crueller than all was his wise smile.

“ Do not despair, for you are young,” he said,
“ And yet can learn.”—The heart within me bled.

But I was hungry, so for copper sold
My cloth of words of silver and of gold.

And went my way; the way that outcasts go,
To where the kind, black-vestured waters flow.

And some nights later Cinderella wore
The woof that I had woven. Faerie lore

Says that it hung within the King’s great hall
A wondrous marvel and a joy to all.

And pilgrims came from all the lands that be
Beyond the desert and beyond the sea

To glad their souls, for it was said it had
The power to make Love-loving people glad.

And one bold Jason, loving it too well,
Wrought many deeds, the which Greek legends tell.

And so it passed from hand to hand, nor e'er
Lost its delight, but always seemed more fair.

For all the loveliness for which men long,
The charm of childhood and the charm of song;

The innocence of things that live and die
Rooted on earth, yet pining for the sky;

The courage and the faith that women bear
Who conquer pain and trample on despair;

All this that I had felt, that I had known,
Was threaded in that cloth that all can own

Who by the grace of loving much are given
Hands that can plant on earth the flowers of heaven.

So when the Christ was dead, Who died for Love,
Magdalen brought the cloth that I had wove,

And Joseph of Arimathæa dressed
The Sad Man with it, and laid Him to rest.

Thus for three days God wore it, and the third,
When at the piping of the first song bird

Sweet Jesus rose, a glorious sight to see,
Lo! round His shoulders hung my tapestry.

And it befit Him as its petals do
A lily blossom that is wet with dew.

And it befit Him as the starry night
Befits a day that has been gay with light.

And it befit Him as its carven sheath
Befits a mighty sword whose touch is death.

And He will wear it on the Judgment Day,
And of it all the holy Saints will say:

*“ God bless the hands that wove it, and God bless
The soul of Man that dreamed such loveliness! ”*

LUCK

WILBUR LARREMORE

THERE is no better illustration of happy chance than Goethe's dying words. One of his earliest, and in some respects still his best biographer, George Henry Lewes, sentimentalizes the falling of the curtain: "His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were 'More Light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death." Goethe's semi-conscious "cry" was as purely the voice of the failing body as Benjamin Franklin's fully conscious "A dying man can do nothing easily." Greater good luck no man ever had than, without realizing that his lips moved, to utter what as metaphorically summarizing his own great career has become one of the world's famous apothegms.

It may be suggested that Goethe's last utterance was not a sporadic but a culminating piece of good luck. Certainly no one more than he warmed both hands before the fire of life. Those who believe in luck, either as a personal attribute or an independent force—and there are many of them—may contend that this supreme darling of fortune enjoyed the favor of the jade—who is not a *fickle* jade after all—to the very end.

Recalling the large number of important achievements occurring in the teeth of demonstration by faultless logic that they were impossible, it is no longer safe to hiss out of the scientific forum any theory that has some plausible considerations in its favor. Quite recently the Horatios of the medical profession have been compelled to recognize a very homely phenomenon, undreamed of in their philosophy, in the person of the "typhoid-carrier." He or she has the malignant potency of a swarm of tsetse flies. She may or may not have had typhoid fever herself, but she has the occult capacity of absorbing its germs and spreading them broadcast. Similarly, certain exceptional persons have the reputé of being luck-carriers. If the "lucky" man play cards he uniformly holds good hands. His "crazy" finan-

cial speculations in the end refute the wisdom of experts and rivals, and often when he attempts explanation one is reminded of the recipe of a Virginia Mammy for a delectable dish—"You put in flour till you have enough, a little milk and not too much butter." One need not be more intolerant of faith in Luck than was Lord Bacon of the belief of some persons in the potency of the Evil Eye as the malignant dart of Envy, which he naïvely passes by for the present, "though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place."

In all humility, then, conceding that as the secret of the typhoid-carrier probably will be discovered, that of the luck-carrier possibly also may be, we may offer suggestions appropriate to the present state of our ignorance. He who succeeds in action, but talks like "poor Noll," is a man of boldness and initiative, whether in declaring a trump or hazarding a fortune. Unrealized by himself, he was born with his mental processes adjusted in happy resultant. He has that combined gift of acute perception and rapid reasoning which passes under the name of woman's intuition, as if it were found only on one side of a Quaker meeting.

The difference between Alfred Tennyson and Charles Tennyson Turner was one of brain and nerve cells and the mentality of the average man of efficiency, or the humblest luck-carrier, is as inscrutable as that of Goethe. Chance is a factor in all careers and especially in those of men who know themselves and recognize opportunity when it comes their way. The phenomena of "luck," that is, the successes of men who habitually embrace opportunity, are ascribable to personality that has a distinctive physical basis, recondite as it may be. The "lucky" man is taken to be one to whom only happy chance systematically occurs; but intimate acquaintance often gives a clue to his potentiality. And even with those who never disclose anything further than the apparent ability to guess right, it may safely be assumed that "luck" is occult personality.

Nevertheless, the persuasion that some individuals are especial favorites of fortune is held by a large proportion of average Caucasians and it even obsesses many persons of superior gifts and education. Luck is unconsciously or semi-con-

sciously conceived as a force not ourselves that makes for our good or our discomfiture. It is akin to the fatalism of Greek tragedy and of Calvinism. Superstitions with materialistic paraphernalia have melted away as the masses of the people acquired the general truths of physical science. Belief in witchcraft, for example, which is very ancient and for a long period was practically universal, was rendered vulnerable by such stage properties as its broom-stick aeroplanes. Faith in luck has encountered less destructive criticism because intangibility of method leaves more for the imagination. It has even served as an outlet for the vast inheritance of superstitious sentiment which has been dislodged from one cherished stronghold after another. The disposition that formerly created humanistic gods and angels, accepts in their place a vague, mystical dæmon of foreordination.

A recent re-reading of Huxley's controversial essays aroused feelings equally divided between marvel and amusement. It was hard to realize that within the period of little more than a generation that had elapsed since they were written such a transformation of the average mental attitude has occurred as to make the learned professor's arguments seem like tilting with windmills. But while many of the narratives at which the logic of demolition was aimed are now regarded as myths, the myth-making faculty and tendency—the inheritance of thousands of generations—still survives. The educated man of to-day looks upon the theological beliefs of his grandfather very much as the latter did upon the fetichism of the "benighted heathen." None of us, however, ever grows to real intimacy with a fellow-mortal without recognizing his anthropomorphic heredity as well as his particular credulities. Yet perhaps the only universal superstition is that of each man that he is not superstitious.

If a man go to Monte Carlo with all his money in one pocket and a loaded revolver in the other, resolved that he will not continue to live unless his fortunes are bettered and realizing that he is merely taking a chance, his conduct, though unethical, is perfectly rational. Such cases, however, are not very common and not very significant.

The gaming table is more frequently sought from love of

excitement or danger. But the zest of risk and adventure dies out with advancing years, while the passion of gambling—as inveterate as any bodily propensity—fastens its tentacles on youths and retains them on grey-beards. The gamester persists over the green cloth or at the “ticker” because he expects to gain money. The motive is a combination of hope and superstition, the strength of the former element being in direct proportion to that of the latter. Habitual gamblers do *not* trust to the hazard of a die. They are an abjectly superstitious class of persons, constantly resorting to auguries and charms to foretell the fluctuations of luck or to propitiate what they conceive as an actual, if not indeed a sentient, entity. Whether Charles James Fox himself shared in the obsession is not specifically recorded, but certainly his fellow-players for high stakes at Almack’s turned their coats inside outwards for luck. Many persons who never play cards for anything more valuable than a “prize,” offer talismanic appeals for good luck essentially the same as those of a naked Hottentot. Stories have appeared in the newspapers from time to time, without contradiction, of the custom of eminent financiers to consult clairvoyants, astrologers, or palmists before betting on the tape.

There is no intrinsically ethical quality in gambling. If persons who can afford it wish to add to the zest of a game of chance by a substantial stake, it is their affair only, and not society’s. The practical effects of gambling, however, attach to it a grave immorality. It is one of the most fixed and universal passions because it is backed by the immemorial belief in a destiny that shapes our ends. As far down as the middle of the nineteenth century, devout doctors of divinity organized lotteries in order to endow religious and educational institutions. According to the more sophisticated standards of to-day, the conductor of a lottery, or a bucket-shop, is a criminal. Public sentiment is so convinced and firm that it influenced the Supreme Court of the United States to strain the law by holding the transportation of lottery tickets by regular commercial agencies to be *commerce*. It thus becomes competent for Congress, as the regulator of inter-State commerce, to enact laws prohibiting the handling of gambling paraphernalia by express companies. The

authority to exclude such matter from the mails was never disputed. Because human nature is the heir of ages of superstition, and on utilitarian grounds, the elaborate legal system for suppression of public facilities for gambling is an important feature of government.

Superstitious heredity has ingrained a tendency making for survival of faith in luck in those who are superior to the vice of gambling as well as to the grosser forms of credulity. In earlier days every event of importance was attributed to some dweller on Olympus or in Valhalla, or to the intervention of Providence. The propensity evolved during countless generations renders it difficult for those most emancipated from superstition to suspend judgment and wait for more light. Inadequate theories that are frankly tentative may prove serviceable in abstract investigation, but unfortunately thorough-going Agnostics are incapable of the agnostic attitude toward practical affairs. We are prone to form hypotheses which from the slender basis of known facts ought never for a moment to be taken as anything but provisional, and then gradually, in default of any better explanation, to cleave in all seriousness and the full strength of pride to our fools' certainty. An illustration is furnished by the sentiment of all communities towards mysterious crimes. The adage that murder will out is not even a half truth; the number of unfathomed murders everywhere exceeds those that are solved. But because human nature abhors a doubt, much as physical nature abhors a vacuum, popular opinion charges the crime to the person of greatest opportunity and most plausible motive and goads the District Attorney, even though not sharing the prevalent belief, into prosecuting him.

If some persons succeed and continue to succeed, if others fail and go from bad to worse, without adequate cause for either phenomenon being perceptible, the inveteracy of fools' certainty disposes persons even of a high degree of intelligence to say that the former are lucky and the latter unlucky. And this language is not used entirely in jest or figuratively. It is rather an utterance of that twilight zone of superstition to which a ghost story that is not too insistent on realistic detail but leaves much to the imagination, appeals with eerie charm. The idea that the lucky man has super-personal resources is not explicitly ac-

cepted, but it is dallied with and, vague as it is, influences opinion and action.

If no intelligent man really did feel more *comfortable* for having seen the new moon over his right shoulder, if everybody knocked on wood merely as a mock ceremony, if all our superstitions, including faith in luck, had no other effect than to add romantic zest to life, it would be ungracious and fanatical to protest. But superstitions are moral forces, often more potent than, for example, patriotism. Railroad men believe that bad luck strikes thrice, that after one accident has occurred the other two must promptly follow, after which last happening one may breathe easily until the first of the next series occurs. This is an article of guild faith having a practical bearing on discipline and morale and it must be reckoned with in somewhat the same spirit as the prevailing religion of a conquered province.

Machiavelli has said that "Fortune is the mistress of one-half our actions, and yet leaves the control of the other half, *or a little less*, to ourselves." While "Fortune" was not used purely in the sense of a good or evil genius, but was intended to comprise the tyranny of circumstances, the context shows that the mystical element of destiny was also in mind. Machiavelli's words testify to the touch of fatalism in the most worldly-wise of us and it is everyone's serious concern how far his superstitions, sentimentally or æsthetically cherished, have become motives of conduct.

Faith in luck is especially insidious as an ally of egoism. There is scarcely any more pathetic, withal more contemptible, figure than that of the middle-aged duffer, who indicts the intelligence of his whole generation for his failure to arrive, with incidental ascription to the shrewd malice of rivals, furtively backbiting those whose work has carried conviction to their age and ever log-rolling and wire-pulling for crumbs of notoriety. Outside the fields of creative thought, indeed, in every sphere of activity, may be found misfits, "inefficients," victims of self-love, or, as they phrase it, of bad luck. Many of them would have gained self-knowledge if their forbears for a hundred generations had not believed that the gods are jealous of the success of mortals.

MADDENING THE MEREDITHIANS

WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

MISS FRAZER'S *The Maddening Mr. Meredith* * has a tendency to madden Meredithians. I met one the other day who spoke with heat of Miss Frazer's endeavor to "focus" Meredith. I had had time to cool, myself, having read the essay earlier and clarified my notions later in lectures on my hero before a college class. I tried to show my friend, with academic judiciousness, as of one "lying on a cloud, rapt in sunshine," that Miss Frazer was more than half in the right.

What Miss Frazer has not done, of course, is to see Meredith through his own eyes. Meredith is a tease, so she puts him down in a pet; with full acknowledgment, however, of his genius. He is brilliant, but horrid.

Miss Frazer thinks Meredith's chief defect is his "sheer inability to tell a story." Oscar Wilde said that years ago in his *Decay of Lying*. Meredith as publisher's reader rejected Thomas Hardy's *The Poor Man and the Lady* for Chapman and Hall and gave the great novelist-to-be much good advice, but advice, according to Mr. Hardy, "that he did not follow himself." When Meredith wrote *One of Our Conquerors*, he showed his critics what he thought of them by making the book more exasperatingly difficult than its predecessors. Meantime he read others' novels, in his professional capacity, and continued to preach what he did not always practise—well-constructed plots and clear style.

Meredith was aware of his own genius, and gave it its peculiar expression. He read too many mere novels to write more mere novels. Lack of appreciation, again, added to an innate tendency to artistic capriciousness, made him more and more "original at all costs." "As a writer he has mastered everything except language," said Wilde: "as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story: as an artist he is everything ex-

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cept articulate: . . . he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and red with wonderful roses."

True Meredithians believe that Meredith's message of optimism, courage and personal responsibility is so far superior to much of the pessimism, melancholy and sentimentalism of the day that they try to help others over the thorn hedge, to meet and know "that sculptor of strange figures; he who labored and strove for sixty years!"

One way to know him is to meet him in the rare beauty of his old age at Box Hill. Another is to winnow his own creed out of his poems, novels, letters and miscellanies. His theory of the novel, for instance, is found in Chapter 23 of *Diana of the Crossways* in connection with Diana's *Cantatrice*. "No clever transcripts of the dialogue of the day occurred," says Meredith; "no hair-breadth 'scapes, perils by sea and land, heroisms of the hero, fine shrieks of the heroine; no set scenes of catching pathos and humour; no distinguishable points of social satire—equivalent to a smacking of the public on the chaps, which excites it to grin with keen discernment of the author's intention. She did not appeal to the senses nor to a superficial discernment. So she had the anticipatory sense of its failure; and she wrote her best, in perverseness; of course she wrote slowly; she wrote more and more realistically of the characters and the downright human emotions, less of the wooden supernumeraries of her story, labelled for broad guffaw or deluge tears—the grappling natural links between our public and an author. Her feelings were aloof."

I do not say that Miss Frazer, for one, is unacquainted with this passage. But obviously she has not applied its principles in her criticism, or she does not believe these principles are legitimate, or she does not think Meredith followed them himself.

That Meredith's feelings are aloof in his novels is exactly what Miss Frazer denies. To her, Meredith is forever walking into things and interfering with logical development of characters and action. Meredith is a tyrant of the most absolute and abandoned order, and his adorable women are bond-slaves acting under diabolical compulsion.

Later, Miss Frazer refers to "Meredith's greatest defect, in obdurately conforming his characters to a preconceived thesis. The defect lies, not in having a thesis to demonstrate, but in failing to demonstrate the thesis." In this paragraph the writer contradicts herself; for first she says Meredith's defect is thesis writing, then she says his defect is not thesis writing, but failure to demonstrate his theses. Taking the spirit of the passage rather than the letter, however, one concludes that Miss Frazer means to say that Meredith is justified in having theses if he demonstrates them.

I believe myself that the defect of the Meredithian novels as works of art is their thesis character. But I deny that Meredith fails to demonstrate his theses. He demonstrates them so completely in *Richard Feverel*, *One of Our Conquerors* and *The Amazing Marriage*, that disheartening tragedies result. I feel no more satisfaction in the death of Lucy and the discomfiture of Fleetwood than Miss Frazer does; but I see how Meredith carried out his theses to their "logical conclusions."

My own feeling towards Meredith's handling of his characters is that he does not control them enough to produce perfect art. But such was not his purpose. He was a poet reading and writing novels; a moralist and a philosopher scourging egoism and sentimentalism in men and pointing out a saner womanhood for women.

With all its beauty I cannot take *Richard Feverel* very seriously as a Meredithian production. Though it shows evidences of Meredith's philosophy of laughter, it is conditioned throughout by a sentimentalism of the author's own. I think that in defiance of his later theory of comedy he let Lucy die, not only for the thesis purposes involved in the "System," but to show that human love is vanity. The tragic note of this book, like that of *Modern Love*, was a result of Meredith's own unfortunate first marriage. *Modern Love*, however, is more Meredithian than *Richard Feverel*; for in it Love is exalted as an Ideal in spite of its failure between the husband and wife of the poem.

Miss Frazer, and most critics with her, cannot accept Diana as real after her betrayal of Dacier's state secret. Given Diana

as Superwoman, according to Miss Frazer, this dismal piece of treachery is impossible. But "the reason for this distortion is apparent," says Miss Frazer: "the knot of the entanglement with Dacier must be cut; Dacier must be shown up as an unmitigated cad and shunted off the stage to make way for Redworth, who is lumpish, but very good." Now the truth is that Redworth *is* good, but not lumpish; and he is not put into the novel merely "to make a safe husband for Diana," as Miss Frazer says later.

Both Diana and Redworth develop according to the Meredithian theories, Diana as the woman of beauty and brains, Redworth as the worthy average man, both types that Meredith delighted, if possible, to honor. When Diana, Clara Middleton, Clotilde and Carinthia do unreasonable things, they do them as evolving Superwomen. Meredith is depicting women rising out of subjection to egoists and sentimentalists into a world of freedom, sane reason and purified emotion. They are without precedent to guide them; and now and again their old subject selves show darkly; or intellectual tyranny succeeds to emotional slavery—as in the case of Carinthia—and blinds them to mercy and love.

Meredith, in a word, wrote of men and women who grow strong in proportion as they conquer themselves and scourge and laugh sentimentalism out of one another. The greater the virtues of the character he drew, the greater its possible defects. His women are usually above or below normal, but all strive with him and nature and normal men towards normality. Several of his men are normal throughout—Vernon and Redworth, for example; and these men are the normal mates, not merely the "safe husbands," of his growing women.

APOLLO INDICTED

WILL HUTCHINS

THE American student of the classics, by force of habit, clings to the nourishing breasts of Oxford and Cambridge. Weaned, he may take the stronger meat of Germany. The casual reader, with an interest in the antique muse, will still feed at the ancient sources. There is reason for this, quite apart from all considerations of scholarship. English cultivation of classical literature, almost from the time of Erasmus, has been identified with English poetry. English poets have tried to be scholars and English scholars have tried to be poets. It is not for us to scoff, however conspicuous may have been the occasional failures. We may, however, fairly question the authenticity of what may be called the Greek strain in English poetry.

The British poets have wooed the antique muse like the gentlemen they were, toiling abroad for her like Jacob for Rachel. Their advances have been not only politely ardent but even generous: in spite of her foreign birth they have offered her the comforting protection of the Englishman's home. They would make her their very own by showing her that their morality, even, is but the fulfilment of her own better moods. Mr. John Jay Chapman, in his summary of this highly proper wooing, omits what is perhaps the most touching, if not the most inspired lyrical tribute to the coy beloved. The blossom is happily preserved in that chaplet of Victorian sweetness, *The Second Golden Treasury*. It is a prophetic vision of wedded bliss.

"Two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek."

Prophecy, it seems, has not found its fulfilment. The honied confluence, whenever achieved, is demonstrably an hallucination. The bride, like the Trojan Helen of Stesichorus, is but a phantom: her real self was out and away all the time. Hence, perhaps, her seeming tractability during her insular residence. To be sure we have been told that at least two plays, *Samson*

Agonistes and *Atalanta in Calydon*, are really in the Greek spirit. If true, this would indicate a diversity in the operations of that spirit altogether astonishing. Neither Milton nor Swinburne, however, can typify the English poet-wooer: the one is more than English, the other less. Never will the Greek spirit bend to the narrow, if lofty, confines of Old Testament Puritanism. *Samson Agonistes* has every quality of great art, except the essential emotional impulse. It is unthinkable in a theatre of any period. *Atalanta*, on the other hand, is all emotion. Unsurpassed in loveliness, it lacks not only the restraint but also the inclusive breadth of the Greek drama. Both poems are impeccable in form, but in either case it is form superimposed from without, not organically growing from within, as Greek form always did. Swinburne, too, is disqualified as a pure type in that he seeks, not to woo the Greek spirit to England, but rather to lose himself in a mad renunciation of all that is English, except the language itself, and, like his own Meleager, sacrifice all to the fair stranger. Not so does the Englishman woo.

Our present concern is not so much with English imitations of Greek as with English interpretations. For all the apparent decline of Greek as a prescribed study, there is a fresh and growing interest in Greek literature, and especially in the Greek drama, if only in translation. We are rediscovering what the classrooms too often concealed within covers of editions-with-notes, that the Greek drama was written for popular enjoyment in the theatre, and that, for all its conventional reserve and religious function, the thing is joyful in its essence. Curiously enough, too, we witness a yearning reversion towards the sources of that drama in the symbolic dance. Young men and maidens, fired to holy emulation of the Grecian urn, are discarding the cramping conventions of the ball-room and the ballet to weave the spell of invocation with the splendor and speed of naked feet.

Euripides, to the majority of present day readers, is the Greek drama. We thank Gilbert Murray for much of this, if not all. Euripides would be much read in English, doubtless, particularly in Way's version, if Gilbert Murray had never written his inspired paraphrases, but he would not be the Euripides whose modern popularity suggests his hold on an earlier public,

native to his genius. The other Greek tragic poets have missed their Gilbert Murray. Æschylus is all but untranslatable: his polyphonous sublimity of style and preponderance of involved chorus will keep him safely unapproached on his cloudy peak. He is ever for the few, as in the days when Euripides stole his palm away, in spite of Aristophanes. The determined reader will find in Blackie's translation a noble attempt, well worth studying, but it will hardly become a best-seller. Sophocles, the unapproached master of pure form, is equally impossible of translation for quite other reasons. His limpid clarity of speech and flawless construction in part and whole are a challenge,—and despair. Antiquity crowned him, sometimes, and turned its affections to the less perfect and warmer Euripides. Of all existing English translations of Sophocles, it may fairly be said that none is successful. The most nearly satisfactory is George Herbert Palmer's *Antigone*, and that succeeds by declining the challenge to verse. Its rhythmical prose, exemplary in its faithfulness to the text, moves with easy directness and true distinction; but it is not an equivalent in kind. Gilbert Murray's *Œdipus Rex* is noteworthy, but not Sophoclean. The younger Milton, perhaps, might have translated Sophocles. Be it understood we are speaking of translations of plays, versions which must stand the test of *vivâ voce* rendering. There are many scholarly translations in which verse is tortured to fit grammar and sentences are things strangely and wonderfully made. Spoken English verse, readily intelligible to the unfamiliar ear, is the unflinching demand. Gilbert Murray has stood the test on the practical stage.

In justice to Euripides, we must admit that his present cult is not altogether the result of inspired interpretation. He was a modernist in the Fifth Century B. C., and the enthusiast who tells us to-day that we are only beginning to overtake him exaggerates pardonably. We must consider matter as well as manner. Undoubtedly Euripides owed his early popularity to his emotional appeal in the theatre. He may fairly be called romanticist, both for his emotionalism and his carelessness of form. Naturalist, too, he seemed to his contemporaries, and his concrete realities were more interesting to the popular mind than

the sublime abstractions of Æschylus or the perfect idealities of Sophocles. Inextricably interwoven with this romanticism are the threads of his thinking—feminism, rationalism and democracy. The artist-thinker is ever the most teasing problem of criticism. Euripides, whose art and thinking are so closely related that we cannot always differentiate them, still resists the attempt to pigeon-hole him under either head. Confusion results. He was, we are told, the prophet of theism; he wrote to undermine popular religion: he descended to satire; he dropped warm tears: he botched the sacrosanct Attic drama; he made the Attic drama throb with life to the farthest boundaries of Hellenism, assuming, as no single other poet did, the rôle of spokesman for the Attic genius. Evidently he will require a vehicle of broad gauge.

For the work of Gilbert Murray we are unfeignedly thankful. We hear him and rejoice. But,—and oh, the pity of it!—we need not even German scholarship to raise the ever-recurring question: Is it Euripides? An English Sophoclean has confessed, typically, that he “prefers Murray to Euripides.” It is a pretty compliment, and a thrust. Who of us, thrilling to the music of his choruses, glimpsing therein the melting radiance of horizons wider than we had dreamed, has not turned with trembling eager fingers the pages of the text-with-notes, seeking, rashly, no doubt, to enter unattended the very presence of the god? With the help of the local guardian, and of our faithful companions Liddell and Scott, we are able to perceive the subtlety of Euripides, the sophistry, the emotion, even, but the vision does not always follow. Penitent, we reëngage the guide, but we cannot help asking ourselves whether his power of revelation is that of sympathetic insight or that of creative imagination.

To the casual reader, indeed, the Euripides of Gilbert Murray is God-intoxicated. We see, as in a mirage, Christian neo-Platonism rising above its yet-undiscovered bourne. But our guide points backwards as well as forwards. No one has more eloquently or more consistently carried us back to the primitive origins of Greek religion than he. The primitive in religion, it seems, is no less mystically significant than in art or sociology. As many an uneasy Protestant of to-day finds light and warmth

to his soul in Harnack's studies of primitive Christianity, so do we, led by Murray's sympathetic learning, find refreshment at those earlier springs. Almost we can see the young-eyed Dionysus appear from his mountain home to lead the choric dance at the village festival of seed-sowing or harvest. Mother Earth becomes personal again. The theatre of Aristotle is forgotten in the immemorial drama of Persephone.

Euripides, the contemporary of Alcibiades, Aristophanes and Socrates, calls us back to facts. Plato is still a child. Not for many years yet will he show us the relation between Ideas and Things. Primitive origins are buried under the accretion of canonized deities. The village festival is now the established worship of state, with perquisites and emoluments. Anaxagoras, an earlier Galileo, has demonstrated that the movements of the heavenly bodies are mathematical, not personal. He has dared to submit the workings of the human soul to the analysis of an impious psychology. It is, as Mr. Chapman properly insists, an age of extreme sophistication. Euripides is not only in the age, but of it, a leader, in fact. If he were content merely to be an artist he would save us much trouble, but, unfortunately, he insists on taking an interest in public affairs, and expressing himself in his plays. Disregarding the traditional function of the theatre as a place for formal worship and the celebration of legends lying at the roots of our national institutions, he insists on treating the men and women of antiquity as if they were real people. What is worse, he treats the gods as if they were not only real but human. He tells us that we have created gods after our own image, and, to force the likeness, he makes them do quite terrible things. Respectable people are shocked at the things he dares to hint in his plays. He defends himself by saying that his gods are those of Homer. What are we coming to, anyway, when people dare to speak of Homer like that?

That is how the age of sophistication looks to us to-day. Indeed, after *The Frogs*, it would be difficult to overstate Euripides the Iconoclast. But Aristophanes was prejudiced. He has told us more about Euripides than Euripides has about himself. Not all of what he has told us is true. Then, as now, the critical mind was capable of being warped by prejudice. We are in

continual danger of losing sight of the artist in the thinker. Euripides was artist enough to cover his tracks. We need not cite the Germans who have exercised themselves mightily over what Shakespeare meant. Take a more accessible case, Ibsen. Ibsen undoubtedly was a thinker of the most vigorous sort. His great prose dramas of the middle period are documents of protest and reform, if we may believe his exponents. At least he was dealing in the realities of modern life. When asked what *A Doll's House* meant, he shook his head ponderously and sighed: "I don't know." His contemporaries took umbrage at his supposed attacks on men and parties. He continued to urge principles. Finally he ended, as he had begun, in an aura of sheer poetry, and the disciples of reform called it dotage.

The *Bacchæ*, we like to think, was Euripides' valedictory. The dotage theory will not apply here, as the play is, in poetic power, unsurpassed. Is it a recantation, as some hold, the work of a man who has trifled with gods, brought at last face to face in the presence of nature with the insoluble mysteries of life, ending his career with a magnificent affirmation? Recantation or not, it stands in Gilbert Murray's version as a kind of lyrical *credo*, chanted mightily over the fragments of a crumbling theology. For all its cruelty, which equals the Old Testament at its goriest, the play exults in the joy of belief, with reason or without. The student of Greek religion, searching for truth in books, turns to Miss Harrison's *Prolegomena* only to find those splendid choruses transferred to her pages to become the high-lights of the picture.

The problem of the *Bacchæ* is not our present concern, although it must always remain a perpetual challenge. But it affords us, in passing, not only the most perfect example of Gilbert Murray's inspirational interpretation, but also a signal rebuttal of that method. The poet, with all apologies, cannot be trusted with these mysteries. Scholarship of a more judicial temper must arbitrate the claims of reason. Professor Verrall, better known to students than to the general reading public, presents the case for rationalism. Arguing from minute analysis of the text, he undermines the whole inspirational structure. The god is no god, but a rank impostor; the miracles are only

tricks,—drugs or hypnotism. The lyrics are splendid, yes, but they are only the frenzy of the devotee, not the avowal of the poet's faith. The play, in short, is an exposure.

That Euripides, who was first of all a poet and a dramatist, wrote his best plays with the conscious intention of undermining popular belief in the gods, is a theory hardly compatible with poetic interpretation. Yet Gilbert Murray himself, when not in the act of poetic creation, cannot escape the apparent contradiction between the two faces of his idol. He observes—as who does not?—that the gods of Euripides are treated with familiarity. It is their humanity rather than their divinity which appears at short range. “‘There are your gods,’ he makes Euripides say, ‘and your holy legends; see how you like them!’ The irony is lurking in every corner, though of course the drama and romance come first.”

Because both Murray and Verrall have agreed, with differences, in seeing in the *Ion* Euripides in his most critical mood, we may take the play as a test case. According to Verrall it is a complete exposure of the Delphic oracle as a fraud. It is, according to Murray, “of all the extant plays, the most definitely blasphemous against the traditional gods.” “Is it,” he asks, “a pious offering to Apollo the ancestor of the Ionian race? If so, why is Apollo the villain of the plot?” Common-sense reading of the play in its historical setting might decline the dilemma altogether. Euripides was not bound to be “pious.” As for the villainy of Apollo, we have not yet been convinced that it exists. His conduct, to be sure, is not that of the exemplary English gentleman. A god, we would suppose, ought at least to be that. Verrall applies just that test to the Apollo of the *Alcestis* and is happy to grant him, in that instance, a clean bill of moral health, “although his tone is far from Olympian.” Verrall's interpretation of the *Ion* is so radical that we may not state it until we have refreshed our memories of the play.

Apollo does not appear in person. Hermes speaks intimately of him in the prologue, but he is not necessarily an authorized mouthpiece. Like the rest of us, he wonders what will happen. The Pythian priestess speaks for the god in the action of the play. Athena, speaking *ex machinâ*, is his sponsor in the con-

clusion. One astute critic has observed that Apollo pulls the wires all through the play. This, as it happens, is precisely what he does not do, else there had been no play. Euripides was enough of a dramatist and a humanist to believe in free will. His characters are not puppets.

Creusa, daughter of Erechtheus, the legendary founder of Athens, gathering flowers in a field near the city, was seized by Apollo and forcibly embraced in a cave. Concealing her pregnancy for fear and shame, she bore a son, secretly, in the same cave. Against the promptings of her better nature,—as she confesses later, when old emotions come surging up—she exposed the babe in his cradle, wrapping him in cloths of her own weaving, and placing about his neck the golden serpents, the traditional amulet of the family of Erechtheus. Apollo sent Hermes to rescue the babe, who was brought to Delphi and reared in the temple, ignorant of his parentage. Creusa, finding him gone, concluded that he had been devoured by birds or beasts. Conscious of her own wrong-doing, she heaped blame on the god, who would not care for his own. Later, after the death of Erechtheus, she was given in marriage to Xuthus, an Achæan general, himself of divine descent, although not an Athenian, in order that the royal line might be preserved. The marriage, unfortunately, has always been childless, and after many years the couple come to Delphi to consult the oracle touching their plight. Apollo, says Hermes, will answer their prayer by giving them Ion, Creusa's own son, not revealing his parentage. Here, of course, exposure begins. The god will not tell the truth. Hermes is not mistaken. The event is quite as he has foretold. Evidently even Apollo is subject to the laws of truth. There is nothing impious in that, Euripides might say.

The play opens with a hymn of worship by Ion himself. He is devoted to the temple rites, thoughtless of his origin, except for occasional wistful wonderings, and joyful in the only life he knows. His hymn is the worship of the virgin soul, as yet untried by experience. Creusa, entering, meets the boy, and from the first there is a mystic attraction between the two which begets mutual confidence. Concealing her own experience under that of a fictitious friend, she tells the story of Apollo's audacity. Ion

is shocked, not only at the deed but at the impiety of telling it. Rudely awakened to a new aspect of his adored god, he debates with himself, more in question than assertion, the problem of immorality among the gods. The notorious amours of Father Zeus come to mind. Can the gods sin? Can they blame men for sinning when they themselves have set the example? It is the bitter struggle of the pious soul stung for the first time with the barb of scepticism. Like Hippolytus, Ion is not a prig. His piety and innocence are genuine, but the world of experience, which is to be revealed to him on this eventful day, includes much that has been apart from his life.

Now that we are ready for the action of the play, we may examine the premises. Euripides here, as always, is dramatically psychological. Motives are dissected. Souls are laid bare. We need not even attempt to distinguish between the poet and the characters. We are dealing with the relations of certain individuals, touching the actions of the god who does not appear. The attitude of Creusa and Ion towards Apollo is the real subject matter. Bearing this in mind we must distinguish between two acts of the god which are the springs of the visible action: first, his forcible embrace of Creusa, and second, his alleged neglect of the child. Creusa's bitterness is the result of years of brooding over these wrongs, not without self-accusation. But the plaint of the outraged maiden is almost, if not entirely, lost in that of the deserted mother. If we may cite the evidence of all fiction, ancient and modern, the second charge is the more serious in the eyes of the woman. Marriage sanctions, however fortified by law and morality, are, and have been, tinged with considerations of property right, but motherhood, legal or illegal, is unto God. Had Apollo been a gentleman he would have followed no such audacious course in the first place, or, having sinned, he would have given Creusa the comforting assurance that the child was safe: being merely a god, with the god's disdain for the humanity which will not trust him, he has allowed her to suffer. There was a touch of glory in the terror of his advance, flaming in the golden splendor of his sacred hair, in that sunny crocus field of long ago. The bitterness of years has not wholly eclipsed it. And we know, if Creusa does not, that

the child has had the best of all possible protection during the tender years when the stigma of illegitimacy would have been a constant torment.

Xuthus comes from the shrine, joyful in anticipation, and claims Ion for his son. The oracle has declared that the first person he meets on emerging will be his own child. Here, say the moralists, we have the god as liar. A more accurate report of the oracle would probably give us, what Xuthus's garbled indirect quotation suggests, the time-honored ambiguity of the Delphic utterance. Ion, familiar with oracular sayings, calls it an enigma. Xuthus will have no uncertainty: Ion is his own begotten son. The lad tries to pry into the oracle with more direct language. Is he a son born, or a gift? "A gift and yet my own," says Xuthus, and the grammar makes it evident that the god had inserted the ambiguity. Ion, a little reluctantly, accepts his new father. Xuthus is affectionately disposed, and, after all, it is some satisfaction to have a real father, and a noble one at that. But who was his mother, since Creusa is childless? He was born out of wedlock? Yes, it seems so, although Xuthus had been ignorant of the fact. Ion's mother could have been no other than a certain Delphic bacchante. At least, then, she was not a slave. The lad is free-born.

The happy family shall return to Athens at once, and Ion shall assume his rightful place as heir to the throne. The prospect of this sudden promotion is not altogether alluring to the lad. The temple life has been simple but secure. Will the haughty Athenians welcome a foreign-born heir, without a drop of the royal blood? He doubts it. Xuthus is confident that the rites of birth, following the declaration of the oracle, will establish Ion's position. Enjoining secrecy on the chorus, he goes to direct the preparations for the banquet. Ion thinks of his still unknown mother, and goes out, resolving to find her.

Creusa's yearning fondness for the temple youth quickly turns to hatred when the chorus, with awful temerity, reveals the secret of the oracle. Shall Xuthus, then, foist upon the throne of Erechtheus, which is the rightful property of her own lost child, this fruit of his mad dissipation with a bacchante? In her despair she takes counsel with an old family servant who hap-

pens to be in her train. The old man, who has always regarded Xuthus as an interloper, is only too glad to help to avert the calamity. The youth must die. The means are at hand in Creusa's own amulet, the golden serpents given by Athena to Erechtheus, now worn as bracelets. Affixed to the golden bands are the two drops of Gorgon's blood, original gifts of the goddess. One is a deadly poison, the other a potent antidote. The youth shall be poisoned directly he reaches Athens. Better here at Delphi, urges the confederate. It is arranged that the old man shall proceed to the banquet and, in the semblance of an attendant, slip the poison drop into Ion's cup. He takes the bracelet and goes.

At the fateful moment, we learn, Ion is prevented from drinking the poison by a pious thought which prompts him to pour the draught on the ground as a libation. At his suggestion the others do likewise. In sweep the sacred doves of the temple to drink the offering to the god. The dove at Ion's feet drops dead. The plot is detected. The old man is seized and forced to confess.

Upon the heels of the messenger comes the infuriated Ion with his followers, to be avenged on the woman who would do murder under the very eaves of the temple. Creusa gains the altar and claims sanctuary. Ion would drag her away by force, when the door opens and the Pythian priestess appears to intercept him. Cryptically she advises him to return in peace to Athens, and hands him the wicker cradle, still fresh, in which he had been brought to the temple, kept secretly by her, with foster-mother's care, through the years. The sight of the cradle turns Ion to tender thoughts of his own lost mother. To Creusa it means more. With a cry she throws her arms about her son. Bewildered, he resents her approach. She claims the right to tell what is in the cradle. Item by item she describes the unseen contents, the swaddling clothes, the embroidered shawl, the golden serpent necklace, duplicate of her own, and the fadeless olive branch. Ion's incredulity turns to joy, and the mutual recognition rises to ecstatic heights in a scene of great emotional power. But a cloud dims the lad's joy. For the second time to-day he has found a parent, but the two stories do not agree.

If Creusa is his mother, who is his father? With no trace of the old resentment, but rather in lyric joy, Creusa reveals the paternity of Apollo. No stigma now! Ion accepts the revelation with equal joy. Then the cloud returns. What of the oracle? Is all this a coil of lies? Can Creusa be mistaken, or even guilty of fraud?

More than willing to believe the god now, Creusa expounds the oracle on grounds of expediency. Still stung with doubt, Ion turns to the temple. He will put the question to the god direct, when Athena appears to affirm Creusa's story and sanction her explanation of the oracle. It is enough that mother and son are restored to each other. Ion shall rule Athens as the nominal son of Xuthus. Further, to Creusa and Xuthus shall be born a son, Dorus, whose descendants shall be second only to the Ionians. The play ends in happiness for all.

Morality has observed that the god is a ravisher, a liar and a coward. The reader or spectator who likes to enjoy a play will probably forget the god altogether in the present and palpable joy of mother and son. If the oracle has been brought into question it is gloriously vindicated. So says A. E. Haigh, who has given us the most complete studies in English of the Greek theatre as an institution. Rationalism, however, is not to be hypnotized by this brilliant composition of alternating moods, with its culminating climax which brings the tears of joy if not the katharsis of terror. Verrall undermines the *Ion* quite as coldly as he does the *Bacchæ*. Ion, it seems, is not Creusa's son, but the illicit offspring of the priestess. The morality of conventual establishments is always, we are to suppose, open to suspicion. At the moment when Creusa's plot against Ion is discovered, it becomes necessary to find means to forestall the threatened murder in reprisal which will vastly discredit the oracle as a business proposition. So the wicker cradle and its contents are hastily prepared. The evidence, in terms of modern knavery, is "framed up." Creusa is only too glad to avail herself of any means of escape from death. The freshness of the cradle and the swaddling clothes, carefully pointed out by the priestess as miraculous proof of Apollo's loving care, is to be explained by their obvious newness. The olive branch is fadeless because

plucked within the hour. The most ingenious link in this chain of evidence is the amulet. The golden necklace produced from the cradle is of course the bracelet given by Creusa to the old man and taken from him at his seizure. Really, as canny modern play-goers of the latter part of the Fifth Century B. C., we ought to recognize an obvious "plant" when we see it! Why else was the thing so carefully explained on its first appearance?

Verrall knows perfectly well that a deliberate exposure of popular religion would not have been tolerated in the Attic theatre, even from Euripides. The exposure is carefully hidden behind a surface piety. The play may be compared, he says, for modern analogy, to Zola's *Lourdes*, "if the author's only efficient way of publication had been to shape it as a play, to be performed between *Athalie* and *Esther* in the nave of Notre Dame."

All modern comparisons are misleading. Euripides is no more comparable to Zola than to the liberal minister preaching his appropriate sermon at Christmas or Easter, in the traditional order of praise and prayer, although he unfeignedly disbelieves the Virgin Birth and questions the historicity of the Resurrection, evading the issue by exalting the gospel above the dogma. The fallacy of all such comparisons lies in the fact that our modern religious ideation, no matter how sophisticated, is inevitably conditioned by long ages of speculative dogma requiring intellectual assent, even *quia impossibile*. Greek religion had no such condition. Practically, it may have been a *quid pro quo* arrangement. Its essential value and character were artistic. Art and religion, to the Greek mind, were one. Together they constituted an interpretation of life in the only terms the human heart could readily comprehend,—gods in man's image.

Euripides, we are permitted to conclude, was an artist and a Greek. The gods were for him, as for any other artist, an essential part of a living language, not the results of a formulated speculation. True, they presented problems. Sophistication gave to his human characters a vivid actuality nearer to the facts of every-day life than were the abstractions of Æschylus and the idealizations of Sophocles. His gods, by the law of harmony, were brought into the same sharp focus. What they

lose in majesty they gain in human sympathy. The Hercules of the *Alcestis* is more super-man than demi-god. How we love him! Sympathetic reading is bound to find in Euripides, not a reaction against his environment, but a step in the definite evolution of form which proceeded naturally from the literature of the Homeric age to that of Plato. The poet comes not to destroy but to fulfil. A French critic, with more poise than prejudice, has observed that the poet has treated the Ion myth "*en souriant*." So, too, will Plato, who is the link between the Greek genius and modern thought, smile as he transforms ancient myths into universal truth. Plato, like Euripides, is best comprehended as a poet.

Morally, the Greek gods must be allowed to remain outside the penal code. Apollo, Dionysus and Aphrodite can never be made amenable to foot-rule morality. Who would censure the blithe deities of *L'Allegro* or *Il Penseroso*? But, it is objected, those are mere metaphors, the shadows of things, too filmy for moral judgment. The Greek gods are metaphors, too, but metaphors so deep-rooted in the primal mysteries of life that they are more real than apparent reality. They are the light rather than the shadow. Aphrodite, from Homer to Maeterlinck, is not only a mystery, but a mystery which compels awe and adoration. No amount of sophistication can explain away the mysteries of life. We substitute the algebraic formulæ of science for the gods of ancient song, but we are not thereby nearer the final answer. The will to worship is at the root of all poetry, and the will to worship persists through whatever critical processes may come and go. The poets of scepticism, from Euripides to Shelley and Swinburne, sweep bare their Olympus only to people it afresh.

"I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL

BEATRICE REDPATH

LANGUID thou art, lulled to such depth of sleep,
Pale body, where within I did abide,
Closed eyes, still hands, and lips that silence keep
Since I have risen, casting thee aside.

Long hast thou agonized that thou must lie
All silently, with thy long travail done:
Greatly it grieved thee that the flesh should die,
Even though my eternity be won.

Still hands that giving were so oft denied,
Tired feet that trod with little ease the day:
Canst thou not, resting now, be satisfied,
Seeing thy soul go shining on its way?

I am made strong by that which tried thee so,
By loves and hates and by thy grieving fears,
I am grown strong and splendid by thy woe,
And thou hast shrived me in thy fallen tears.

But now like to a harassed wind-blown leaf
Thou fallest, softly, with no stir nor sound,
For thou wert but the close enshielding sheaf
Which for an earthly space my spirit bound.

So fully thou hast served me through the years
That now unwitheringly I arise,
Disdainful even of the pendent spheres
That seemed eternal to thy witless eyes.

I shall endure what time the flagrant sun
Is but a crumbling handful of spent dust,
When the globed worlds their silvern course have run
And into long oblivion are thrust.

Ah, be thou satisfied that I endure

Beyond the world, that must suffice for thee:

For by thy passions thou hast made so sure

I shall arise to immortality.

THE DREAM ASSASSINS

ROLLO PETERS

Evening has spread a crimson carpet in the sky. The grey bastions of the castle reach like gripping hands into the bowels of the town, drawing its wealth, its very life up into its beetling towers. The ramparts and the jagged roofs are sharp and black across the reddened Heavens. . . .

In a dim place between high old houses two men are talking. Their whispers hang crisp and thin in the stillness. . . .

FIRST MAN

Four ducats for thee and six for myself.

SECOND MAN

Aye, and hard earned. I am new at killing.

FIRST MAN

Thou art white-hearted. Why dost thou tremble? He is well dead.

SECOND MAN

I shall always see his face. It was livid as the moon in its fulness . . . Oh . . .

FIRST MAN

Ssh, thou art a fool. The Duke is wisest in this land.

SECOND MAN

His lips twisted as I struck. These ducats are hard earned.

FIRST MAN

Silence. She walks upon the ramparts. Look, upon the highest tower.

SECOND MAN

Oh, how lofty it is! How sheer the black wall rises!

FIRST MAN

Yet did he climb that steep ascent. There are no lower doors.

SECOND MAN

She is looking for him across the darkening land. . . .

FIRST MAN

And in a narrow, granite-cobbled street he lies; his blood drips wasting in the gutter. . . . I have ne'er killed one so young before.

SECOND MAN

Oh, how still she stands. She is alone. How sweet her smile is.

FIRST MAN

She will sleep in the Duke's bed to-night and her women will pour honeyed waters on her hair.

SECOND MAN

The ending light shines full upon her face. Her eyes are full of tearful dreams. . . .

FIRST MAN

She is sick with dreams. She is a false, lewd woman.

SECOND MAN

She is very young. . . .

FIRST MAN

Dreams haunt her—fill her eyes with bitter waters.

SECOND MAN

She is smiling as she dreams of him, and in a narrow street. . . .

FIRST MAN

She cannot see into these mean streets. Her eyes are blinded by the glamour of the skies.

SECOND MAN

These ducats are heavy in my hand. . . .

FIRST MAN

She is dying of dreams.

SECOND MAN

I would I had never known thee.

FIRST MAN

And one of her dreams is dead. When dreams die is the dreamer ended, too. . . .

SECOND MAN

She will miss him; she will ache for him. . . .

FIRST MAN

She is dying of dreams. She is a false, lewd woman.

SECOND MAN

She has moved. She stands against the burning ruby of the sun.

FIRST MAN

The chill of evening is closed down. I will to my dwelling. I am hungry. I have earned six ducats well.

SECOND MAN

It will be a cold, cold night. These money-pieces are burning in my palm like the hot tears which she will weep. . . .

FIRST MAN

The sun has slipped into the night. Is she gone down into the halls?

SECOND MAN

No. She is standing wistful in the gloom. Her eyes . . .

FIRST MAN

Thou shalt earn many ducats. She is dying of dreams. . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

Freshmen and Professors

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—My very innocent and very short article on *Some Aspects of Freshman Knowledge* in the December FORUM evidently impressed Mr. Stansell of Ottawa University as being substantially not true to the evidence. At least this seems to be the conclusion that he hints at in his *Some Other Aspects of Freshman Knowledge*. He also hints pretty broadly that because I happen to have had a certain amount of graduate training both in America and abroad, I must therefore be a pedant and a typical Ph.D. teacher of the nose-to-the-grindstone type. I hope I am neither one thing nor the other. And because I was rash enough at the time to confess my tender age of twenty-eight years—since then I have had a birthday—he dubs me, at least by inference, as an inexperienced teacher, a teacher quick in his conceit of much knowledge to draw hasty conclusions upon very scant evidence. To be sure, I based my article upon results obtained in a class of twenty-five. But, as I was careful to explain at the time, the group was in every particular a typical one and represented a fair average of what any freshman class in composition is likely to be in any institution in the country. Further investigation, with other classes and with larger groups, has but confirmed my first impressions. (Incidentally, I may say that I have been teaching five years to Mr. Stansell's four, and that at present my students in composition number over ninety. I may not be very experienced, but I am hardly a tyro.)

Mr. Louis How in *Reedy's Mirror* also took occasion to doubt some of my conclusions. As I replied to Mr. How at the time, and as I say now to Mr. Stansell: there is something rotten in the Denmark of our teaching. If we wish to establish another ideal of culture where the amount of general information such as is common to both newsboy and the motorman through the medium of the daily papers is the standard, then I shall be willing to accept such an ideal—if such an ideal is the legitimate and universal demand of modern life. But if we are to accept the present ideal of culture, as established now through several centuries of practice and modification, and if we are to continue to demand at least a passable amount of information and understanding concerning literature and the liberal arts, then let us inquire why we are constantly meeting with students who do not know what they are supposed to know, who look upon culture and all it connotes as a thing foreign and outside their necessities. If something is wrong with our ideal, change it. If something is wrong with our methods of teaching, change our methods. That there is

something somewhere wrong, my article, as well as "those numerous others" to which Mr. Stansell refers, abundantly proves.

CLINTON J. MASSECK

ST. LOUIS

Appreciation

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—One individual's opinion neither makes nor breaks a publication—periodical or otherwise—but if every one withheld his opinion, would you know the opinion of the public?

Hence and therefore, allow me to express my approval and intense satisfaction with the contents of recent copies of *THE FORUM*.

I believe and hope the thinking public is now ready to consider such views of the medical question as are presented by Helen S. Gray; of the poet's work and art as shown by Horace Holley; and the noticeable "open-to-conviction" attitude of the contributors generally.

With congratulation and hoping your work and influence along similar broad lines may progress and strengthen.

E. O. RICHBERG, M.D.

CHICAGO

Peace with Honor

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have watched with careful attention your editorial comments since the beginning of the war. Naturally, like all reasonable people, I believe in peace and in the propagation of the ideas that will sooner or later bring peace within the scope of practical politics. But may I ask whether you are fighting for peace with honor, or for peace at any price?

W. J. HOMER

NEW YORK

[If you had read my editorials as carefully as you say you have done, you would not need to ask this question. No man can believe in peace with dishonor. But there may be some doubt as to whether honor and vanity are not occasionally confused. The cost of war, under modern conditions, is so terrible, that the price of peace would willingly be paid by all nations, if all nations were civilized and could trust one another.—Editor].

A Correction

A letter under the heading *Passion and Purity*, in the May issue, was erroneously attributed to M. M. DEDERER, who was in no way responsible for it. The proper signature should have been J. ALLEN.

EDITORIAL NOTES

For Humanity

NO fault can justly be found with the second American Note to the German Government in connection with the questions brought to a focus by the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Less striking, superficially, than the first Note, which instantly won the admiration of the nation, it is still a splendid expression of the attitude of this country. Its temperate but firm phrasing, its manifest desire to avoid mere offensiveness and yet not to avoid the clear issues involved, must commend it to all who can consider grave problems without being unduly influenced by the excitement of the passing hour. The President's policy has been consistent, and should prove successful: but whatever the immediate result may be, a new standard in international diplomacy has been set. The insistence upon the principles of humanity, and not simply upon local interests, is in itself a memorable protest against the degradation of twentieth century civilization. The evident desire to take any reasonable opportunity, even now, to ameliorate the terrible conditions of the war, is another most welcome feature.

The chief danger is that the Note may be misunderstood by German diplomatists. The strength that pervades it is accentuated by the absence of acrimony. The resolute purpose that it indicates will be carried out unswervingly. It is sincerely to be hoped that the German Government will recognize that suavity and strength may go together, and that the country will not recede in the slightest degree from the position that it has been compelled to take, in the interests of all civilized humanity.

William Jennings Bryan

MR. BRYAN's resignation of his office has evoked some caustic criticism, which has scarcely been deserved, so far as present conditions indicate. In the face of many obstacles and many inconsiderate taunts, the former Secretary of State did his best to promote the interests of peace between this country and all

other nations. His arbitration treaties, so much ridiculed by the narrow-minded, constitute a very valuable achievement. Few have been sanguine enough to believe that war could be finally eliminated, until men have been so educated that they will recognize the criminality of international strife. But every step publicly taken by the statesmen of a country to make war in general less probable, is most surely a step forward, and the conscience of the world must note and approve what has been done, even though it is not yet prepared to carry precept into full practice.

One or two men, and one or two Governments, cannot guarantee durable results unless other Governments are actuated by similar principles and are prepared to give effect to those principles, even at the cost of some temporary national loss. A nation or a ruling caste that is bent upon war can coerce the most unwilling of peoples or Governments into fighting, or submitting to ignominious conditions. Yet if one great nation should dare to behave consistently as a Christian nation, accepting the consequences,—the material loss, the blows to vanity, the jeers of the ignorant,—the result to the whole world might be electrifying.

It is not pleasant, however, for a nation to be forbearing, long-suffering, entirely just, and to be rewarded by a mere accusation of cowardice: for the bully, the militarist, is rarely able to see the fineness in great men or great measures. While some countries are controlled by such bullies, it is natural to depart a little from the strict way of perfection and insist that acts of wilful aggression shall cease. But Mr. Bryan, like Lord Morley of Blackburn in the British Cabinet, was justified in resigning when he found that he could not carry his ideals into effect. If he had been indispensable to the Administration, he might have been urged to place patriotism even before peace. But he was not indispensable, and the chief mistake that he made was in omitting to resign at an earlier date, when the President's policy was made explicit in the masterly note that the Secretary of State signed.

There has been a good deal in Mr. Bryan's career that has not commended itself to all of his fellow-countrymen, and the comments that have been made on his recent action have been

somewhat colored by previous antipathies. But the verdict of the moment may not be the judgment of history. A very able man has given up his office for the sake of principles that he holds to be essential. Those who differ from him in their views of the present situation should none the less be willing to admit that a man of ideals, and with the courage to make those ideals into a living issue, is not a disgrace to the country. The assertion that Mr. Bryan has been simply playing a political game, with a view to another presidential candidacy, cannot be accepted unless future events should make the incredible credible. That may happen; but, if so, the reward of treachery will be appropriate. In the meantime, the President, who has crystallized the conscience of the nation, may rely upon unswerving support.

The British Working-Man

APPARENTLY, from the point of view of some of the British working-men, the British Empire is now taking part in a picnic—a somewhat rowdy picnic, but with nothing really important involved. War-times have in many instances brought war-wages—without the real hardships of war; and peace-time drinking must be increased to keep pace with cash possibilities. For many a long year, the working-man has been accustomed, in some districts, to spend his Saturday night, his Sunday, and his Monday, in a state of alcoholic stupor: his efficiency for the rest of the week may readily be estimated. Now, when multitudes are risking their lives under incredible conditions for the ultimate security of their country, the working-man, provincialized, drugged, stupefied, can see no further than his last week's wages and his last—and next—debauch.

The situation is disgusting. The world is making history on an unprecedented scale. The British workman is content to make himself drunk. But there must be many hundreds of thousands who will resent, and do all in their power to remove, this stigma. Any organized and intelligent opposition to militarism would be considered with respect and a supreme desire not to misunderstand. But mere selfishness and ignorance are scarcely in keeping with the heroism that has been shown by the armies

at the front. If those armies must suffer irremediably through the indulgence of men who have not tried to realize the supreme gravity of conditions, an enormous responsibility and an indelible stain will rest upon certain sections of working-men. At such a time as this, trade unions and labor organizations should use every effort to avoid, and not to manufacture, dissension. Only one form of striking should be possible—against, and not for, the enemy. A personally conducted tour of labor leaders to some of the devastated regions of Belgium and Poland might bring home to them the realities of war, from which, so far, they themselves have been practically immune. It might teach them not to quarrel about pennies when their national existence is at stake.

A Prophet, not without Honor

“YOU will live to see it; I shall not. I am too old, not in spirit, but in years. I shall not see Armageddon. But, with all the talk of peace, the signs of the times are for war.”

George Meredith was speaking, some months before his death in 1909.

“I am by temperament an optimist,” he continued. “I believe in the future of the race, in the progress of mankind, and in the inviolability of the soul. But I am a pessimist in one direction, because I see looming in the distance, not the very far distance, a great tragedy, the Armageddon of Europe. You belong to the generation of thunder and lightning: Europe a medley of blood and thunder! . . .

“We in Britain need a great stirring up, a great crisis, to rehabilitate the qualities of our race.” Militarism in Germany would “produce a sort of barbaric courage, dead to all the higher instincts of man. War waged by a nation obsessed by militarism will be horrible and ruthless.”

An Improved Time-Table

A NOTE in the April number of THE FORUM drew attention to the unnecessary asterisks and similar signs that disfigure many time-tables. It is pleasant to see that the New York, New

Haven and Hartford Railroad Company has issued a new schedule with all the useless signs omitted: Almost every train, Sunday and weekday, has been affected, and the only marks that remain give information that is essential. Even little things can indicate a desire for efficiency, and the management may be congratulated on the simple change that will manifestly tend to the greater convenience of all travellers on the line.

Sex after Death

SOME time ago, Mr. Norman Pearson wrote very interestingly on this interesting subject. Maintaining that the chief purpose of the physical organism is to serve as an instrument for psychical development, he finds in a careful study of the evolution of physical sex sufficient warrant for the conviction that sex will endure after death—that “every human being will have a male or a female soul,” by which he means a soul endowed with the mental and moral attributes which distinctively characterize men and women. “Many of the qualities now distinctive of sex,” he points out, “have a value which is wholly independent of the physical function of reproduction, and consequently there is no reason why they should perish merely because the soul becomes dissociated from the body.” The view thus enunciated does not run counter to the Biblical assurance that “in the Resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage.” Some continuance of sex in the life beyond seems indispensable to the fulfilment of our dearest hopes. “If there is to be recognition between souls, it is imperative that their essential qualities should persist.”

White Bread

IF the accusations that are constantly being made against ultra-refined foods are correct—and they appear to be incontrovertible—the persistence of white bread as a staple diet is perplexing. Do ordinary or extraordinary people still eat to live, or live to eat? A little attention to the elementary principles of food-values would result in a large difference in the average menu.

Car Routes

PERSISTENCE is sometimes a virtue. We therefore point out, and shall point out again until the necessity for such criticism is removed, that the suggestion in THE FORUM some time ago that every car route should have a distinctive number was a good suggestion. The lines in New York could easily be brought up to date in at least one detail, to the exceeding profit of the public. A clear numeral, indicating each route, should be exhibited by every car on that line. It would be absurd to go more fully into the advantage of such a system.

Atrocities

IN war-times, there are always allegations of atrocities. But there are rarely such considered indictments as have been formulated by the committee presided over by Viscount Bryce, who is so well, and for such just reasons, remembered in this country.

The conclusions from the report are reprinted here.

"The Committee have come to a definite conclusion upon each of the heads under which the evidence has been classified.

"It is proved—

"1. That there were in Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.

"2. That in the conduct of the war generally innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated and children murdered.

"3. That looting, house burning and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German Army, that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general intimidation.

"4. That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire,

to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.

"Sensible as they are of the gravity of these conclusions, the Committee conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries."

Contributors and Stamps

IT is curious that so many contributors who enclose stamps with their manuscripts, instead of a stamped and addressed envelope, seem to desire to make the stamps as adhesive as possible, so that when they are withdrawn from the manuscript to which they have been attached, only a modicum of gum remains for future use. It is quite simple, and takes no more time, to insert the stamps under the paper-fastener, where they are kept securely in place, and can be used, un mutilated, for their proper purpose if it should be necessary to return the contribution.

German Faith

GERMAN faith, like Punic faith, has become so notoriously unreliable that it is strange that the German Chancellor should profess to be pained and surprised that Italy could not accept his indorsement of Austrian promises to make territorial concessions after the war was over. Italy knew that if the Teutonic Allies lost it would be impossible for them to carry out any obligations to which they had committed themselves, diplomatically. If they should win, and so could dominate the world, it is at least open to doubt whether they would give effect to promises that they might fairly claim had been exacted from them under conditions that they would not consider binding in the event of victory.

Italy has chosen her own course, after full reflection. Whether she should have taken decisive action earlier or later, is a matter of individual opinion. But she can scarcely be blamed for not relying upon guarantees that have already been proved to be worthless.

The British Coalition Cabinet

THE new Government in Great Britain is essentially a national Government, and though the conditions of its inception were not altogether admirable, it may be able to teach the world some valuable lessons with regard to the futility of party prejudices, especially in a time of grave danger. Canadians, who have done so much for the Empire in which they are still proud to be included, will note with natural pleasure the appointment of Mr. Bonar Law to the important office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is not fitting now that those who owe allegiance to King George, at home or in the Over-sea Dominions, should particularly consider the future Constitution of their world-wide empire. But when the war is over, the relations of the different members of the English-speaking community will necessarily be readjusted. Mr. Bonar Law may help to carry to a satisfactory conclusion the task that Joseph Chamberlain partially misunderstood.

In the meantime, it is permissible—or is it premature?—to congratulate the Admiralty upon the substitution of Mr. Balfour for Mr. Churchill. Mr. Balfour made many enemies and many friends during the years when he so vigorously gave effect to his mistaken policy with regard to Ireland; but he has at least the habit of efficiency, unless comparative leisure has made him careless—a contingency that is not probable. Mr. Winston Churchill has atoned for some of his many faults by his attitude since the reorganization of the Cabinet. He has great talents, and grave faults. With a little more imagination, and a little less egotism, he might have become—and may still become—the dominating figure in British politics. But he requires the discipline of adversity—and he is accepting it at present very gracefully.

The other changes in the Cabinet are not of great interest. It would seem that Lord Haldane has not been treated quite fairly, while the value of Mr. Austen Chamberlain still remains to be proved. But the principle of coalition is more important than the mere details involved in giving it concrete illustration. Those who now control the destinies of the British Empire should try to combine imagination with industry, and meet new problems with still newer inventions.

THE FORUM

FOR AUGUST 1915

THE STATE V. THE MAN IN AMERICA

TRUXTUN BEALE

THE series of essays entitled *The Man versus The State* was written by Herbert Spencer to warn the English people against the blight of officialism. In them he explains in the most masterly manner the mischiefs of over-legislation and over-administration. In America we have had so many bad effects from the same cause, so many illustrations of the evil consequences of the increasing Government control both in State and Nation, that it seems especially useful at this time to republish the essays with comments by eminent living Americans, giving American illustrations of the dangers arising from the increasing officialism in this country.

One can hardly now take up a newspaper without reading of some legislative measure, either State or Federal, which narrows the area of personal freedom and increases that of official control. A historian once observed that all the reforms in Europe were made not by making new laws, but by repealing a large number of the old. Such must be the task of those in America who attempt to reform the work of the present reformers. For many years past we have had no conservative party in the United States, no party to be a brake upon the accelerating speed with which we are taking people from the producing class to make of them parasitic officials. So obsessed are we with the idea of the efficacy of law-made remedies that a California legislature was gravely congratulated upon the number of laws that it had passed, the "collective wisdom" having turned off the appalling total of 4000 in one short session—a record in the construction of wire entanglements. The three existing parties vie with one another in advocating State

agency or State control. Unmindful of Burke's observation that "all innovation is not progress," we have departed from our old conservative traditions. It is to demonstrate the necessity of a return to conservatism, the necessity, as M. Quizot puts it, of "progress with resistance," that this series of essays will be republished, with their applicability to the present state of affairs in America explained by eminent American commentators.

It would be unfair to stigmatize such a body of men as reactionaries. Many of the names in the following list are associated with great and beneficial reforms. Probably none of them believes that institutional progress has yet ceased. On the other hand, probably very few of them entirely agree with Herbert Spencer in the extreme position he takes against Government control. There are many positions to be taken between what Huxley calls Spencer's "Administrative Nihilism" and German regimentation. Many agree with John Stuart Mill and accept a *laissez faire* as a principle, though liable to many exceptions; but they all warn against the danger of any increase of the official class.

Both the essays and the commentators will demonstrate that officialism is slow, that it is expensive, that it is unadaptive, that it is unprogressive, that it has a tendency to tyrannize and a tendency to become corrupt; that it is as hard to shake off as the old man of the sea, when once there is created a large official class. They will demonstrate that business enterprise as well as personal liberty is in danger of being lost in the labyrinthine mazes of officialdom. They will demonstrate the impoverishing effect of taking people from the producing class to form an army of officials to be supported out of the fruits of labor. They will demonstrate that a régime of officialism means vast expenditures for obtaining small ends. They will point out the childish impatience of the American people with slow and natural remedies—the only sound ones—and will show that quick remedies are almost always quack remedies. They will demonstrate that under a régime of excessive officialism the State instead of being a protector of rights becomes an aggressor upon rights. They will demonstrate that the habit

of leaning upon officials destroys national character and weakens the old American trait of self-reliance. They will attack the apparently inexhaustible faith in law-made remedies and show that the belief in the sovereign power of political machinery is a gross delusion. They will demonstrate that increasing officialism is paving the way for socialism, checking progress and the evolution to a higher state and tending to crystallize social structure upon a lower plane. Finally, the suggested substitute for officialism—quick and costless justice in the courts—will be discussed by Mr. Taft. As a man of business, consciously seeking only a self-regarding end, unconsciously does a public good, so he who seeks justice in a court of law for a self-regarding end alone, unconsciously confers upon the State the public benefit of maintaining the laws in a much more efficient way than can be accomplished by a mass of idle and indifferent officials appointed to prevent infractions of the law. The essays will be published in the September and subsequent numbers of THE FORUM, and will begin with *The New Toryism*, with comments by Senator Root.

Among the other contributors will be Senator Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Judge Gary, and Augustus D. Gardner, in addition to William Howard Taft, who has already been mentioned.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN MEXICO

LUIS CABRERA

The Laws of the Reform

THE question of the Church in Mexico has not been well understood in the United States, because the conditions of the Mexican Catholic Church differ vastly from those of the Catholic Church in the United States.

In Mexico, ninety-nine per cent. of the population profess the Roman Catholic faith, and, therefore, the influence of the Catholic clergy in religious matters has no counterbalance of any sort.

In the United States there are other Churches which counterbalance the influence of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, the Catholic Church in the United States does not hold unlimited sway over society, nor can it attain uncontrollable political power; the very education of the American people has prevented Rome from exercising so far the influence which it exercises in other countries.

Before the war of the Reform (1856 to 1859), the Catholic Church was the strongest temporal power existing in Mexico, and the laws of the Reform enacted during that period all tended to deprive the Church of its power and bring about the absolute independence of Church and State.

The laws of the Reform are a collection of rules passed previous to 1860, with the aim of depriving the Catholic Church of its temporal power; and these rules have remained effective, because the conditions which then demanded their enactment still prevail and still make it necessary that the laws should remain in force.

The aim of the Revolution of Ayutla, from 1856 to 1859, was to deprive the Church of economic power and of its social influence, and it had to place the Church in a condition which, apparently, is disadvantageous and unjust, but which in reality was and continues to be the only possible manner of reducing the Catholic clergy to impotence.

The principal laws enacted previous to 1860, for governing the Church and stripping it of the temporal power which it enjoyed, are the following:

- (a) Separation of the Church and State.
- (b) Incapacity of the Church to possess landed property.
- (c) Abolition of convents.

These laws, which are called laws of the Reform, were established in Mexico after a revolution which may be considered the most bloody that Mexico has ever witnessed—a revolution which affected the country more deeply than even the present revolution is doing. The clergy defended themselves desperately against the laws which stripped them of power, and on finding themselves defeated, they resorted in 1860 to the intervention of foreign Powers (Spain, France and England), which attempted to intervene with the pretext of the fulfilment of the financial obligations of the Juarez Government.

The treason of the Clerical party had as a result French intervention only, but the laws of the Reform enacted against the clergy were of such importance and so necessary, that the Emperor Maximilian himself did not dare to undo what had been done in the time of Juarez.

The French troops being withdrawn and the Constitutionalist Government of Mexico reestablished, the laws of the Reform were not only maintained, but in 1874 they were incorporated in the political Constitution.

At the present time, there are precepts contained in the Mexican Constitution which correspond to those laws of the Reform, and according to that Constitution, all the laws and all the authorities of the country must enforce the fulfilment of those laws.

It becomes necessary at this moment to distinguish between the real aims of the Constitutionalist Government regarding the religious question, and that part of the actual happenings which is merely a deplorable consequence of the attitude assumed by the Catholic clergy since 1910 against the revolutionary movement.

The aim of the Constitutionalist Government, with regard to the Mexican Catholic Church, is to enforce the strict observance

of the laws known as laws of the Reform, which up to the present time have been disregarded. The Constitutionalist Government demands the fulfilment of these laws, because they form an integral part of the Mexican Constitution. These laws must be maintained because the causes which demanded their enactment are still prevalent in the country.

A brief analysis of the principal laws of the Reform will further clear up the matter.

The Separation of the Church and State

According to the Mexican Constitution, there must be absolute separation between the Church and State. This signifies that the Church is to lack all temporal power and that, as an organized institution, it is not to participate in the political affairs of the country.

It has never been intended to deny Mexican Catholics either the exercise of their religion, or their right to take part in the political affairs of Mexico. We Constitutionals are Catholics; the Villistas are Catholics; the Zapatistas are Catholics. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Mexican population is Catholic, and, therefore, the Constitutionalist party could not in the present struggle attempt to deprive the Catholics, who form the totality of the Mexican people, of their right to profess their religion, or of their right to take part in political questions.

The Catholic clergy and the Church in general abstained for a long time from interference in the political problems of Mexico. During the time of General Diaz, the Catholic clergy made no attempt to organize themselves for political campaigns, but appeared to maintain themselves in strict obedience to the law, in the belief, perhaps, that they could avail themselves of other indirect proceedings for exercising their influence in the political affairs of the country.

On the retirement of General Diaz from the Government, and on Francisco de la Barra's accession to the Presidency, the Catholic clergy of Mexico believed the moment had arrived to organize themselves for the political struggle, and to that effect a political group was formed, under the patronage of the Catho-

lic clergy, made up chiefly of big land-owners. This group took the name of "Catholic Party," with the deliberate intention of taking advantage of the religious sentiments of the population to induce it to vote in conformity with their directions. The Catholic clergy started to make propaganda in favor of the Catholic party, first in a discreet manner, bringing moral pressure to bear upon the ignorant masses, who were unable to discern clearly where their duties as Catholics ceased, and where began their rights as citizens.

The Catholic party is, in a nutshell, *the political organization of the Catholic Church of Mexico*. This single fact constitutes a peril for democratic institutions, and was naturally bound to be looked upon with great disfavor by the anti-reëlectionist party, first, and later by the Constitutionalist party.

At the time that de la Barra was President, the Catholic party attempted to rob the Revolution of the fruits of its triumph, designating de la Barra as its candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. The considerable prestige which Madero enjoyed at that time frustrated this attempt of the Catholic party, which had to limit its pretensions to the Vice-Presidency of the Republic, resigning itself to have as President, Madero, a man sprung from the Revolution; and as Vice-President, de la Barra, a man perfectly well known as being of the ancient régime and the principal leader of the Catholic party.

In the elections of October, 1911, the formula of the progressive Constitutionalist party triumphed over the Madero-de la Barra formula, which was that of the party of the principal enemies of the Catholic Government; but from that moment that of the enemies of the Government of Francisco I. Madero.

In the elections for deputies and senators of 1912, the Catholic party succeeded in obtaining a considerable number of deputies, amounting to almost thirty per cent. of the Lower House; whilst the Senate, which was almost completely made up of Porfirista elements, was only renewed by half and scarcely obtained eight or ten senators as followers of the new régime.

The Catholic clergy of Mexico, directly and through the intermission of the Catholic party, were one of the principal factors in the downfall of Madero, and although perhaps

Huerta was not the candidate designated to replace him, the fact is that the Clerical chief, de la Barra, formed part of the Cabinet which resolved upon the murder of Madero and Pino Suarez.

Subsequently, the party obtained important posts for its principal leaders in the Government of Huerta, and finally supported the candidacy of Federico Gamboa.

It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the decided assistance lent socially by the clergy, and the political support given by the Catholic party, to Huerta, with both their men and money. But the principal assistance given by the Catholic clergy to the Government of Huerta was contained in the efforts made by their principal dignitaries and the other members of the high clergy to create an opinion, if not favorable to Huerta, at least very unfavorable to the Constitutionalists.

This end was accomplished, not through the individual means that any citizen is at liberty to place at the disposal of a political party, but by taking advantage of the religious influence exercised by the Catholic clergy over the faithful, from the pulpit and in the confessional.

During the war against Huerta, one of the things which most greatly surprised the Constitutionalists was the extremely hostile and unjust opinion encountered by them in each of the towns which they came to occupy. It was in the nature of a paradox.

The strongest armed resistance that the Constitutionalist party encountered in the cities, in the form of social defence, was not an opposition caused by the sympathy which the residents of the cities might have experienced in favor of Huerta, but it originated in the antipathy which had been created against the Constitutionalist forces, whom the Catholic clergy on all occasions represented as bandits who were intent on seizing the towns solely for purposes of plunder, theft, violation of women, and murder. This opinion had its source in sermons, in the confessionals, and in an extensive correspondence, proofs of which have been secured.

The work done by the clergy in creating an opinion antagonistic to the Constitutionalist troops explains, if it cannot justify,

many of the acts of aggression, and even attempts of Constitutionalist soldiers against members of the Catholic clergy.

Since the triumph of the Revolution, there has been on the part of the Constitutionalist Government no other aim with regard to the clergy than that of restricting them within the limits of their faculties and of their spiritual mission, that of making effective the separation of the Church and the State, and of keeping the clergy from taking any participation, as a religious institution, in our political questions. But a political struggle having developed, it is natural that the military groups should experience strong displeasure, especially on laboring under the effects of the clerical propaganda against the Revolution, and that, instead of limiting themselves to restrain the clergy within due bounds, they should overstep this limitation and even, on some occasions, attempt to interfere in matters of a purely religious character. The restriction of religious services in some places and the destruction of confessionals are instances of this. The destruction of confessionals has been the most ostensible manifestation of the ill will with which the revolutionary troops have regarded the use that the Catholic clergy have made of the sacrament of confession as a weapon of political strife.

If the Catholic clergy had maintained themselves within their religious attributes, without interfering in the struggle, and, what is more, if they had not put in action the advantages which they derive from their capacity of intellectual directors of the masses, the counter-effects on the part of the Revolutionary troops would not have occurred.

It is unnecessary to repeat that the Constitutionalist Government itself has never pretended to interfere in religious matters, or to restrain in any manner the religious liberty of the Mexican people. The Constitutionalist Government does not propose to establish laws which affect religion, nor does it in any way propose to restrict religious practices.

The course of action followed by the Constitutionalist Government justifies this statement, since, owing to the influence of the First Chief of the Revolution, Venustiano Carranza, the military acts which were considered restrictive of religious liberty have been diminishing in number and in gravity.

Properties of the Church

The Mexican Constitution and the laws of the Reform determine that neither the Catholic Church nor any other religious corporation, regardless of character, denomination, duration or object, can own landed property.

The reason for this ordinance is that the Catholic clergy constituted, previous to 1856, the strongest economic power existing in the country.

In 1856, an attempt was made to disentail the properties of the clergy, that is, to destroy the mortmain, compelling the clergy to alienate their landed property. This was the tendency of the laws of disentailment.

The clergy vigorously resisted this law, believing that their economic power was thus considerably reduced, and with this motive started the struggle called the War of the Reform or Three Years' War.

The laws of 1856 did not expropriate the clergy, but in view of the latter's completely rebellious attitude, in 1859 Benito Juarez issued in Vera Cruz a law called "Nationalization of the Lands of the Clergy," by which was expropriated all the landed property of the Catholic clergy who had resisted and struggled against the disentailment of these lands.

In virtue of this law, the temples became national property, the titles of ownership remaining in the hands of the State, but the usufruct of the same being reserved to the Catholic Church. As to the clergy's landed property and real estate investments, these were turned over to the nation and awarded to individuals.

The vital point of the laws of the Reform regarding the Catholic clergy lies in the declaration of civil incapacity of religious corporations to own lands. This measure, though it may appear extreme, was absolutely necessary in 1859, in order to deprive the clergy of their temporal power. The measure still continues to be absolutely indispensable, because if religious corporations were at this moment permitted to acquire landed property, a considerable mortmain would immediately be created, from which a great amount of power would again be derived

by the Catholic Church, who would thus recover their temporal power, which all countries have admitted should not be tolerated. Moreover, it can be said that the reason for which the Catholic Church of Mexico has taken, as a Church, participation in the political struggle, and attempts to recover its influence and its temporal power, is that for several years past it has been successfully evading the law in so far as regards the possession of lands.

According to the Mexican law, the Catholic Church is incapacitated from acquiring lands, by which is understood not only landed property, but also capital invested in real estate.

The Mexican law also prohibits the feoffments which might cause the property to appear in the hands of an individual, when it really belongs to the Church, or is used exclusively for the benefit of the Church.

Feoffments from bishop to bishop are not permitted in Mexico, and the estates owned by members of the clergy are considered as their personal property, to be freely transmitted to the voluntary or legal inheritors of the owners.

The estates of a bishop in Mexico, when not acquired through agreement or bequest, are to be transmitted to his legal inheritors.

For a long time past, Mexican bishops, rectors and even a number of laymen have been owning lands which apparently are their personal property, but the products of which in reality are destined to be turned over to the Church. These lands effectually constitute a mortmain, because their owners, before dying, have to bequeath them to the persons previously designated by the Church, whether to the succeeding bishop or to any other person especially designated to that effect.

That is how the Church has, against the law, been acquiring a large amount of landed property having the appearance of private property.

But, in practice, the lands personally owned could not always be taken over without difficulties by the new trustee designated by the Church, and experience showed that from time to time properties were lost to the Church which were claimed by the legal inheritors of the owner apparent.

These losses emphasized the advisability of finding other means to tie up the property to the Church, without ostensibly violating the laws of the Reform. In some places stock companies have been organized, without any determined mercantile end, but solely for the purpose of managing the estates which might be entrusted to these companies. The capital of the companies was made up of contributions by the members of the clergy or by individuals; the shares of the company, and therefore, its management, being retained by the bishops. Notable instances of this can be had in the bishoprics of Durango, Puebla, and several other parts of the country.

Briefly, it can be said that the Catholic Church, transgressing the law which prohibits it from acquiring landed property, has found means of necessary, just and legal appearance for possessing lands, which have served it to recover little by little its political influence.

The confiscation of the lands illegally possessed by the Catholic Church of Mexico is a necessary, just and legal confiscation, and in that sense, all the confiscations of lands pertaining to the Church are legitimate, for which reason the Constitutionalist Government is in the right in continuing the same policy, not only confiscating the properties which are openly in the ownership of the clergy, but also investigating those properties which apparently belong to individuals, but which, through the history of their former owners and through the form of their administration, can be clearly distinguished as properties of the Church.

As regards the temples, since the passing of the laws of the Reform, the ownership has been retained to the State, their use being reserved to the Catholic Church. In fact, the Catholic Church has for many years used the temples without restriction of any kind and without paying rents, pensions or contributions of any sort.

The limiting of the number of temples which are needed in each place for religious services would have to be left to the judgment of the Church, but as the Catholic clergy of Mexico exercise absolute control in religious matters, without intervention of any kind by the community, that is, by the parishioners,

in the administration of the estates or in the management of the temporal interests of the parishes, or still less in the organization of the religious services, there is nothing to serve as a basis for determining the number of temples required by a certain parish or a certain city.

It is, therefore, with the State alone that the Church can come to an understanding regarding the number of temples to be reserved for the service, and the Government, as administrator of the nation's property, has the unquestionable right to dispose of the temples, when required for uses which, in its estimation, are of higher importance than the religious service, and above all, when, because of the abundance of temples in a single city, the number of those available for religious services is considered excessive.

Up to the present time, the Government has not made use of this right.

Immediately after the passing of the laws of the Reform, and principally since 1867, the Juarez Government took over some of the many temples in existence, for the purpose of turning them to public uses, so that in the principal cities of the country it may be seen that the libraries, universities, hospitals, and many other charitable institutions occupy buildings which originally were temples. Since 1876, the Catholic Church has enjoyed unmolested the possession of a great number of temples, and the Government up to the present had not tried to make use of its right to consolidate the property of some of them, nor had there been any occasion to discuss the number of temples necessary for religious services.

The truth of the matter is that in some cities of Mexico the number of temples open to public service is considerably excessive, in proportion to the religious needs. A population of 10,000 inhabitants has enough with one or two temples open for worship; however, there are towns, such as the City of Cholula, in which the number of churches is so great in proportion to the population that a source of real curiosity is found by tourists in the vast number of temples, all of which are open for service, all affording occupation to priests, and, therefore, signifying a strong contribution on the part of the faithful.

Puebla is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and it is curious to note that, until the time of its occupation by the Constitutionalist Army, it had nearly 200 temples open to the public.

Merida is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, and it has enough with twelve temples, that is, one for each 5,000 souls.

The city of Vera Cruz has a normal population of 50,000 inhabitants, and three churches have always sufficed for religious services.

Up to the present time, the number of temples destined for public service in each place has been unlimited. The Government, notwithstanding its unquestionable right to dispose of the buildings and to determine which are those that should be reserved for religious services and which can be destined for other purposes, had not limited the number of temples which the Catholic Church controlled.

Lately, however, the attitude assumed by the clergy against the Constitutionalist Revolution brought about the closing of certain temples to religious service by a number of military chiefs and State Governors, on their capturing the towns.

This could be regarded as an act of hostility, or as a sort of reprisal against the Catholic clergy, but in reality, and even supposing that such were the case, the closing of some of the temples, which never reached the extent of the total closing up of all the churches in a town, does not constitute an illegal act and is not censurable except in so far as regards the occasion on which it occurred, which, on the other hand, was elicited by the attitude of the clergy themselves.

In substance: as regards goods and chattels, the Catholic Church has full capacity to acquire and handle property. But in so far as landed property is concerned, the Mexican Constitution forbids the Catholic Church to own real estate or capital invested in the same, and the only right granted the Church by the laws is to maintain the temples immediately or directly destined to religious service.

Concerning the temples open for worship, which are the property of the State, their number is considerably greater than is required to fill the demand, and the Government is not occasioning a damage, but simply exercising a right, when it con-

solidates the property of those temples which it is not essential should remain in the power of the Church.

Convents

The laws of the Reform established the abolition of all convents and of all religious associations of monastic life. The monastic orders existing in Mexico, not only those of a merely contemplative character, but also those of an educational and charitable nature, were abolished in virtue of these laws.

In 1874 they even went so far as to abolish the charity institutions known as "Sisters of Charity," and the other regular orders, especially those of the Jesuits, were then expelled.

The abolition of the monastic orders in Mexico was a measure clearly taken in defence of human liberty, which was found to be threatened by them.

This was especially so in regard to women, whose education was still very deficient, so that they were not in a condition to defend their liberty when the tremendous moral pressure of parents and relatives was brought to bear upon them in order to force them to enter a convent.

The Mexican woman, particularly the one who possessed riches in her own right, was always exposed to the danger of seeing her liberty restricted by her entrance into a convent, where it became impossible to prove that her permanence there was not absolutely voluntary.

The Mexican woman has not, like the American woman, an education which enables her personally to look after her own liberty, and before the passing of the laws of the Reform, experience taught that the existence of convents was a constant threat to feminine liberty.

Even subsequently to the passing of these laws, rich heiresses have always been the object of suggestions inducing them to take the religious vow in a foreign country.

The laws of the Reform completely abolish the monastic orders, and within the principle established by them, all religious congregations of a monastic character must be dismembered.

At the time of General Diaz, however, a policy of toleration was initiated in favor of religious orders, first in regard to charity institutions, later in regard to educational orders, finally winding up by assuming the same tolerant attitude toward the contemplative orders, which, although illegal in their existence, were not effectually proceeded against by the judicial authorities.

The conditions prevailing in Italy after 1870; those which have been prevalent for a long time in Spain, since the considerable excess of monastic orders made necessary the positive deportation of persons bound by monastic vows; and the conditions recently created in France for monastic orders, especially for those of an educational character, since 1906:—all this has led a great number of foreign nuns and monks to take refuge in Mexico and settle there with the character of monastic orders.

The existence of these orders was tolerated in the time of General Diaz. Many of them constituted an open violation of the law; others, chiefly the French educational orders, tried to conform themselves to the laws of public instruction and acquired greater freedom of action in their work.

On the fall of General Huerta and the inauguration of the Constitutionalist Government in the principal cities of the Republic, several monastic orders were abolished, and as the members of these were mostly foreigners, the majority voluntarily expatriated themselves.

It is not true that the nuns were made victims of such offences as have been attributed to the members of the Constitutionalist army. The only occurrence has been the dispersion of several religious groups, whose members have withdrawn to foreign countries.

Résumé

The religious question in Mexico can be summarized as follows:

1. The aims of the Constitutionalist Government regarding the Catholic Church are not such as might be inferred from the isolated acts which, as a consequence of the war, and above all, of the intervention of the clergy in our political contentions, the Catholic Church has on several occasions had to undergo.

2. The conditions of the Catholic Church in Mexico are totally different from the conditions of the same Church in the United States.

3. The laws of the Reform establish a determined condition for the Catholic Church in Mexico, which is totally different from the condition which it has according to the laws of the United States.

4. The said laws of the Reform correspond to a situation which is peculiar to Latin America, and the laws in question are absolutely indispensable in order to deprive the Catholic Church of the temporal power which it had before the War of the Reform.

5. These laws must subsist at the present time, because the social conditions which made them requisite are still prevalent.

6. During recent years the Catholic Church in Mexico was entirely lawless, transgressing the regulations of the Mexican Constitution and of the laws of the Reform.

7. The intervention of the clergy in political matters, the possession of landed property on the part of the clergy, and the existence of convents, are acts wholly illegal and violative of the Constitution.

Briefly, whatever abuses or excesses which, without the knowledge and without the consent of the Government, may have been committed, are far from having the importance which is attributed to them, and are nothing more than a consequence of the conditions in which the same Catholic Church placed itself on taking an active part in the struggle against the Constitutionalist Revolution.

The Constitutionalist Government has tried and continues trying to reduce to a minimum the possible reprisals against the Church. The Constitutionalist Government intends, at the same time, to maintain the absolute separation of the Church and State, and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that it enforces all the measures which tend to deprive the Catholic clergy of the temporal power which it is attempting to recover; and that it declares, if necessary, the incapacity of the religious corporations to organize political groups; and that it proceeds to confiscate

those properties which are illegally in the hands of the Church, or of which, even when owned by individuals, the usufruct can be proved to be reserved to the Church.

The Constitutionalist Government finally proposes to make effective the abolition of the monastic orders existing in Mexico, and, above all, of those of a merely contemplative character.

To sum up, the Constitutionalist Government proposes to give full guarantees in religious matters to the exercise of any cult, but strictly enforces the observance of the laws of the Reform and of the Mexican Constitution.

THE UNITED STATES AND WAR

CHARLES VALE

THE United States of America, as a country with a national history, distinct national characteristics, and, perhaps, a memorable national destiny, is dimly understood by the majority of her own people and gravely misunderstood by the majority of all other people in all other countries. Her greatest handicap, from the mere point of view of international comprehension, has been her former connection with the British Empire, and the habit which her people have retained of speaking the English language, with local and sometimes unpleasant variations. In England, especially, this former connection and approximate similarity of speech have induced long-continued illusions. The United States has been regarded generally, in spite of any and all temporary disputes, as a somewhat wayward Canada or Australia: a child able, and entitled, to assert its independence politically; but neither able nor entitled to sever itself completely from racial traditions, from common heritages of literature and language, of political, ethical and economic ideas. The consequence is that a fundamental mistake has been made, and from that mistake other errors have naturally followed.

The mistake can be clearly stated and it is essential that it should be thus clearly stated. The United States, in spite of original ties and associations, is no longer a daughter of Great Britain. She does not even resemble a daughter-in-law. In thought, conduct and policy, she is as foreign, from the English point of view, as France, Germany, Russia or Sweden. And she is not merely foreign in this sense; she has also long been conscious of a special feeling toward England, entirely different from her feelings with regard to other European countries. The original War of Independence and the subsequent disputes, acute or modified, have loomed so largely in the national history and have been given such emphasis in the schools, that generation after generation of the masses has grown up with the belief that few good things could come out of England, while much

that was sinister or *maladroit* could confidently be expected. The successive influxes of Irish and Germans naturally did not tend to weaken this sentiment. In its own way, the assumed bond of a common language, which should have made comprehension easier, in reality has done much to further misunderstandings. It has made possible the prompt recognition of the pin-pricks in which the foolish pride themselves; it has facilitated recrimination and resentment. The mere detail of different accent and intonation has not been trivial in its results; and where a Frenchman, a German or an Italian could speak his own language or his version of the English language without the slightest criticism or ill-feeling, the Englishman's broad *a* and distinctive utterance would often provoke curiosity or even ridicule and annoyance. This may seem a very minor factor in the relations of nations: in reality, it has been of distinct importance.

Of course, the similarity of language, the use of practically the same vocabulary, gave the literature of Great Britain a position in the United States that could not be approached by the literature of the Continent. For a long time, English prestige seemed unassailable. But even in this field, dislike of English criticism and English domination increased as the desire for a distinctively national literature gained strength and definiteness. That desire has found vent in much that is inchoate, formless, futile; but also in much that is peculiarly and forcefully American, rich in achievement and richer in its promise for the future.

It cannot be assumed, then, that the general attitude of the United States toward the European belligerents has been based upon any special previous affection for Great Britain. Even the traditional friendship with France has had no influence. The whole case has been judged upon its merits, so far as they could be ascertained beyond cavilling; and if the Allies have gained the moral support of the majority of the people, it is because the principles for which they are fighting, and the results which their victory would bring, appeal to the American temperament as just and desirable. Not through bias, but through reflection and judgment, the balance of sympathy has gone to one side rather than to the other.

While the country was exploiting its material resources, not

always wisely or well; while it was expanding territorially and trying out hazardous experiments, economic, social and political, the spiritual development of the nation did not obtrude itself. In the eyes of Europe, we became a crude, assertive, uncouth people; imperfectly blended, imperfectly organized; without the restraint of tradition or the clear guidance of an accepted destiny. The degradation of local and State politics, the somewhat strident note of commercialism, the apparent rawness of national conceptions and national conduct, were attributed largely to the all-pervading influence of the melting pot, though also, in some degree, to the decadence of the descendants of the original colonists.

The degradation of local and State politics is still painfully obvious in far too many instances; conduct and manners have not altogether lost their apparent rawness; the melting pot has not completed its work of fusion, and time has not completed its task of moulding and burnishing. Yet much has been done that has not been clearly realized by ourselves or by other nations. Steadily, and in recent years with increasing force and effectiveness, the vague American ideals, once loosely linked with an ill-understood freedom and a lonely but raucous New World eagle, have taken definite form and coherence. To-day, the United States, with all her faults of omission and commission, has a national ideal, a national conscience and a national policy that cannot fail to affect the whole world profoundly.

Now, and for all time, the country desires no aggrandizement at the expense of others. No new territory is wanted; none will be taken unless its inhabitants freely and sincerely petition for inclusion in the great Commonwealth. There is no nation in the world with which we wish to quarrel, as there is no nation in the world we would willingly allow to violate or ignore our just rights. For those rights are measured, not in terms of merely national and selfish interest, but in terms of humanity itself. If, under her present leadership, the United States should be compelled, in spite of all reluctance, to fight for any of those rights, she will be fighting, not only for herself, but indisputably for civilization.

This definite recognition of the claims of humanity, this

definite renunciation of selfish and narrow aims, cannot be regarded as a little thing in the comity (at present so pitiably confused) of nations. Splendid things have been done by different countries at different times; but if the United States can pursue a declared and consistent policy based essentially upon the Golden Rule, without ulterior and secret aims, without secret diplomacy, without secret reservations, she will set a memorable example for other countries to imitate, but not to ridicule. It is better to be patient to the limit of endurance, though fools may scoff, than to rush hastily into ruinous strife that might have been averted without loss of honor or the abandonment of just principles.

It is obvious that if the world is to be saved from the recurrence of devastating and damnable wars, Governments must be prepared to abandon utterly the discredited methods of the past. Those methods have been breeders of dissension, war, pestilence, grinding taxation. Is it not time that the few sensible statesmen who can still be found should come together, and devise new methods to meet new conditions? As obsolete ships and obsolete arms are discarded, so should obsolete and worthless principles of politics and conduct be abandoned. The world has come to the parting of the ways: the severance may well be made as distinct as possible, and the choice of freedom as opposed to servitude be accepted consciously, deliberately, resolutely.

It would seem to be the destiny of the United States to take the decisive steps and prove the value and feasibility of the change, emphasizing the perils and utter stupidity of not changing. To the spirit of the New World she must add the spirit of the New Age, which has been sensed and gladly accepted by so many of her people. Merchants no longer conduct their business after the fashion of the Middle Ages. Nations should no longer control their affairs on similar anachronistic principles.

Misunderstanding is at first almost inevitable: bullies and jingoists cannot appreciate any creed or any practice except their own, proved a thousand times and a thousandfold to be pernicious. They will repeat their vacuous sneers and gibes, directed against any individual or any nation with enough intelligence to estimate correctly the cant of the day, and the lies and cowardice

of the militarists. For there is no courage in sending millions of men, who have or should have no quarrel whatever with each other, to mutilation, blindness, death. Sooner or later, wars end: their products, the blind, the maimed, the insane, linger on. When the pawns have done their work, the jugglers of words, the diplomatists trained in evasion instead of truth, will begin their task of redrawing maps with delicate precision. All this, the jingoists assert, is virile, inspiring, and, of course, inevitable. It is only inevitable while the world is ruled by fools and shams, while the figureheads of nations wear gaudy and absurd trappings, and the people, without volition or common sense, are massed into murder-machines.

The expenditure, officially announced, of the British Government alone for twelve months of war will be not less than \$5,000,000,000. The total cost for all the countries for the whole duration of the war may be imagined from that one staggering statement. Are the people of the world willing to endure indefinitely such colossal, incredible folly? It is merely part of the price of militarism—that is, of the organized preparation for murder which has made Europe an excellent substitute for hell. But we are told by our experts that militarism prevents war: the armed nation is secure. What, then, is happening in Europe? A picnic?

The security that militarism can offer is not worth five cents: the security of the will-to-fairness of all rational people in all civilized countries can be made absolute. While that will is being focussed and rendered effective, adequate measures for self-protection may be necessary. But such preparation will not prevent war, though it may mitigate some of the consequences of war. A whole world armed to the teeth, with every available man and every available dollar consecrated to militarism, will not rest long in peace. One nation may not strike at another that appears equal in strength: but combinations of nations will be pitted against other combinations, as at present.

The militarist idea has to be rooted out. There is no other way of avoiding intolerable crime and injustice. That rooting out can only be done by the continued education of the people and by the carrying into practice by a great nation of the elemen-

tary principles of fair play under all conditions, so that other nations may realize the advantages of mutual courtesy and the blatancy of the mailed fist. No State has a shadow of right to initiate a war which involves the slaughter of women and children, or to adopt methods leading to the destruction of non-combatants. The question naturally arises as to what constitutes the actual initiative. The answer is clear: the nation which first gives grave provocation and refuses to make reparation or to discontinue its offences is the nation guilty of the crime against humanity that war always connotes.

Many of the estimable professional alarmists are hurt in their tenderest feelings by the mere word pacifism. They are prepared to go on interminably in the old ways, achieving recurrently in due time the disasters that they have sought. They are not willing to make any effort to substitute new efficiency for old crudity. If they believe so firmly in the divine right of ignorance and the necessary permanence of stupidity, why do they build modern houses instead of mud huts? If they admit that progress is possible in some material things, why not admit that progress is possible in all other things that depend upon the development of intelligence?

The rational pacifist is not a mere idle dreamer, though some dreams have changed the course of history considerably. He is not inconsistent because, while working for peace and for the spreading of the ideas that will bring peace, he recognizes that an instantaneous revolutionary movement is scarcely probable. He is therefore willing to extend the police idea to national and international polity: he is willing, and desirous, that this police force should be made as efficient as possible. But he is not willing to continue the ludicrous system of nations under arms, of the crushing burdens of militarism during the period of suspense that is miscalled peace. He invites—there are several millions in this country alone who support the invitation—all the nations of the world to cease being quarrelsome children, deriving their ideas of personal and national glory from the nursery legends of dead centuries, and to begin to behave as grown-up people. He suggests that the mere accident of being born within certain boundaries need not tie a man down to a slavish subjection

to the policy of any local State, because it happened to have the honor of containing his birthplace: in other words, he need not pander to his personal conceit or ignorance and call the pandering "nationalism." The pacifist suggests finally that it is worth while to make as strenuous efforts to secure enduring peace as the militarists have made to ensure the probability of war.

In the meantime, the American pacifist has himself been invited to reflect upon the condition of the United States' army and navy. If he had had his way and self-styled civilized countries had attempted to adopt his ideas, the condition of any army or navy would not greatly matter. But as the militarist has had *his* way rather generally, with the inevitable result of complete disaster, the condition of a national police force *does* matter. But it is as a police force only, a force to prevent and not to initiate crime, that the United States' army and navy must be considered. Regarded from that standpoint alone, neither the navy nor the army is adequate, especially in view of the perplexities that may at any moment be resolved into an acute crisis. But both can be made, and should be made, efficient, without approximating even remotely to the standards of European militarism.

The world has already begun to recognize that the United States is now essentially disinterested, that whatever the individual sympathies of her people she is acting as a nation along the lines that it is hoped other nations will adopt, to the furtherance of the idea of peace and the avoidance of war. As the greatest neutral Power, she has been able to render services of high value to the warring countries: she would gladly retain the position which may enable her to offer even more important services in the future. With deliberate purpose, she has tried not to be drawn into the vortex; she has based her policies upon her conception of right, with entire disregard for the doctrine of might. Whatever may happen, she has done her duty to others. It remains to be seen whether her duty to herself and to her own ideals may compel her, committed as she is to the principles of peace, to accept reluctantly the tests of war.

In the moderation that she has shown, the willingness to extend and to expect courteous treatment, to discuss all problems rationally and without haste, she has done much for the ultimate

victory of the peace idea. If that moderation had been imitated in Europe, the catastrophe that has happened might have been avoided; and with it, the perplexities that now confront this country. If the President will continue to deal with those perplexities as he has dealt with them so far, he need not be afraid of any eventuality. The thoughtful people of the nation want peace, but they want it as part of the establishment of a new world-order, not as a temporary convenience. Should it prove to be absolutely necessary, the United States will do her share to prepare for ultimate and enduring peace, even through the use of the archaic and deplorable machinery of war.

NORMAN ANGELLISM UNDER FIRE

ROLAND HUGINS

THE economic case against militarism is associated commonly with one name. Indeed the whole pacifist argument against war on material grounds conveniently labels itself Norman Angellism. Few books have monopolized in the public mind a subject as complex as the relation of military power to national prosperity, with its allied problems of trade, colonies, international credits and overseas finance, so thoroughly as has *The Great Illusion*. Mr. Angell's commanding position is due partly to the readable and arresting character of his work, and partly to the failure of others to enter a fruitful field of discussion.

Mr. Angell is not a professional economist. In temperament and purpose he is a pacifist, by training a journalist. In his younger days he wrote an unnoticed book or two in the interests of peace. As manager of the Paris branch of the London *Daily Mail* for a number of years he was accounted one of the ablest of Lord Northcliffe's lieutenants. At that time he brought out a thin pamphlet entitled *Europe's Optical Illusion*, which, expanded to *The Great Illusion*, has been put through numerous editions and translated into every important language. Since then he has contributed *The Foundations of International Polity* and several other discussions to peace propaganda, expanding and emphasizing his original thesis. To-day he stands as the most significant, if not the most conspicuous, peace advocate in the English-speaking world.

Shortly after the war broke out, Mr. Angell, in his quarters in the Temple, London, remarked to a number of co-workers, "We have not been successful; we have merely been right." The co-workers enthusiastically agreed. But at the same moment the entire British press was asserting, between breaths, that the war had taken all the wind out of Mr. Angell's sails. And here we have an epitome of the reception Norman Angellism has received: on the one hand a group of ardent supporters, who

accept *The Great Illusion* as gospel, and on the other a sceptical and derisive world.

Mr. Angell makes a rather slashing attack on prevailing political beliefs. His thesis, reduced to its simplest terms, is that war under modern conditions nets the conqueror exactly nothing. In his own words, "military power is socially and economically futile, and can have no relation to the prosperity of the people exercising it; it is impossible for one nation to seize by force the wealth and trade of another—to enrich itself by subjugating, or imposing its will on another; in short, war, even when victorious, can no longer achieve those aims for which people strive." Here is doctrine clear and, indeed, incisive: aggression is always futile. It is worth while to distinguish this from the contention that war does not pay a profit. Mr. Angell has not attempted to strike a balance sheet for war, checking off the losses in one column against the gains in another, and showing at the end a deficit. He declares flatly that for all the expenses and losses of war, direct and indirect, there are no compensations whatever. The credit side of the balance sheet is blank.

Having laid down his dictum, Mr. Angell proceeds to defend it in uncompromising fashion. The days of loot and tribute, he says, are gone. An indemnity proves more mischievous than beneficial and reacts against the recipient through inflation of prices; the industrial difficulties of Germany after 1871 are cited as evidence. New territory means no increase of wealth because property is now intangible and in any case remains in the same private hands as before. Germany "owns" Alsace-Lorraine, but no individual German is made thereby richer. Colonies are quite as much a liability as an asset. In what way, he inquires, are the self-governing colonies of Great Britain a source of profit to the mother country? Trade, again, goes to the man who sells cheapest, not to the man with the most battleships. A citizen of Denmark or Holland competes on equal terms in the markets of South America with citizens of Great Britain and Germany, for all the latters' dreadnoughts. Capital, flowing to the most lucrative investments, knows no international boundaries. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is that the sword can win

no wealth. The hope of prosperity through use of force is the statesman's great illusion—pure maya.

Mr. Angell has at least made himself clear. Can it be that he is "merely right"? It is indeed strange that a doctrine at once so concise and so pregnant has not, if valid, carried conviction everywhere. Yet economists and statesmen have read his book unmoved. This insistent voice issuing from the cloistered quiet of the Temple carries little authority in parliaments. And the reason lies not wholly in love of illusion. We shall see—to anticipate—that Mr. Angell is more than half right, but that he prejudices his case by overstating it. We shall find that he suffers through journalistic emphasis, and injures several sound contentions by pressing all the economic objections to war into a stiff and startling dictum.

Mr. Angell has received too much solace from the unwisdom of his critics. Those who have denounced him most vehemently are those who patently have not read his books. For example, he cannot properly be classed, as frequently asserted in recent months, as one of those utopian pacifists who went about proclaiming war impossible. A number of passages in *The Great Illusion* show him fully alive to the danger of the present collapse; indeed, from the narrower view of politics his book was one of the several fruitless attempts to check that growing estrangement between England and Germany whose sinister menace far-sighted men discerned. Even less justifiable are the flippant sneers which discard his argument as mercenary and sordid. Mr. Angell has never taken an "account book" or "breeches pocket" view of war. He inveighs against what he terms its political and moral futilities as earnestly as against its economic futility.

Further, as a matter of plain justice, Mr. Angell deserves credit for seeing things as they are. He may not have attacked militarism as effectively as he might, but he has attacked a vital spot. Economic motives have provoked past wars, however obscured those motives by questions of race, religion, or pride. The present conflict is not unrelated to economic forces. Neutrally regarded it is on its negative side a war of mutual fears, and on its positive side a clash between rival imperialisms. But imperialism, for all its fine phrases about "the destiny of the

nation " and " the glory of the Empire " and " our place in the sun," signifies nothing without a core of economic purpose. Power tempered by a continuing expense, the privilege of vainly interfering with other persons, offers feeble stimulus to imperial ambition. The statesmen of Europe, patriots all, expect material gains from successful war, not for themselves but for the millions they lead, or mislead. We cannot say to just what degree economic ends sway Germany, England, Russia, France, Japan—how far they have been influenced by hopes of new territories, markets, ports, colonies. But we can agree with Mr. Angell that practically every ruling class in the world sees an intimate connection between military power and national advantage, and is willing to risk something on occasion to back its opinion.

But may there not be a legitimate criticism of Mr. Angell on the basis of facts? Examined closely, does the world prove to be that smoothly working mechanism of free competition which he pictures? Trade, we find, does not flow automatically to the lowest bidder; it is often controlled in backward countries by pre-emptions, tariffs, spheres of influence—all deriving from military force. J. D. Whelpley, in *The Trade of the World*, writes: " The Far East is still in that period of development where trade follows not so much the flag as the sphere of influence. . . . The ethics of trade in the Far East are not those of Europe or North America. ' Get the business ' is the slogan. How you get it is a matter of no consequence. If by political, police, or financial interference your rival can be crippled, such aids are permissible." The Open Door is a reality only in a few advanced countries. Trade moreover is partly governed by taste. French colonists prefer, other things equal, French products. The imports into British possessions from Great Britain were (1900) 45 per cent. of their total imports, from Germany 3 per cent.; their exports to Great Britain were 40 per cent., to Germany 4 per cent. England's commerce is stimulated by the mere fact that she has colonies inhabited largely by men of English language, customs, preferences. These preferences sometimes find political expression, as in the preferential tariffs granted Britain by her Crown colonies.

And are imperialist Governments entirely mistaken in looking

upon subject colonies as promising investments? Is there anything illusory about the lucrative civil service posts to which the English governing classes appoint themselves in India and Africa? Is there anything chimerical in the capital concessions which Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen grant themselves in their respective colonies? The concessionary interest seems to have been ignored by Mr. Angell, although it is the key to many an international difficulty. The amount of British overseas investments in British dependencies was, in 1910, £1,554,000,000, a sum almost equal to British investment—£1,637,000,000—in the rest of the world, including the United States. Germany, owning Mesopotamia, could develop railways, cities, irrigation systems. What capital but German would be used? What engineers, business managers, bankers but German would participate? Often such concessions yield rich returns in the end, since the investment secures not only generous interest but unearned increment. Should Japan take control—through military aggression or the threat of it—of the mines and railroads of China, Japanese capitalists and promoters would be in a position to capture a large slice of the economic rent resulting from China's industrial development. Colonial expansion is not to-day a piratical adventure but a business enterprise. Morocco has cost France great sums—so far. Frenchmen expect Morocco's future to justify, many times over, present expenditures.

To these exceptions to his dogma Mr. Angell has closed his eyes. In his chapter on *The Indemnity Futility* he lays himself open to even severer criticism. It is true that at one point he says "the direct cost of preparing for a war and of guarding against a subsequent war of retribution must, from the nature of the case, exceed the value of the indemnity which can be exacted." Here the author shifts his ground and, for once, seeks to hit a balance between debits and credits, approaching to a sounder view. Yet directly above he says of the indemnity "all the evidence would seem to show it was mischievous." And indeed the manipulation of the Franco-Prussian instance is an effort to demonstrate that the payment hurt the victor more than the victim. Such argument wears a dubious aspect. To wage a war for the sake of an indemnity would be folly; but the receipt of an in-

demnity cannot be reckoned a national loss. Though Germany's exaction of tribute from Belgian cities may be international burglary, the loot is nevertheless real. Japan, in 1895, took an indemnity of 200,000,000 taels from China, more than enough to finance the war. Any great indemnity, unless administered with gross stupidity, lightens taxes in the conquering country. It is fantastic to attribute the industrial troubles of Germany after 1870 to the flood of French gold. That depression was world wide, and produced in the United States the violent panic of 1873. Surplus gold in any event soon flows out of a country through the action of bank rates, and an inflation of prices is corrected by an increase of imports. It would be easy to throw Mr. Angell's argument into a *reductio ad absurdum*. If indemnities do mischief to the receiver, why not, when victor, instead of demanding one, pay one to the vanquished? And why wait for a war? Why not cripple your enemy at any convenient time by giving him a good round sum?

The assertion, then, that there are no gains from war cannot be interpreted strictly. We must admit exceptions. Mr. Angell's "apparent paradox" turns out to be an obvious exaggeration. The fault lies not in Mr. Angell's logic but in his economics. He takes no account of economic friction. For him, apparently, commerce and finance work in a perfectly elastic medium of equal opportunity. His world knows no capital concessions, no political trade preferences, no class interests, no differences in national wage levels. But his world is not the world we live in.

Possibly Mr. Angell's world will one day be realized. In the long run economic friction is eliminated: customers come to the cheapest and best goods; capital assumes international fluidity; natural resources are utilized by the most efficient managers. As the earth becomes industrialized the gains possible to aggression tend to disappear. This, however, is an historical tendency rather than the accomplished fact. The point has been well hit off recently by Lord Sydenham (*Edinburgh Review*, January, 1915): "If ever the whole world is parcelled out among civilized and progressive States, diligently employed in developing all its available resources and closely linked by mutual commercial interchanges, the argument for universal peace on grounds of 'policy and self-interest' will undoubtedly be strengthened.

Such conditions are still far from being fulfilled, and while territory remains which, if brought under control of a vigorous Power, could be made more productive, the possibility of profitable annexation by force cannot be excluded. Operations of war, in such a case, may afford a balance of economic advantage, though this would depend upon the measure of loss which the war entailed, or, in other words, upon the strength of the resistance to be overcome."

The credit entries on the balance sheet of war will become fewer as time goes on. At present they are not negligible. It is probable, however, that even now they bulk larger in the imagination of statesmen and business men than their actual volume warrants. The concessions which American or British business men might secure through a military occupation of Mexico would be a bucketful added to the stream of American and British capital. Yet that bucketful may yet drench Mexico with war. Along the thin edges of civilization Germany may push her trade by force and monopoly, but she has most to gain by peaceful intercourse with established nations. Despite, however, the comparative smallness of borderland trade it undoubtedly occupies a great deal of attention in European Foreign Offices. It is competition in the non-industrial belt which keeps alive the anachronistic notion that nations are commercial rivals. The colonial trader and the concessionary capitalist are the fingertips of a nation's financial system: and they constantly register pain. The anti-German agitation in England during the last decade has been stimulated by the irritation felt by English merchants and investors when they met German competition in the backward lands. Possibly this irritation was out of proportion to the prizes at stake. We cannot tell. We must wait until cost accounting is applied to colonial enterprise and exploitative trade.

Mr. Angell, of course, gives no estimate, for he tries to wipe the credit side bare. Thus he weakens his argument by pushing it too far. Furthermore his approach leads him to neglect the debit side of the balance sheet, although here lies one half, and possibly the weightier half, of the economic case against war. The progress of industry and the growth of population

tend to make strife more and more costly, both in direct expense and indirect losses. The building of a navy and the equipment and maintenance of an army now costs millions where it formerly cost thousands. Each new invention piles higher the burden—armor-plate, high-power explosives, submarines, machine guns, aircraft. Actual warfare proves an insane extravagance. It has been estimated that the present struggle costs each of the five chief belligerents from two to fifteen million dollars a day. The war loans already run into billions. A Seven Years' War would ruin the world. A Thirty Years' War is unthinkable.

The indirect losses, moreover, have increased at equal pace. Millions of men are withdrawn from productive work. Useful industries deteriorate, wasteful industries inflate. Untold amounts of both producers' and consumers' capital are consumed or destroyed. A great war impoverishes the world. As the decades pass these costs and losses grow. The credit side of war will, after a time, shrink; the debit will lengthen.

This positive side of the economic argument Mr. Angell passes over. Indeed he seems, by implication, to belittle it. In reading his text one gets the idea that if, as he says, nothing can be gained by war in this modern world where we are all so interdependent and wealth takes on intangibility, then, by the same formula, little can be lost. One cannot be sure that he makes a distinction between the consequences to the victor and to the vanquished. Recently Mr. Angell asserted, "Even from the point of view of the moral and material well-being of the German people, the victory of the Prussian arms would be a disaster." A new prophet indeed! Shall nations, then, wax rich through defeats? The truth here is rather that complex development makes terrible damage possible. An agricultural country like Russia can be harmed little by invasion, whereas an industrialized nation like Germany or the United States may be swiftly paralyzed. Should the Allies overrun Teutonic territories and, moved by a spirit of revenge, raze factories and power plants, destroy mines, shipyards and railways, they would pauperize their enemy.

Of course such vandalism would react against the vandals. Mr. Angell stands on firm ground when he insists that to destroy

your enemy is to destroy one of your own markets. Germany's imports for home consumption from the British Empire in 1912 were valued at £99,895,000. Mayhem committed on a prostrate foe cripples the victor indirectly, but the vanquished suffers first and most severely. Furthermore, while the damage falls directly on the ravaged country, retribution is international and is spread round the interwoven world. In devastating Germany, England would wipe out one of her own best markets; she would also wipe out one of the markets of the United States, and of Argentina, and a dozen other states. War takes toll from winners as well as losers, from neutrals as well as belligerents. To-day all political entities have an interest in preserving the world's peace.

After all, as we said, Mr. Angell is more than half right. At the basis of his argument lies the profound truth that industrial progress proceeds by geographical division of labor, and makes each nation a unit in a vast coöperation working to the ultimate profit of all. Each group tends to specialize, at the last, in those commodities which it can produce most efficiently. The result emerges in a universal cheapening of goods. England, Germany and France are not commercial rivals, fundamentally, in any different sense than the States of Pennsylvania, Kansas and Illinois are rivals. A prosperous Germany contributes, *ipso facto*, to make a prosperous Britain. How far this drift toward interdependence has gone is evidenced by the sensitiveness of banking centres, stock exchanges and produce markets to disturbances in any corner of the world.

Are these, academically speaking, new truths? Are they not rather the commonplaces of advanced economic thought for a number of decades? Among his other minor faults of presentation we must note Mr. Angell's failure to give credit to his intellectual predecessors. He does not trace his doctrine to Necker, Turgot, Cobden, Mill, Adam Smith and a long line of economists, but launches his thesis as though it were a bolt from the blue. Yet all that is sound harks back. The following passage is taken from Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*, published in 1873:

"Formerly, as I have said, the interests of nations were supposed to be diametrically opposed. The wealth that was

added to one was necessarily taken from another; and all commerce was a kind of balance, in which a gain on one side implied a corresponding loss on the opposite one. Every blow that was struck to the prosperity of one nation was of advantage to the rest, for it diminished the number of those among whom the wealth of the world was to be divided. . . . Independently of the many wars that were directly occasioned by a desire to alter commercial relations, there was a constantly smouldering ill-feeling created by the sense of habitual antagonism, which the slightest difference kindled into a flame.

“For this great evil political economy is the only corrective. It teaches, in the first place, that the notion that a commercial nation can only prosper by the loss of its neighbor, is essentially false. It teaches still further that each nation has a direct interest in the prosperity of that with which it trades, just as a shopman has an interest in the wealth of his customers. It teaches, too, that the different markets of the world are so clearly connected, that it is quite impossible for a serious derangement to take place in any one of them without its evil effects vibrating through all; and that, in the present condition of Europe, commercial ties are so numerous, and the interests of nations so closely interwoven, that war is usually an evil even to the victor. Each successive development of political economy has brought these truths into clearer relief.”

Still, the old errors are ever cropping up anew and truth spreads but slowly. Mr. Angell has entered a field neglected by professional economists and by the striking cast of his argument sharply called popular attention to the fallacies in national rivalry and appropriation through force. That service is genuine. It is true Mr. Angell scarcely can be called authoritative, and that he could have written a stronger indictment of war than *The Great Illusion*. In a more careful treatise he would amplify his economic and social material, and treat it historically rather than logically. Possibly—we are permitted to hope—he will some day undertake this larger task.

THE TWO BROTHERS

FRANCES GREGG

THE younger brother rose cautiously. It was long since the dying man on the bed had stirred. He must not be disturbed. He looked peaceful as he lay. There was nothing in the face that was not benign, nothing in the noble structure of the features unbeautiful. If only he might die as he was then, if only he might not speak! What malevolence, what diabolical power was behind that beautiful mask? He looked young as he lay there, younger than he was, and yet he was young to die, only forty: and the consumptive who watched by his side would be little more than half that when, as he knew, he would so shortly follow.

Now he must get to the window. He must have air. If he should cough it would rouse that dying brother; he would speak; it was unbearable that he should ever speak again. Yet to others it was terrible "to think of that voice forever stilled," as they had expressed it; that voice that had made his brother famous, for it was a great man who lay there dying.

They had come, those people to whom he had lectured, those passionate disciples; when they heard that the Master was dying, they had crowded into the town. They had stood for hours in the road under his window. The nearest to him among them had petitioned to see him, to have one last word to carry back from him to those who waited. But the great man had refused them, he would see no one, no one, even of his family, except his youngest brother.

The young man shuddered.

They had brought the message to him, "except my youngest brother"; and he had gone. It was twenty hours ago now. For twenty hours he had been harried by his brother's words. Now at last he slept. And the younger brother was alone.

It wearied him to think how the little groups of people would lift up their faces, white in the failing light, when he came to the window. He must look beyond them, over their heads to the water, to the little shut-in bay. Yet even there he could not be

alone. His brother had looked upon it with him. "More beautiful than Naples," he had said, and to the younger man it had become a thing impure. It could never be his again except through that desecrating mind. He had so spoken just after the incident of the flowers.

They had sent so many, his admirers, and he had had them all in his room. He had taken a curious gross pleasure in the number of them, all for him. And then with exquisite delicacy he had sorted them, classifying them exactly and tenderly. In the end he had sent them away. "Mr. Waiter," he had said—how like him that was, that servility more base than contempt!—"Mr. Waiter, give all these to the black gentleman who ran off with the white girl. Poor dear, he was mobbed by some mad Americans. Tell them I wish them to sleep upon these to-night, upon flowers."

How vulgar it was, how blatantly vulgar the conception! How it was stamped with that something flagrant and inept, that had come to mean his brother to the younger man!

Suddenly he started, for a rich voice poured into the silence of the room. The great man was dreaming that he again addressed his people: "The old religions, my friends, the old religions cannot be so lightly cast aside. Ah, my friends, can you not see, back in the dim recesses of Time, a temple strewn about with broken altars, each one draped in the tattered banner of some lost faith?"

The room was silent again. How those people below would have liked to hear those few words! The young man sighed as he looked at them, pressed so close below the window. He must make them a sign, a sign that there was still life. And he must go back to his post. His brother had spoken, he would soon wake.

The crowd stirred with relief at his gesture. Strange! Once he too had been like them, had given the same adulation, the same credulity. Was he wrong? Was it only self-pity and self-love that stood in his way now? Was his brother really too great for him to understand? He could do beautiful things—beautiful—and *brutal*! His words before he slept had been of that last.

He had cried out that he was "alone—alone!" Ever so tentatively the young man had said, "I am here——"

"Ah, you——" His brother did not finish. The young man's face paled with the cruelty of it. There had not been even contempt in his brother's tone; he was put aside, he was nothing, less than nothing. A passionate cry, "But I loved you!" rose to his lips and died before utterance. What was love, or hate, or any one of the human emotions to that satyr-like monster who had deformed the universe for him?

He turned again to the bed, bending down to peer into the placid face. Was there no sign, no secret imprint upon it, to purify his love or to make just his hate? His brother's eyes opened, bewildered, frightened. With an inadequate gesture he tried to touch the young face. "Ah, you——" he said. It was the tone of a homesick child, satisfied to see a loved face. There was infinite pathos in it, heartbreaking wistfulness. The young man burst into great gulping sobs. Tears flooded his face. He stood convulsed, at the mercy of his emotion. When he recovered he met the caustic gaze of his brother's eyes. He stood confronted with the grotesquerie of his emotion, the snuffling, the uncouth sounds, the need of his handkerchief. All those soul-purging emotions that had for the moment clustered over them, like ancient deities, were gone; nothing remained in the room but his *gaucherie*.

"Now, my friend, let us discuss the nature of tears." It was the old tone, the tone that had rung through his adolescence, that relieving tone of abstract interest, spacious, full of time. "I have never wept," his brother went on, "in all my life I have never wept at all—nor I believe has she."

The young man shivered. It had come at last, the thing he had longed for, and dreaded most. His brother had spoken of her, of that invisible third, who had stood like a sentient being between them through all the long hours they had waited together for death.

"Speak to me of her—speak to me!" the young man cried out. "Why did you do it—why—why——?"

A look of ineffable self-content blurred all the fine lines of the elder man's face. "Why?" he said. His voice was gentle

now, slow, and lisped ever so slightly over the words. "Why? My friend, has ever mortal had chance of doing what I did? She was so frail, so chaste, like a vestal, a thing consecrated, meant for dedication, for perpetual chastity. And she was ignorant of the world, and not too young, twenty-seven, older than you. I have not let her forget that! And I watched her seduction, her destruction. To see her shame and humiliation was exquisite to me. She knew nothing—nothing when she married him."

"But why to him—why did you marry her to him——?"

"Why to him, to your best friend, my little brother? To him who had been our sister's lover, whose little ways you knew? That you might know how he would deal with her, and never was flesh more provocative than hers! And it was easy, she believed in me as a great tragic world-spirit as sad as her own. And she loves me now. What, my little brother, you all thought I could never hold the love of a woman, and a good woman! How many years are gone—three—four—and her heart is still mine! She is mine—mine! I have shown you my power."

"But why"—the young man's shrill tone broke with discordance upon the elder's rich, purring note—"why did you bring me into it?"

"See, my friend, we already speak as though I were dead. You ask, and I answer—the truth. Why did I bring you into it? Why? Had I not that thought from the beginning? He could only appreciate her body—but you could love her soul, *and her body*, my little brother, and her body! And she was gone, she could never be yours, your friend's wife. Did I not see it all from the beginning—how you would yearn to her, when you saw her like a bruised white petal in the hollow of his great hand! And she turned to you as to the sun. But I did not let her mistake. I recalled to her what such attraction led to. I brought to her mind her mutilation. And in the midst of her pain I caressed her, and she knew that I scorned her love, and her love went on. And you were jealous, you, our young conqueror of women, were jealous of your elder brother, your brother who could never keep the love of a woman. Well—I have shown you——"

The dying man's voice broke and was sucked away into the silence. The room grew darker. There was no sound of breathing. The younger man wondered if his brother were dead—dead and the last question unasked. What if the room were really empty, if he were really alone at last? He must chance that terror. The question palpitated through his lips, "Did you not care that I suffered?"

"Care!" The answer rang out, clear and triumphant as the note of a trumpet. "Did I not care! Ah, do not remind me! Shall I ever forget your suffering? How fragile it was—how pallid—how exotic—how languorous! I must not think of it—it is too exciting—it will kill me! Ah, I have been a God—I have played as a God with your emotions!"

The triumphant note rang through all the long corridors of the young man's soul, mocking their emptiness, taunting the misery that lurked in the grey shadows. "A God—a God!"—the word flamed against his parched brain. And again he was struck with doubt. Was he wrong? Was it something febrile and inadequate in him, was it his paucity of soul, was there really perhaps something God-like in the man's power, in his inhumanity?

The darkness deepened. If there had been but a moon! Would he know, would it come to him by instinct when the room was empty at last? The young man leaped to his feet as a cry shattered the night.

"I am alone—alone! Send for her, say that I am dying, she will come—to me."

Could he do it? Could he do this last thing for his brother? To have her there—the two of them—for a last sensation for that dying man? There was time. A messenger could bring her by dawn. Could his brother live so long? Souls, they said, went out with the ebb of the tide. She could come at the dawn—the tide changed then.

It was done. And now there was still the night to be borne. If only he might not think! If he might sleep! Would the night never pass? It was the weight upon his chest that kept the night back. And now the bay was flooding over them both. But he could yet save them if only his brother would not cling so about his neck. The shore was so little away—only not that shore—

the distant one—she was calling to him to bring the torturer there. But he need not struggle—here was release—visible Death stood at his side. What was it Death was saying—“Fool—fool——”

The young man struggled into wakefulness. He had slept in his chair. The messenger stood at his elbow with a letter in his hand. She had not come. The light of the dawn hovered in the shadows. And through the window he could see the little multi-colored bay far out from the land. The bed was shaken by the gasps of the dying man.

“Fool—fool,” the querulous tone whistled through the blue lips, “fool—you slept—could you not watch with me one hour? There is a letter—read—the film is already over my eyes——”

The young man’s sleep-sodden brain was shocked into life as he read the few words. This to a dying man! This! Here was vengeance—vengeance for them both! Yet, could he read this to that tortured creature upon the bed? How subtly she had phrased it! If he omitted the brutality, that feminine, unrelieved brutality, he might read the rest. He knew his brother’s mind. How he would twist each subtlety to his own glory! Could he risk their flavor of concentrated bitterness? Oh, why not read it as it stood? He deserved it. It was just. *Read it*—as one might spit in a dead man’s face!

The racked chest of the dying man lifted again to speak: “Read—read, my brother—see—I choke—Death has already his hand at my throat——” The face was again one of child-like dependence, again that heartbreaking wistfulness. “Quick—my brother, read—or I shall not hear—the waters of Lethe are loud in my ears—read—my brother——”

And the young man made as though he read: “My heart is broken that I cannot come to you. I have always loved you. In all my life no other shall reign in my heart.”

A light flooded the dying face. It became noble, pure, irradiated. There was dignity, grace, power, beauty. He held out his hand for the paper. His fingers closed over it with magnificent possession. He sat upright, his hand, with the protruding white edges of paper, thrust before him. For a moment he struggled for breath, then, “I have not failed!” he cried. The golden

voice filled the room, and seemed to break and ripple upon some void beyond. Involuntarily the younger brother turned; it seemed some Presence must be there to answer, to reassure that ecstatic agony. Only the golden dawn flooded the room. When he turned again, sunken against the pillow the dead face of a smirking coxcomb confronted him.

IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

IN the train from Dublin to Galway, I fell into talk with a farmer and a wounded soldier. The soldier was rather drunk and very friendly, and he told us about life in the trenches, and how it feels to be shot, and he showed us the place where the bullet came out of his neck, and the ugly shrapnel wound in his leg.

"And did you lose your eye?" asked the farmer in an awed, respectful voice.

"Sure I did," said the soldier, winding on his bandages again. He made us feel that it was a slight thing, and quite natural, to lose an eye.

"Well, I thought I had my troubles," said the farmer, smiling at me, "but I expect I'm not so badly off, after all."

"Why, what might your trouble be?" asked the soldier.

"I've just come back from America," said the farmer. "I've been travelling since the twenty-fourth of last month. I was one night in Liverpool going out, and one night coming back, and I was four days in the blooming immigrant station in New York."

"Sure, you must be destroyed," said the soldier. "Wouldn't they let you in?"

"They would not," said the farmer, with a sad smile.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. He seemed weary of trying to understand it, and bewildered, like a driven sheep.

"That's too bad now," said the soldier. "Well, I knew a man once. . . ."

I looked out of the window, and tried to justify my country for turning away this sad, simple man. I watched his face as he bent forward to listen to the soldier's rambling story. It was a browned, animal-like face, with no firmness around the mouth, and dull, dreamy eyes that had had the animation taken from them by long gazing across stony fields and barren bog-lands and, lately, the sea. I wondered how he had found the

impulse to go to America, and if he hated the sight of Ireland again, after he had left it with such high hopes, and if his family would be glad to see him again, or sorry. He was so quiet in his disappointment, and so resigned, that I wondered how I had ever found it in my heart to be angry with anyone for being stupid.

"Is there any sign of America coming into the war?" the soldier was saying.

"No," said the farmer contemptuously. "They're too damn slow. I saw some of the American soldiers; dudes they are, strutting around in high collars, with white gloves on." The soldier laughed. "And there's another American ship been lost; sunk by that submarine that's been down off Kerry. Sure, if they had any courage at all they'd have been in the war long ago." I couldn't blame him for that bitterness, seeing that America had turned him out.

As we drew nearer to Galway, he became quiet, sitting with his chin in his hand, watching the hills; but there was no determination in his face, nor anger. I suppose he thought simply that he was beginning again.

On the station platform in Galway, a blue-eyed colleen approached me with a tray of badges around her neck, and a tin box of pennies in her hand. Irish blue eyes are familiar all over the world; there have been so many songs sung about them. It was impossible to resist, so I gave her a shilling for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and while she was thanking me, my farmer lost himself in the crowd, and I never saw him again.

Galway is called the "City of the Tribes," and I have been told that there are traces of the old Spanish influence, dating, I like to think, from the days of the Armada, visible in its architecture, and sometimes in the dark eyes of the people. But I did not stay to look for these things. There is no pleasure in seeing places you have been told to see; the enthusiasm is artificial, and you are always thinking of the report you will have to make to the person who advised you. The only real places are those you find for yourself; guide-books and tourist agencies and pioneering friends spoil pilgrimages. There is no

Baedeker of Ireland, and that is one reason why travel in Ireland is such a delight, and every turning of an Irish road so fresh an adventure.

Outside the town I stopped by the roadside to eat my lunch. The air was clear and cool; Loch Corrib was spread below me, and the clouds were racing across its grey waters and piling up behind the low stony hills on the other side. Except for one house near me, there was no sign of humanity as far as I could see. It was a landscape a million years old, and the thin curl of blue peat-smoke from the chimney emphasized the desolation. The house was thatched, and brilliant with whitewash; it had a broad low door, and tiny windows, polished till they shone, set close up under the eaves. All the houses in the West of Ireland are alike—of one storey, with the earth floor lower than the ground outside, a big chimney, stone gables, and grass and flowers growing in the weather-grey thatch. The doors are often painted red, and sometimes there are gay flower-boxes at the windows. A gate closes the lower half of the door, but the baby leaves it open, or the pig bursts it in, or the hens fly awkwardly over it, and the domestic animals are always wandering in and out from the bright sunlight of the barren yard to the cool dark fertility under tables and chairs within. Though the houses are all built on the same general two-roomed plan, each shows the individual peculiarities of the person who built it, with the variations of his descendants added; these houses are of a spontaneous architecture, sprung from the soil, the earth holding them as stones are imbedded in the bark of a tree, as natural as any artificial thing can be.

On the road near Oughterard I met an old man, who raised his hat to me when he saw me in the distance, and wished me good day, and called me "your honor," when I came close. His long hair shone in the sun like silver.

"It's a fine day," I said.

"Aye, so it is, thank God," he said. "You're after coming from Galway?" And when I nodded, "It's a fine town, is Galway."

I told him I hadn't stopped long there, being in a hurry to see the country.

"I suppose you're a great traveller, aren't you?" he said. "And if you've seen all the cities of the world, sure, you'd not be stopping to look at a little town the likes of that."

"I'm from America," I said.

"Ah!" he cried, with sudden Irish enthusiasm lighting up his eyes, "I've been there! So I have. I was working in Wilmington, Delaware, and I was working in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I was working laying down the what-do-you-callums, the railway tracks in Third Avenue in Brooklyn, New York. Aye, I've been all over. And now I'm a poor man walking the roads, without a penny to buy me a breakfast." He reflected a moment. "I've friends in America," he said. "But they are all out in Kansas and Nebraska, and you'd not likely be knowing any of them."

I asked if they were doing well.

"Doing well, aye, so they are, praise God," he said. "Well, I'm walking the roads to Galway, and when I get there I'll be going to the church to say a prayer, and I'll say a prayer for you, young man, to get you a safe journey, and to send you safe somewhere this night."

He bared his venerable head again, and waved his hat to me as I went up over the hill. After that, the mountains seemed less wild and desolate, and the brown bog-lands less melancholy and bare. I fell to thinking that wherever in the world the country is wild and forbidding, and the fields stony and stubborn, and the winter rain loud on thatch and window-pane, the cordiality and hospitality and warm-heartedness of the inhabitants rises to meet that unfriendliness of nature, and to combat it.

At Oughterard I put up at Murphy's, a small hotel with all the informality of stagnation. The waiter who served my dinner had been in the English army, years ago, and he borrowed a shilling on the strength of having been to Nova Scotia.

After dinner I stood at the hotel window looking out into the street. The houses were shining whitely in the blue dusk, with streaks of warm rosy light from the chinks of windows and doors. Children were rolling hoops in the market-place,

and screaming, and I could hear men's rough low voices, and heavy foot-falls crunching on the pebbles. From time to time a match flared, lighting up the faces of a group in front of the blacksmith's shop. Daily living for these people is small and detailed, and all about them is a great elemental life, which they touch in a dim, vague way. They are poets and dreamers by nature, but they lack the means of expression, now that their language has been taken from them, and they are forced to live in two worlds at once. Souls of the old heroes, dreams of mad beggars, visions of saints and of martyrs, fairies, and ghosts and bog-lights and legends—these going hand-in-hand with the hills and the streams and the shores of the sea, and the pity is that the race is dumb.

In the morning the road to Clifden lay through a pleasant little wood, with a cool dark stream between shady banks, and patches of sunshine on the brilliant grass. It changed later to open bog-lands, with bare hills shutting in on all sides, and the thin road winding between them in a lost, frightened way.

I stopped to talk with a man who was cutting turf.

"Aye, it is hard work," he said, "and a man can be working ten or eleven hours a day at it, and getting only two shillings. And that's not much. But there's many poor people around here that gets only nine shillings a week, and they with three or four young children, maybe. They have to get on the best they can, God help them. There's many in Ireland would starve if it wasn't for America, and that's a fact, with the friends they have over there to send them a pound or two now and then. My daughter is over there, working in Albany, New York." He turned up a few more sods in silence. "The turf makes a pleasant fire," he went on, "and there's a grand smell to it when it's burning. Plenty of people that could afford coal easy enough, are burning the sods for the pleasant smell of it. There! look, there's some of the old bog-wood. Wood, you know, that they had in ancient times, and it got buried up in the bog. If you was to dry that and set it up, it would burn as fine as any candle. Would you believe that now?" When I left, he wished me good luck, and turned to his monotonous labor.

An old woman stopped to speak to me a few miles farther on, as I was resting on the bank. She was trudging the long miles sturdily, walking in her bare feet, as the women do in the West of Ireland, for all she was bent with age and her face was seamed and wrinkled by the years. I looked up and wished her good day.

"I thought it was beat up you were," she said, "and you sitting there so hunched up by the roadside."

"Oh, no," I told her. "I just stopped to rest and to smoke my pipe."

"That's right," she said. "Take a good rest now, and don't be getting over-tired in the heat."

Clifden is a disappointing town, because it strives for commercial prosperity—an ideal which fits neither the landscape nor the character of the people. Commercial prosperity is for the Irishman a borrowed virtue. Clifden stands on a high misty coast, with sea-birds screaming above it, and cattle wandering between the boulders on the hills around it, and hard-handed men wearily seeking its lights at the end of the day. From the spirit of the place, the village might have stood there since the coming of the grandsons of Breogan. And of its hundred houses, ninety are shops! And all, I hope, doing well, praise God.

I met an English magistrate in the hotel in Clifden, and talked with him about the war, which seemed to obsess him, and about Ireland, which was for him a foreign country. In the morning he took me a part of my way in his car, with my bicycle tied on the back. An Irish outside car is an exciting vehicle; I sat high in the air, facing sideways and hanging on, bounced about by vicious springs, and surrounded by a cloud of white hairs from the horse. I remember now that we talked about wildcats, but at the time my thoughts were with the car.

He set me down at the cross-roads on the crest of the range of hills and I rode down on the Connemara side, through the Pass of Kilmore. There is a convent in the little village of Letterfrack, and there is a gaunt wireless station on one of the hills; for the rest of that day I saw no sign of civilization but one deserted hunting lodge, and a few boarded-up summer

residences, reflected in the lake. The high windy fields are white with stones; some have been cleared, with incredible labor, and the stones piled up like a fort in the centre. Every ploughing turns up more stones, so that it must seem to the farmer that they grow spontaneously, or are sown by evil spirits in the night.

Lenane is at the head of Killery Harbor. It consists of a few scattered houses and an hotel, which is a centre for travellers and hunters and motor-parties; yet it keeps its hold on its natural isolation for all that. Some travelled enthusiasts have called Killery Harbor a fiord, and they have given to the district the name of the "Norway of Ireland," by reason of the steep hills that rise on all sides of it, and let the exploring sea into the land between them; but it is a foolish epithet, because Killery Harbor can never be anything but itself.

At Lenane I had breakfast with a Roscommon farmer. "Ireland is doing her share, and more than her share, in the war," he told me. When he found I was not an Englishman, however, he seemed relieved: "Then I can speak my mind," he said. "There's a lot of men that haven't gone, and won't go; why should they? Sure, they've nothing to fight for but the clothes on their backs and the roofs over their heads, and they hate England like poison. All the young lads you meet carousing along the roads in the night—they're getting three and four shillings a day, and their keep, for making hay, and it's more money than they ever had before. And the farmers are having the time of their lives; thirty guineas a head I was getting for milch cattle, and four pounds for a sheep—I never got four pounds for a sheep before. I don't see any reason why we should go out and get shot. Probably if there was a policeman heard me saying that I'd go to jail right off."

I asked him what he thought of teaching Irish in the schools.

"Sure, it's a waste of time entirely," he said. "What good does it do them, and all their business being done in English? They'd better be learning something that's some use to them, and not be looking back at the past all the time. We look at the past too much; that's the whole trouble. . . ."

Later I met a man from the Aran Islands, which lie off the coast of Galway, far out of the world in the wind and the rain, and he told me proudly of the place. "They're good people there," he said. "I don't suppose you'd find any better people anywhere in the world. And they're old-fashioned too; maybe that's the reason for it. You'd see them wearing clothes they made themselves, grown and woven right there in the Islands, and the women wear shawls they've made themselves. You'd see the pampooties, shoes made of cow-skin, that they use for walking on the rocks. They're bold sailors too, and daring; sure, they have to be, and they right out in the Atlantic itself. They have skin boats they go fishing in, with a high bow to them, the like of that one there. My uncle had a hooker he used to run, and he was lost off her—he was anchoring one time, and somehow he got the chain around his leg, and it pulled him overboard, and drowned him. But he was a damn fool to get caught so, God save him."

"The people speak Irish there, I've been told," I said.

"Sure they do," he answered enthusiastically. "And it's a grand thing too. Everybody speaks Irish there, and more are learning it everywhere, what with it being taught in the schools. Isn't it a pitiful thing now, that a man should live all his life in his own country, and never know the language?"

He asked a great many questions about America, for he was hoping to go there soon. "And I'd best be hurrying up about it, hadn't I?" he said. "For they might be bringing in conscription and then I'd be in a fix. I'd shoot the man that came to get me, so I would, and what reason would I have for doing that, and he only doing his duty, and not meaning any harm to me?"

While we were talking about America, seated in a tiny garden as quiet as a cloister, watching the gusts sweep down from the hills and chase across the water, a man came along the road and told us excitedly about the sinking of the *Lusitania*. We were astonished, as we had been speaking of it before, and had decided that the *Lusitania* was safe, because of her speed and the protection the British navy would be sure to give to the first ship of the world. "Isn't that just like the English, to be so sure?"

he said. "I hope America won't be coming into the war now, and making matters worse than they are."

I had expected to find people who spoke Irish, and once when I was sitting on the wall of a bridge, watching the water slip over the stones, seeing a harmless-looking man coming, walking with his shoes in his hand, I ventured to speak to him the four words of Irish I had been taught for the occasion. To my dismay, he answered in the same language, of which, of course, I understood nothing. But he knew no English, and we separated with smiles and friendly nods.

Dhuloch Pass is a narrow cut in the mountains, so steep and high that it might almost be closed by a door, with a hushed valley behind it, and a little lake in the hollow of the hills. There is one house, nestled in a grove of trees, and for six miles beyond that no living thing but the sheep on the hill-sides. Then the road branches out into several, and scatters over a great tract of rolling bog-land, covered with scrubby grass of so deep a brown that it looks purple in the distance, and patches of yellow gorse that flame like fire against the background.

Finally I met a man driving sheep, and I stopped to ask him my way. He was a giant in size, with a face as big as a ham, and as brown, and great red hands that looked able to toss mountains and strangle storms.

"What part of Ireland might you be from now?" he asked; "for I can tell by your accent that you're a stranger here."

"I'm from America," I said, and seeing his great face light up at the name, "I suppose you've friends there?" I added.

"Ah! let me shake your hand, young man!" he cried. "My uncle fought in your war, and my grandmother is buried in Altoona, Pennsylvania, and my two boys and my sister and my sister's boy is scattered all over. It's the country! In former years it was always a great ambition of mine to go to America, but I don't suppose I'll ever be going now."

I told him the news about the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

"God save us!" he cried, and his face went white. "Ain't that a terrible thing now! I'll have to sit down; my flesh is

creeping; look how my hand shakes!" He sat on a stone by the roadside, as limp as a man in a faint; he had barely strength to call to his dog to round up the sheep. "Ain't that a terrible thing now!" he cried, over and over again, rocking his huge body to and fro. "Was many lost, God help them?"

I told him I had heard no details, and after a few moments he recovered himself, and we walked on. I asked the name of the great conical hill that rose before us.

"That's Croagh Patrick," he said, "where all the people do be making pilgrimages for the good of their souls; you can see the chapel on the top of it. And that there is the highest mountain in Connemara; many a time I've seen the Englishmen coming here with regular mountain boots on their feet, to climb it. Sure it's the only way to see the country, walking and going slow, and that's the truth. That mountain you see there is Clare Island; there's good farming land on all those islands, and the people is prosperous. But America's the country! We've always been good friends with America; we've fought in your wars and dug your canals and built your railways and your cities. Here's my house; would you come in now, and have a cup of tea?"

I told him I must be hurrying on if I was to get to Westport before dark.

"Aye, sure you must," he said. "Well, good-bye to you, young man, and long life to you, and a safe journey."

In the afternoon I was sitting by the roadside with a bottle of ale, and a threepenny loaf of bread, when a woman stopped to wish me good day.

"Sure, why weren't you stopping in the village, where you could get a drink?" she said. "Bread's so dry alone."

I showed her the bottle I had. "That's good," she said. "There's another town about four miles beyond, where you can get another drink; stop there, too." She unwrapped three stalks of rhubarb she was carrying in a newspaper. "Will you take a stick of this now?" she asked, holding it out. "It's refreshing to eat, in the hot sun." I thanked her, and said I would not take it. "But you're travelling the roads . . ." she began.

"It was bad news about the *Lusitania*, wasn't it?" I said.

"Oh!" she said. "I say, 'God help all them that's fighting, and God help all the little children,' I say, 'and the mothers, and the poor people that was lost.'"

I reached Westport before dark, and left it again at once. It is a miserable town, not close enough to civilization to be clean, and not remote enough to be clean.

The landscape of County Mayo is softer than that of Galway, and the friendliness of the people reflects it; in Galway, friendliness is a need, a desire that demands expression. Every year about twenty thousand men leave Mayo to work in the fields in England, returning after the harvest to live the remainder of the year on the money. This practice is condemned by the home-loving neighbors, and by the people of the other counties who have not shared in the prosperity. "Sure, it's no way to be doing at all," a man said to me, "to be running off to England like that. Why wouldn't they stay home and work their own fields?"

In Mayo a farmer confessed to me that it was a poor country for farming. "There's no water in the ground," he said, "and it's always hot here, and the crops do be wretched. It's easier working in Galway, for all the stones lie so thick in the fields, and in Roscommon—well, Roscommon's the farming country for you."

Later, when I was in Roscommon, I told a man I met that I had admired the fine farm land he had. "It's better in Mayo," he said sadly. "In Mayo they don't have the swamps and the dampness we have here, and their crops are always good."

Claremorris and Roscommon are provincial little towns, filled with a consciousness of their own attainments; and after I had seen those two, and had travelled the last forty miles to Athlone, where English troops are quartered, and the streets are paved, and the railway has two tracks, I realized that I had crossed the indefinite boundary line of the West, and that there were no more of the simple good people, the like of whom, I suppose, I shall not find again anywhere in the world, who talk to a traveller as a guest, and make a home for him, even out on the roads, and under the sky.

ASHES OF LIFE

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

LOVE has gone and left me and the days are all alike;
Eat I must, and sleep I will,—and would that night
were here!

But ah!—to lie awake and hear the slow hours strike!

Would that it were day again!—with twilight near!

Love has gone and left me and I don't know what to do;

This or that or what you will is all the same to me;

But all the things that I begin I leave before I'm through,—

There's little use in anything as far as I can see.

Love has gone and left me, and the neighbors knock and borrow,

And life goes on forever like the gnawing of a mouse,—

And to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow

There's this little street and this little house.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

A Story for the Eclectic

CHARLES VALE

"IT requires a great deal of courage to remain a widow," she said, looking at him with unassumed nonchalance. It was not her habit to assume anything except infallibility and her costumes.

He bowed, with the courtly grace of a cadet and the elusive unassertiveness that Harvard alone can instil. She noticed the action and the atmosphere, and for a moment a strange light suffused her usually inscrutable eyes. It vanished as swiftly as a large income on Broadway.

"I should think," he said, in perfectly modulated tones, "that it was more difficult than courageous, in your case."

"Does it not need courage to conquer difficulties?" she queried, with the finished expression of a sophomore novelist.

He evaded the subtlety.

"Is my heart a difficulty?" he countered.

The implication was instantaneously obvious. After reflection, she realized this, and with exquisite skill changed the subject.

"What do you consider the most distinctive irreconcilabilities of Fielding, de Maupassant and Henry James?" she enquired, with the faintest soupçon of anxiety.

"Briefly," he returned, "I should say that Fielding cannot be reconciled with prudery, de Maupassant with padding, and James with punctuation. But, of course——" A restrained yet eloquent gesture completed the sentence.

"You did not quite understand my question," she said gently.

"Our first misunderstanding," he sighed.

They remained silent. The tension was relieved by both of them, simultaneously.

"I——"

"I——"

He checked himself.

She paused.

"That is quite true," he assented, courteously.

She looked at him, wonderingly. The innate fineness of the man was almost painfully conspicuous. Deeply moved, she found her handkerchief and dropped it on the floor.

He recovered and restored it with the celerity and sang froid that indicated long but innocent experience.

"Tell me," she said suddenly—and a pink spot glowed in the centre of each cheek—"are you——?" She hesitated.

He faced the crisis calmly.

"I think so," he said. "But I cannot waive immunity."

He held his head erect, not inverted.

She pressed him. "You are quite sure that you have supplied the missing word correctly?"

"Do you question my intelligence?" he asked, with a smile. "Surely you remember that I played right end for my college?"

"But tell me, please!" she pleaded. "You think I meant——?"

"Exactly what you left unsaid."

It was evident that she was overwrought. Perhaps some cosmic urge swayed her. Perhaps not. Who can say?

"I must be convinced," she asserted, resolutely. "I will repeat my question. Please reply to it categorically—unless you have conscientious objections."

"Very well," he said. "I am prepared."

Stern self-repression was evidenced in his pose, and in hers.

"I would spare you if I could," she said. "But I cannot. Your whole past is at stake. You must tell me. Are you——"

He braced himself and stood without flinching.

"—pure?"

The word came distinctly, yet as if from a far distance.

He parried the blow.

"Do you mean in a Comstockian sense?" he asked.

She shuddered.

"No! In a common-sense sense."

"I *have* been," he said. His face seemed suddenly lined and

wan. "And you know," he added quietly, "we are what the past has made us. It is our destiny. We cannot escape from what has happened. Our only chance is in the future—always in the future. Yet, believe me, I am an optimist. The worst is always possible."

Serenity returned to him. Yet no man can pass often through such scenes and expect to remain unscathed. The scars may be unseen and unseeable: but, even so, he will carry them to the grave or the crematorium.

She rose and came to him.

"I cannot be your affinity," she said, her voice vibrant with self-challenging. "It is too early. Yet less than that would be unworthy of me, and more might be dangerous."

"I will not accept the status quo," he said steadily. "We have gone too far. We must go further."

His eyes sought hers; lingered; ceased to linger. In the distance a bird trilled: but they could not hear it. The sun moved to its setting. Adumbrations of profundity quivered in the air.

"Very well," she breathed at last: "I will give you everything—since you will not take less. Call again at nine."

He touched her fingers with his lips, and went out. It was the least that he could do. He could not possibly accept such a sacrifice. He was unworthy of her *savoir faire*. But he could not tell her. He must spare her that final blow. It was his privilege, as a mere man, to endure the pain alone.

The thought of what might have been was very bitter.

He lit a cigar.

It was all over.

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

HORACE TRAUBEL

FEBRUARY 2, 1889

W. said: "I don't spend much of my time with regrets for anything: yet sometimes I regret that I never went to Europe: other times I regret that I never learned to read German and French. No doubt it's all just as well as it is: it all came about according to what they used to describe as 'the ordinances of God': there's no chance in it: maybe I'd have been modified if I had ever broken loose from my accustomed ways—become a traveller, become a linguist: that might have meant harm to the *Leaves*: my destiny seems to have been to live my whole life here in America without any untoward interruptions."

FEBRUARY 4, 1889

"Most doctors—though it may seem harsh to adopt the word, it stands to me as a fact—most doctors appear to reason that it belongs with the necessary ethics of their business to be more or less jesuitical—to obscure facts, the why of medicines, the wherefores of applications." I said: "The priest of medicine is just as objectionable as the priest in religion." W. said: "Exactly: that's the case in a nutshell." Then, after a pause, he said: "But we must be cautious in our criticisms: we should not be too general—too all-inclusive. There are doctors and doctors." I said: "There are doctors who are only doctors and doctors who are not only doctors: you like the doctors who are not only doctors: is that what you mean?" At once: "Yes: doctors, after all, seem of all professional men to be the most in accord with the givings-out of science: more in line with the new truth, new spirit: less given to professional dead-headery, foppery: more interested in fundamentals. In all the other professions men lag behind. The doctor is certainly better than the lawyer—oh! far better: the lawyer is buried deep in red-taperies, dead phraseologies, antique precedents: not in what is right now

but in what has been done before: a species of stagnation overcomes him. The doctors are way ahead—far beyond all that.” I said: “Walt, shouldn’t you rather say some lawyers and some doctors?” “What do you mean?” “Don’t you think it true that doctors, too—probably most doctors—live in the past, in their antecedents, in what has been rather than what is to be done?” “You think I mistake the exception for the rule?” “I don’t exactly say that: only you yourself are constantly drawing lines between doctors and doctors.” I then asked: “You’ve said nothing about the parsons: where do you put them?” He put on a mock air of gravity. “I wish it was different: I have to say it: I think they come in at the tail of the procession: they bring up the rear.” And he didn’t stop there. “And the ministers are practically done for,” he said: “the stars in their courses are against them: however they struggle, whatever front they maintain, the universe is against their impossible explications: their methods have passed out for good.” Here he laughed gaily. “I have a couple of friends, old men, who don’t think so, or don’t think them harmless—who argue that we are all in danger of being gobbled up by Catholicism—that the Catholic Church is the great menace against our civilization.” W. couldn’t “stomach this bosh.” “I remember one of them: it was a year ago and more, while I was still down stairs: he asked me if I was not afraid, if I didn’t see the danger—shrink from it. I replied: ‘No, not in the least: I am not in the least afraid of it.’ But he still believes it: he says I am criminally optimistic—that the time is near at hand when our neglect to appreciate this crisis may destroy us. Don’t think he’s a fool: he’s not: he’s gone on this subject but sane enough on the whole.” W. added: “For the Church as an institution I have the profoundest contempt: I know what the Church as an institution, Catholic or Protestant, would do with us if it possessed the power: my point is that it hasn’t, will never again have, the power.”

* * *

W. said: “What about Weir Mitchell? He seems to be home again: he gives a swell dinner to-night to Lowell: I did not

know he was back: his sons came here a number of times in the summer." I asked: "Were you invited to that dinner?" He laughed outright. "What! to a dinner to James Russell? I guess not. My presence would spoil the soup." W. also said: "Weir puts on some of the lingo of authorship: does more or less in a small way: stands for refinements, proprieties, the code, all that: he seems to be more ambitious for fame as a writer than as a doctor, but I have my doubts whether he'll acquire an immortality in either direction." I asked: "He is your friend?" "Yes, I think so: I like him: he is cordial, easy-going, demonstrative: I realize emotions for him as a man that I do not realize for him as an author." I said: "I suspect Mitchell might repeat the sentence back to you. I doubt if he ranks you high as an artist." W. said without any hesitation: "I doubt it myself: indeed, I know it: know it, not because of what he has but because of what he has not said."

* * *

FEBRUARY 5, 1889

W. asked me: "What's the speech about to-night?" I was to speak in Philadelphia. "Idealism," I said. "That's almost too much of a mouthful for one speech," he said: "I tackle big themes myself, but I'm always afraid of them." I quoted one of my sentences: "There are linear and atmospheric philosophers." W. said: "There are indeed: that's a fair way to express it. A splendid somebody—who was it? I don't remember—went to see Carlyle, or Carlyle went to see him. Carlyle asked: 'What is your system?' The man replied sharply at once: 'System? I have no system: I just live.' That always seemed to me very deep—unplummeted. Carlyle was delighted with it."

FEBRUARY 6, 1889

W. said: "Slang is too stubborn a subject to answer the beck and call of every incidental scribbler." I spoke of it as "the beginnings of language." W. said: "It is more that than people generally imagine: but all slang is not equally good: there are slang words, phrases, which carry no meaning with them—

out of which a meaning cannot even by investigation be extracted. I could instance cases. The other day I hit upon the expression, 'in the soup': I could not make a meaning for it or out of it." I said a man drunk was described as "full of soup." W. said: "That's better: I get more out of that." Then he added: "In the old days—maybe still, but in the old days—down in the Bowery there was much slang. It was all sorts: derived from all tongues and no tongue: the French call it *argot*, *patois*—we call it *slang*. There were many fine examples of it current, particularly among the theatrical people, the actors: *argot*." He half remembered one of their words—"a very common, often-used word." His memory wouldn't work. "I knew it well: it was a word signifying a hit, a take, a fetch—as when an actor had made a point, was applauded, brought down the house, as we say." W. smiled: "Not getting that word tantalizes me: I've got plenty of words: but where is *the* word?" He said "clever" was a word much in use among actors "long ago as well as to-day," "but that is a legitimate word"—"has its authenticated papa and mama," I said. "It carries its own lexicographical origin with it: a clean fellow—able, equal to emergencies, with some initiative. You hear that word very often if you loaf in New England farming places; they use it, the farmers use it, to indicate honesty, straight-forwardness, amiability—a sort of all round social man according to the ideals generally accepted." The *argot* in New York "has the most curious ramifications." "No roundaboutness—everything direct. Take a case: counterfeit money: a fellow wants to pass it: he uses every word through a substitute: he doesn't 'pass' it—he 'shoves' it: it is not 'counterfeit': it is 'queer': he therefore 'shoves the queer.' That is *argot*. Strange to say *argot* found it hard to get into the lingo of the soldier class. The average soldier in the War was from the back-country: honest, honorable, totally illiterate, of good instincts, hearty, friendly to a degree: he took slowly—very slowly—to the slanginess so common almost everywhere else." But finally "it crept in even there." The boys got so "they demanded a vocabulary that could be called their own."

Talking of the army brought out another matter. "There were three classes who served nobly during the War to whom

justice has never been done—the telegraph boys, the cadet physicians, the nurses in the hospitals. Some day somebody will write all that down circumstantially. The trouble is that it looks now as if the thing would be delayed till all the actors are dead. The telegraph boys were a remarkable body: picked up here and there—often waifs, mechanics, sometimes boys of well-to-do families: they were wonderfully sharp-witted—distinguished so, as a body: alert, active, bright, noble, industrious, temperate.” W. had “met hundreds of them: there were hundreds, thousands,” and he thought “perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole case” was the fact that “though they lived at the very heart of affairs there in the army and were necessarily admitted to confidences, secrecies, of almost unparalleled character,” there had “never been one—not one—who had violated the faith of the service.” This should “be emphasized above all else” in the story. “Indeed, if I should write of this, I should say what I have so often said before—always insisted upon: that this loyalty penetrated the whole service, top to bottom—every man in it: as I have put it of the Presidents—every man, whatever may have been his antecedents, whatever he had been before—what his origins, associations—the instant he takes the presidential chair does his damndest best, his damndest best, to justify those who elevated him to the office. I believe this even of Andy Johnson—in many respects the least likable of the lot: I was near him: my position in the Attorney General’s Office placed me in almost daily contact with those who were close to him: even Johnson went according to his light, though his light flickered enough and was often near to going out, to be sure. As with the Presidents, so with all.”

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FEBRUARY 7, 1889

“I met much that instructed me profoundly on that point [procrastination] during the War—among the soldiers, the generals. When something of a major character was to be done—something prompt, decisive, resolute—it was Sheridan they summoned, the Sheridans, the man who sort of recreated circumstances—not McClellan, the McClellans, the inert.” I said:

"And an awful exposure of McClellan it is in that last issue of *The Century*." He said instantly: "Indeed it is awful: but every word of it is true—not a word of it is unjust: I have long felt what is said, proven, there: felt it at the time: it seems more and more confirmed. In all our history, in all the history of these times, indeed of any time, I never knew a man intrusted with as great responsibilities, opportunities, who was as inert—dead, dead, with inertia." Then he cried: "Oh! I think there is no more important, valuable, necessary, class of men than the men who are under all conditions, all shifts of weather, all play of incident, unbaffled, undeviating, irrevocable."

FEBRUARY 8, 1889

Return to Carlyle: discussion of his status. I was warm pro. "We must take the balance of quality in a man." W. acknowledged. "All that is to be said: I think it is only right to allow for all that—to take it into account, give it a large margin. But that was not all: there was a local flavor in Carlyle—a flavor of bitterness that was not wholesome, not generous. I should say that something in the same vein is found in our own Dick Stoddard—in his assaults on Poe, others." I protested: "But Carlyle makes up grandly for all this: he has another side." He admitted it. "That is true—and Stoddard has not." Pausing. "Indeed no one would be more ready to stick up for that than I. Carlyle refrained from assaulting Burns—forgave his peccadilloes." W. further: "I do not know why: Burns was not Carlyle's man: Carlyle probably overlooked the sins because Burns was a Scotsman." If that was so how can we account for his defence of Byron? "Did he ever defend Byron? I did not know it." I quoted Froude—that Carlyle would freely criticise Byron himself but not allow it from others. W. said: "That is good to hear. Strangely, too, my own attitude towards Carlyle has always been the same. Mary Costelloe—Mary Smith—would often say: 'You won't hear anything said against Carlyle, will you?' It was a day in the city there: everybody was against Carlyle: there at Smith's, everybody: I stormed like the devil: I would not have it." I asked him if he didn't think the Carlyles necessary at certain periods? "Yes: I would not

deny that—would stoutly defend it in fact.” But then he amusedly added: “Carlyle was a great bear, too: hard to live with: not essentially a fraternal spirit.” I quoted Warden Brush as saying to Chadwick of the Sing Sing prisoners: “They sustain my faith in human nature. They are a big-hearted set: very kind to one another.” W. visibly touched. “Yes, yes: I am very amenable to that side—very amenable to the story, the appeal.”

FEBRUARY 9, 1889

“It has always been a puzzle to me why people think that because I wrote *Children of Adam*, *Leaves of Grass*, I must perforce be interested in all the literature of rape, all the pornography of vile minds. I have not only been made a target by those who despised me but a victim of violent interpretation by those who condoned me. You know the sort of stuff that’s sent to me here.”

FEBRUARY 10, 1889

“The trouble is that writers are too literary—too damned literary. There has grown up—Swinburne I think is an apostle of it—the doctrine (you have heard of it? it is dinned everywhere), art for art’s sake: think of it—art for art’s sake. Let a man really accept—let that really be his ruling thought—and he is lost.” I suggested: “If we say politics for politics’ sake they get mad.” W.: “So they do: that is very good: it’s true: politics for politics’ sake, church for church’s sake, talk for talk’s sake, government for government’s sake: state it any way you choose, it becomes offensive: it’s all out of the same pit. Instead of regarding literature as only a weapon, an instrument, in the service of something larger than itself, it looks upon itself as an end—as a fact to be finally worshipped, adored. To me that’s all a horrible blasphemy—a bad-smelling apostasy.”

* * *

“What do you think of this?” he asked, handing me a big portrait indorsed “John Addington Symonds, 1889—to Walt Whitman.” He said: “Don’t you think our fellows will have to look to their laurels when we get such work as this from

abroad—from Switzerland? Look at that: we can't beat it: we have bragged some—and there was some reason for it: but here these other people come along with a challenge. It only goes to show how things go round the earth—talents, trades, everything: how what one has another gets: we are getting so close together the world over no one can have any secrets from the rest." W. saw "an Emersonian something or other" in the brow and eyes of Symonds. Then he asked me: "Do you remember Gilder—Watson Gilder? Well—this is in Gilder's style—Symonds and Gilder have some look in common." But he added: "Symonds is the profounder, subtler man by far." "Taking Symonds' knowledge of Greek literature, life and what he knows of the Italians four or five centuries ago, I don't think his equal can be found in modern criticism—never has been, in fact, so far."

* * *

FEBRUARY 11, 1889

Talked of young Emperor William. "I find I can't think of him patiently: he rubs my fur the wrong way: I had great hopes of his father: they may have been based on nothing, but I had them: but this boy only excites my distrust. I never cease wondering how a people so enlightened as the Germans can tolerate the king, emperor, business anyway. The Hohenzollerns are a diseased mess, taking them all in all: there seems to be a corrupt physical strain in the family: what does it come from? can it be syphilis?" He was silent for a while. Resumed: "I am aware that that is often said of Frederick: it is the pet theory of doctors—their staple explanation: but the question is, is it true? how much of it can be true? I am not easily convinced in such matters: I call for absolute testimony—and that no one outside has got in this case. Doctors put all the iniquities of courts, palaces, high society, down at this door—but do they belong there? I listen to the stories—yet am not convinced: I am not willing to contradict them or ready to acquiesce."

FEBRUARY 15, 1889

"I do not worry: I determine not to worry—let come what may come. Resignation, I may call it: peace in spite of fate." I

broke in: "Peace at any price?" Laughed. "Almost that: what the religious people call resignation: the feeling that whatever comes is just the thing that ought to come—ought to be welcomed." But this element in him "is not explained" by his "occidental origins." His vision drew him into the past. "Somewhere, back, back, thousands of years ago, in my fathers, mothers, there must have been an oriental strain, element, introduced—a dreamy languor, calm, content: the germ, seed of it, somehow—of this quality which now turns up in me, to my benefit, salvation." Had this anything to do with fatalism? the Mohammedan temperament? "No: it antedates all that: we find it in Hindustan, Palestine, all over the East: rich, suffused with the glow of peace: in nations of men: before what we call civilization."

* * *

"That is what I wanted the book to be: to stand for in some sense, to testify to, the multifariousness of the universe—to include, combine, celebrate, all: all: not the least jot missed: not the mouthpiece of classes, select cliques, parts, details—the choiceries of literature: no: but all, all: to utter the bad as well as the good—to participate in the common, the outcast, along with the high, the elect: to see care, oversight, everywhere: the divine working through it all: never an ending of intention: the purpose vital, evident, inveterate, to the end."

Added: "There are still several more copies I should like to send to New York"—and after another pause: "One to Andrew Carnegie, I think." I may have looked dubious as to this. W. took it up. "He has been very kind to me—has helped me, tried to further me. I remember that once he wrote me almost a fulsome letter: full of warm words, thoughts." I must have still worn a doubtful aspect. "More than that, at the New York lecture, in 1887, he paid three hundred and fifty dollars for his seat—more than all the rest put together." I said: "But he has more money than all the rest put together fifty or a hundred times over." "Damn your logical brain!" But he said: "It is significant that his help was unsolicited: he volunteered: nobody, so I understand it, said a word to him by way of appeal. There were many men present of very large incomes—of im-

mense, princely, fortunes." I asked W.: "Why do you specify them? what do you care about them?" "Does it sound suspicious for me to pick them out?" "Yes—a little: I'd rather you didn't." W. said sharply: "You're quite a detective." I owned up to my suspicions of Carnegie. "I don't like the kind of quarrels he has with working-men." "Oh! that's the idea, is it?" W. persisted for C. Asked me: "Hasn't he got partners?" "Yes." "Well—all those partners must have specified, particularized, defined duties: much that is done by one may not be known about by the others: no doubt Carnegie stands apart from, does not realize, most that goes on." And at any rate "Carnegie showed himself so warm, generous, lavish, towards me, I must recognize it, would recognize it in anyone, notwithstanding your working-men." I said: "Walt, that sounds like treason: the knowledge of what he did for you is one thing—the consciousness of what he or his partners did with their working-men is another thing. I don't think his generosity to you or any individual makes up for his greed as towards the people from whom he derives all his money." "There is your logical faculty buzzing again: you're unbearable when you get going on that tack." He stopped. I waited wondering if he wouldn't say more. "Though when you put it that way, Horace, I acknowledge that you shake me a little."

FEBRUARY 16, 1889

W. got reminiscing. "Years and years and years ago Emerson spoke in an anti-slavery course in New York: he was the last in the course: read his essay on Slavery: I remember it very well: how, after he had finished the talk, had gathered the sheets of his manuscript together, so"—indicating, throwing his head aside, his voice emotional and powerful—"he asked in his deliberate way: 'Slavery? and why do I speak of slavery? what right have I to speak of slavery? are we not *all* slaves!' and then said no more; passed off the stage." Harned exclaimed: "How dramatic and beautiful!" W. said fervently: "It was, Tom: it was: oh! I think I did not then realize how profound that was coming at such a moment applied to such a situation: how very simple, yet also how very subtle, it was. You must take it along

with his wonderful composure, the sweetness of his demeanor: I myself was stirred to the bottom by it: I said to myself: 'You, man, are the vastest of us all!' " Then W. also said: "He was vast: that's the word for him: he was so spacious he welcomed, accommodated, everything: yes, and we are all, all of us, slaves!"

FEBRUARY 17, 1889

"You know, Horace, none of us put Emerson where he belonged in those early years—none of us, not one: indeed, I think that not till the late years, the very latest, of his life did we commence to realize his grand build—how vast his leisure really had to be. We knew he was great: we realized that there was something above the usual in his whole port—spiritual, physical: but for the rest, we were blind."

FEBRUARY 23, 1889

W.: "Though I don't care much for the dialect writers myself I acknowledged their validity, value, pertinence: that some of them are remarkably gifted: they indicate, stand for, exemplify, an important phase in our literary development." He had particularly in mind one of Bret Harte's "lesser quoted" poems. "It is mighty fine. I have regarded it as his most eminently splendid bit of work: what the locomotive from the Pacific says to the locomotive from the Atlantic when they meet: have you read that? Oh! it's capital: it's a perfect creation." Had he any objections to *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*? "Not a single objection: I like it—more than like it: all of it." Where did he rank Bret Harte? "I hardly know what to say to that." Above Mark Twain? "The English have taken to Harte: they seem to understand him." What was his idea of Mark Twain? "I think he mainly misses fire: I think his life misses fire: he might have been something: but he never arrives."

FEBRUARY 25, 1889

W. said: "I have been thinking of what Rossetti said in that letter about titled people—about being a republican: the earth will be covered with republics by and by." I put in: "or communes." He didn't object. "They may be the same thing,"

he said. I asked him if he thought the government development of the world would end with the republican form? "I don't say that at all: how could I see so far?" "Well—what of the anarchistic idea—no government at all?" He gave me a question for my question. "How can it be done? is there a way it can be done?" "The anarchists say so." He shook his head: "I know they do: but can it be done?"

I heard a lecture by Tom Davidson yesterday. W. questioned me. Listened. Finally he said: "Yes: I can see what Davidson was after: I, too, respect science—the scientific point of view—surely the scientific spirit: but I do not feel myself to be ready to say that I go with it wholly, unmitigatingly, for I do not. I can see what science sees—what it says can be seen; but there is much beyond that: I see that too." I said: "I'd like to hear you say more about that, Walt." He went on, I could see rather because of his own impulse than of my suggestion. "I should be inclined to say the supreme value, the highest service, science is rendering to thought to-day, in our world, is in clearing the way, pioneering, opening roads: untilling, in fact, some things instead of tilling them: sweeping away, destroying, burning, the underbrush. Oh! think of what it has done in untilling alone—what a precious force it has exerted in untilling! Take the instance of what is called the theological, what people call the religious world—the world of belief, so-called: think of it: of what it has swept away there: the slag, the waste, the filth: the loathsome prisons, bitterness, barbarisms! Even to-day its task is not done: see how much lingers still in some places: the cruel anathema not only of words but of deeds: how the traditions are still harped on, made much of, in pulpits—even in the press: how they threaten, slander, browbeat."

FEBRUARY 26, 1889

"Horace, we are all under the thumb of the millionaires: ours is a millionaire government, without a doubt." "Aren't all modern governments millionaire governments?" "I suppose they are or are getting to be." Then he added: "And I do not know that I complain: the millionaires must have their innings,

too: that is a phase we are going through—can't skip." I asked: "Then you don't think we'll always have millionaire governments?" He answered quickly: "You don't need to ask me such a question: the people, who are now asleep, will yet wake up." I said: "Sometimes you quarrel with the people who try to wake them up: you call them doctrinaires and partisans." "Do I?" "You certainly do: yet you are a fierce doctrinaire and partisan in your own way." He said he wasn't "inclined to dispute" me. But how did I make that out? "No one is more stubborn for what he considers the truth than you are. That's all the other fellows are: stubborn for the truth as they see it."

A FRAGMENT

LAURA CAMPBELL

I STAND in a rain-drenched garden, motionless;
Large, soft shapes of the dusk loom here, loom there;
Tall asters, swaying and white, lean to my limbs,
And low, wet grasses reach for my ankles bare.

Black branches are waving above me, soundlessly;
An odor of mellowing fruit is in the air;
I look on a low, dark house, on a glimmering light,
On the shadow of one who moves slow in a window-square;

Who pauses, is still, who is listening with low-bent head—
Something stirs like a breath through the quiet night,
Stirs like a breath—there's a swift, long gleam on the grass—
What is it that stirs like a breath through the quiet night?

I stand in a rain-drenched garden, motionless;
How whitely the asters sway! How strangely I peer
Through the shapes of the dusk at the shadow—who is it that's
listening there?
I stand in a rain-drenched garden. . . . *Where is it? How
came I here?*

DOSTOIEVSKY AND TOLSTOY

JAMES HUNEKER

IN his *Criticism and Fiction*, Mr. Howells wrote: "It used to be one of the disadvantages of the practice of romance in America, which Hawthorne more or less whimsically lamented, that there were few shadows and inequalities in our broad level of prosperity; and it is one of the reflections suggested by Dostoievsky's novel, *The Crime and the Punishment*, that whoever struck a note so profoundly tragic in American fiction would do a false and mistaken thing—as false and as mistaken in its way as dealing in American fiction with certain nudities which the Latin peoples seem to find edifying."

Who cares nowadays for the classifications of idealist, realist, romanticist, psychologist, symbolist, and the rest of the phrases, which are only so much superfluous baggage for literary camp followers? All great romancers are realists, and the converse may be true. You note it in Dumas and his gorgeous, clattering tales—improbable, but told in terms of the real. For my part, I often find them too real, with their lusty wenches and their heroes smelling of the slaughterhouse. Turn now to Flaubert, master of all the moderns; you may trace the romancer dear to the heart of Hugo, or the psychologist in *Madame Bovary*, the archæological novel in *Salammbô*, or cold grey realism, as in *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, while his very style, with its sumptuous verbal echoes, its resonant rhythmic periods—is not all this the beginnings of that symbolism carried to such lengths by Verlaine and his followers? Shakespeare himself ranged from gross naturalism to the quiring of cherubim.

Walter Scott was a master realist, if you forget his old-fashioned operatic scenery and costumes. It is to Jane Austen we must go for the realism admired of Mr. Howells, and justly. Her work is all of a piece. The Russians are realists, but with a difference; and that deviation forms the school. Taking Gogol as the norm of modern Russian fiction—Leo Wiener's admirable anthology surprises with its specimens of earlier men—we see the novel strained through the rich, mystic imagination of Dos-

toievsky; viewed through the more equable, artistic and also pessimistic temperament of Turgenev, until it is seized by Leo Tolstoy, a giant in power, and passionately transformed to serve his own purposes. Realism? Yes, such as the world has never before seen, and yet at times as idealistic as Shelley. It is not surprising that John M. Robertson wrote, as far back as 1891: "In that strange country where brute power seems to be throttling all the highest life of the people . . . there yet seems to be no cessation in the production of truthful literary art. . . . For justice of perception, soundness and purity of taste, and skill of workmanship, we in England, with all our freedom, can offer no parallel."

Perhaps "freedom" is the reason.

And what did this critic say of the *De Profundis* of Maxim Gorky? Are there still darker depths to be explored? Little wonder he calls Kipling's "the art of a great talent with a cheap culture and a flashy environment." Therefore, to talk of such distinctions as realism and romance is sheer waste of time. It is but a recrudescence of the old classic v. romantic conflict. Stendhal has said that a classicist was a dead romanticist. It still holds good. But here in America, "the colorless shadowland of fiction," is there no tragedy in Gilead for souls not supine! Some years ago James Lane Allen, who cannot be accused of any hankerings after the fleshpots of Zola, made an energetic protest against what he denominated the "feminine principle" in our fiction. He did not mean the books written by women—in sooth, they are for the most part boiling over with the joy of life—but he meant the feminism of so much of our novel writing put forth by men.

The censor in Russia by his very stringency has caused a great fictional literature to blossom, despite his forbidding blue pencil. In America the sentiment of the etiolated, the brainless, the prudish, the hypocrite, is the censor. (Though something might be said about the pendulum swinging too far in the opposite direction, at the present time.) Not that Mr. Howells is straitlaced, prudish, narrow in his views—but he puts his foot down on the expression of the tragic, the unusual, the emotional. With him, charming artist, it is a matter of temperament. He admires with

a latitude quite foreign to English-speaking critics such diverse geniuses as Flaubert, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Galdos, Jane Austen, Emilia Pardo Bázan—Mathilde Serao, greater than any modern woman writer of fiction—Henry James and George Moore. But he admires each on his or her native heath. That their particular methods might be given universal application he does not admit. And when he wrote the above about Dostoievsky, New York was not inhabited by so many Russians and Poles and people from south-eastern Europe as it is now. Dostoievsky, if he were alive, would find plenty of material, tragedy and comedy alike, on our East Side.

The new translation of Dostoievsky in English by Constance Garnett is significant. A few years ago *Crime and Punishment* was the only one of his works well known. Now *The Possessed*, that extraordinary study of souls obsessed by madness and crime, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *The House of the Dead*, and *The Idiot* are in the hands of American readers, who indorse what Nietzsche said of the Russian master: "This profound man . . . has perceived that Siberian convicts, with whom he lived for a long time (capital criminals for whom there was no return to society), were persons carved out of the best, the hardest and the most valuable material to be found in the Russian dominions. . . . Dostoievsky is the only psychologist from whom I had anything to learn."

And in the letters exchanged between Nietzsche and Dr. Georg Brandes, the latter writes of Dostoievsky after the Danish critic's visit to Russia: "He is a great poet, but a detestable fellow, altogether Christian in his emotions, and quite *sadique* at the same time. All his morality is what you have christened 'Slaves' morality. . . . Look at Dostoievsky's face: half the face of a Russian peasant, half the physiognomy of a criminal, flat nose, little penetrating eyes, under lids trembling with nervousness, the forehead large and well-shaped, the expressive mouth telling of tortures without count, of unfathomable melancholy, of morbid desires, endless compassion, passionate envy. An epileptic genius whose very exterior speaks of the stream of mildness that fills his heart, of the wave of almost insane perspicuity that gets into his head, finally the ambition, the great-

ness of endeavor, and the envy that small-mindedness begets. . . . His heroes are not only poor and crave sympathy, but are half imbeciles, sensitive creatures, noble drabs, often victims of hallucinations, talented epileptics, enthusiastic seekers after martyrdom, the very types that we are compelled to suppose probable among the apostles and disciples of the early Christian era. Certainly no mind stands further removed from the Renaissance."

Of all Dostoievsky's portraits, that of Nastasia Philipovna in *The Idiot* is the most lifelike and astounding. The career of this half-mad girl is sinister and tragic; she is half-sister in her temperamental traits to Paulina in the same master's admirable story *The Gambler*. Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov* is another woman of the dæmoniac type to which Nastasia belongs. Then there are high-spirited, hysterical girls, such as Katarina in the *Karamazov*, Aglaia Epanchin in *The Idiot*, Liza in *The Possessed* (*Besi*). The borderland of puberty is a favorite theme with the Russian writer. And the splendidly fierce old women, mothers, aunts, grandmothers ("Granny" in *The Gambler* is a full-length portrait worthy of Hogarth) and befuddled old men—retired from service in state and army; Dostoievsky is a masterly painter of drunkards, drabs and neuropaths. Prince Mushkin (or Myshkin), the semi-idiot in *The Idiot*, is depicted with surpassing charm. He is half-cracked and an epileptic, but is one of the most lovable young men in fiction. Thinking of him, you recall what Nietzsche wrote of Christ: "One regrets that a Dostoievsky did not live in the neighborhood of this most interesting decadent; I mean some one who knew just how to perceive the thrilling charm of such a mixture of the sublime, the sickly and the childish." Here is a moral landscape of "the dark Russian soul" and an exemplification in the Prince Myshkin of *The Idiot*, who is evidently an attempt to portray a latter-day Christ.

Rasnikolov, in *Crime and Punishment*, like Rogozhin in *The Idiot*, Stavrogin in *The Possessed*, were supermen before Nietzsche. But half-mad. A famous alienist has declared that three-fourths of Dostoievsky's characters are quite mad. This is an exaggeration, but there are many about whom the aura of mad-

ness and melancholy hovers. Dostoievsky himself was epileptic; poverty and epilepsy were his companions through a life crowded with unhappiness. (Born 1822, died 1881.) He was four years in Siberia, condemned, though innocent, as a member of the Pétrachavsky group. He tells us that the experience calmed his nerves. His recollections of his Dead House are harrowing and make the literature of prison life, whether written by Hugo, Zola, Tolstoy or others, like the literary exercise of an amateur. It is this sense of reality, of life growing like grass over one's head, that renders the novels of Dostoievsky "human documents." Calling himself a "proletarian of letters," this tender-hearted man denied being a psychologist—which preëminently he was: "They call me a psychologist; it is not true. I am only a realist in the highest sense of the word, i. e., I depict all the soul's depths." If he has shown us the soul of the madman, drunkard, libertine, the street-walker, he has also exposed the psychology of the gambler.

He knew. He was a desperate gambler, and in Baden actually starved in company with his wife. These experiences may be found depicted in *The Gambler*. He has been called the Bosuet of the "détraqués," but I prefer that other and more appropriate title, the Dante of the North. His novels are infernos. How well Nietzsche studied him; they were fellow-spirits in suffering. All Dostoievsky is in his phrase, "There are no ugly women"—put in the mouth of the senile, debauched Karamazov, a companion portrait to Balzac's Baron Hulot. His love for women has a pathological cast. His young girls discuss unpleasant matters. Even Frank Wedekind was anticipated in his *Spring's Awakening* by the Russian in *The Brothers Karamazov*: "How can Katarina have a baby if she isn't married?" cries one of the youngsters, a question which is the very nub and motive power of the Wedekind play. Or "Two parallel lines may meet in eternity," which sounds like Ibsen's query: "Two and two may make five on the planet Jupiter." He was deeply pious, nevertheless a questioner. His books are full of theological wranglings. Consider the "prose-poem" of the Grand Inquisitor and the second coming of Christ. Or such an idea as the "craving for community of worship is the chief misery

of man, of all humanity from the beginning of time." We recognize Nietzsche in Dostoievsky's "the old morality of the old slave man," and a genuine poet in "the secret of the earth mingles with the mystery of the stars." His naïve conception of eternity as "a chamber something like a bathhouse, long neglected, and with spider-webs in its corners" reminds us of Nietzsche when he describes his doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence. The Russian has told us in memorable phrases of the blinding, intense happiness, a cerebral spasm, which lasts for the fraction of a second at the beginning of an epileptic attack. For it he declares, for that brief moment, during which paradise is disclosed, he would sacrifice a lifetime. Little wonder that in the interim of a cold, grey, miserable existence he suffered from what he calls "mystic fear," the fear of fear, such as Maeterlinck shows us in *The Intruder*. As for the socialists, he says their motto is: "Don't dare to believe in God, don't dare to have property, fraternity or death, two millions of heads!"

The foundational theme of his work is an overwhelming love for mankind, a plea for solidarity which too often degenerates into sickly sentimentalism. He imitated Dickens, George Sand and Victor Hugo—the Hugo of *Les Misérables*. He hated Turgenev and caricatured him in *The Possessed*. It is true that in dialogue he has never had a superior; his men and women talk as they would talk in life and only in special instances are mouth-pieces for the author's ideas—in this quite different from so many of Tolstoy's characters. Merejkowsky has said without fear of contradiction that Dostoievsky is like the great dramatists of antiquity in his "art of gradual tension, accumulation, increase and alarming concentration of dramatic action." His books are veritably tragic. In Russian music alone may be found a parallel for his poignant pathos and gloomy imaginings and shuddering climaxes. What is more wonderful than Chapter I of *The Idiot*, with its adumbration of the entire plot and characterization of the book, or Chapter XV and its dramatic surprises?

His cardinal doctrine of non-resistance is illustrated in a little-known anecdote. One evening, while he was walking in St. Petersburg, evidently in meditation, a beggar asked him for alms. Dostoievsky did not answer; enraged by his apparent

indifference, the man gave him such a violent blow that he was knocked off his legs. On arising he picked up his hat, dusted his clothes and walked away; but a policeman who saw the attack came running toward the beggar and took him to the lock-up. Despite his protest, Dostoievsky accompanied them. He refused to make a charge, for he argued that he was not sure the prisoner was the culpable one; it was dark and he had not seen his face. Besides, he might have been sick in his mind; only a sick person would attack in such a manner. "Sick!" cried the examining magistrate, "that drunken, good-for-nothing, sick! A little rest in jail would do him good." "You are wrong," contradicted the accused, "I am not drunk but hungry. When a man has eaten he doesn't believe that another is starving." "True," answered Dostoievsky, "this poor chap was crazy with hunger. I shan't make a complaint." Nevertheless the ruffian was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Dostoievsky gave him three rubles before he left. Now this kind man was, strange as it may seem, an anti-Semite. His diary revealed the fact after his death. In life he kept this prejudice to himself.

II

Thanks to Count Melchoir de Vogüé, who introduced Tolstoy to the French in his *Le Roman Russe* (containing studies of Poushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoievsky), literary Paris was for a long time saturated in Russian Mysticism, and what the clear-headed Alphonse Daudet called "Russian pity." It was Count de Vogüé, member of the Academy and Neo-Catholic (as the group headed by Ernest Lavisse elected to style itself), who compressed all Tolstoy in an epigram as having "the mind of an English chemist in the soul of an Indian Buddhist" ("On dirait l'esprit d'un chimiste anglais dans l'âme d'un bouddhiste hindou").

The modulation of a soul, at first stagnant, then plunged into the gulf of hopelessness, and at last catching a glimpse of light, is most clearly expressed by Leo Nikolaievitch in his *Resurrection*. That by throwing yourself again into the mire you may atone for early transgressions—the muddy sins of your youth—is one of

those deadly ideas born in the crazed brain of an East Indian jungle-haunting fanatic. It possibly grew out of the barbarous custom of blood sacrifices. Waiving the tales told of his insincerity by Frau Anna Seuron, we know that Tolstoy wrestled with the five thousand devils of doubt and despair, and found light, *his* light, in a most peculiar fashion. But he is often the victim of his own illusions. That, Vogüé, a great admirer, pointed out some years ago. Turgenev understood Tolstoy; so did Dostoievsky, and so does latterly the novelist, Dmitri Merejkowsky.

Turgenev's appeal to Tolstoy is become historic, and all the more pathetic because written on the eve of his death.

"Dear and beloved Leo Nikolaievitch: I have not written to you for a long time, for I lie on my death-bed. I cannot get well; that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary, and to make my last earnest request. My friend, return to literary work. This talent of yours has come from where all else comes. Oh, how happy I should be could I believe that my entreaty would prevail with you! My friend, our great national writer, grant my request." This may be found, if we remember aright, in the Halperine-Kaminsky memoir.

Turgenev, who was the greater artist of the pair, knew that Tolstoy was on the wrong path with his crack-brained religious and social notions; knew that in his becoming the writer of illogical tracts and pamphlets, Russia was losing a great artist. What would he have said if he had lived to read the sad recantation and artistic suicide of Tolstoy: "I consign my own artistic productions to the category of bad art, except the story *God Sees the Truth*, which seeks a place in the first class, and *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*, which belongs to the second." Also sprach Tolstoy in that madman's book called *What is Art?*, a work wherein he tried to outvie Nordau in his insane abuse of beautiful art.

The *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, Dante, and Goethe, are all consigned to the limbo of bad art; bad because not "understood of the people." The peasant, the moujik, is the criterion of art, an art which should be a cross between fireworks and the sign-writing of the Aztecs. Vogüé

declared that Tolstoy had, like an intrepid explorer, leaped into an abyss of philosophical contradictions. Even the moderate Faguet becomes enraged at the puerilities of the Russian. He wrote: "Tolstoy, comme créateur, comme romancier, comme poète épique, pour mieux dire, est un des quatre ou cinq plus grands génies de notre siècle. Comme penseur, il est un des faibles esprits de l'Europe."

Not all that, replies Remy de Gourmont; Tolstoy may be wildly mistaken, but he is never weak-minded. We think it is his strength, his intensity that sends him caracolling on a dozen different roads in search of salvation.

How a man lacking the critical faculty may be misled is to be seen in *What is Art?* To master his subject, the deluded novelist read all the essays, disquisitions and works he could find on the theme of æsthetics. This as a preparation for clear thinking! It reminds one of that comical artist, Pellerin, in Flaubert's *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, who devoured all the æsthetic treatises, ancient and modern, in search of a true theory of the Beautiful, before he painted a picture; and he had so thoroughly absorbed the methods of various painters that he could not sit down at his easel in the presence of his model without asking himself: "Shall I 'do' her *à la* Gainsborough, or, better still, in the romantic and mysterious manner of M. Delacroix, with fierce sunsets, melting moons, guitars, bloodshed, balconies and the cries of them that are assassinated for the love of love?"

Tolstoy reaches, after many hundred pages of his essay, the astounding "original" theory that art "is to establish brotherly union among men," which was better said by Aristotle, and probably first heard by him as a Socratic pearl of wisdom. It has remained for Merejkowsky to set right the Western world in its estimate of Tolstoy as man and artist. In his startling study the facts in the case are laid bare by a skilled, impartial hand. What he writes is well known among Russians; it may shock English-speaking worshippers, who do not accept Tolstoy as a great artist, but as the prophet of a new dispensation—and it may be said, without beating about the bush, he rather liked the niche in which he was placed by these uncritical zealots.

The fate of the engineer hoist by his own petard is Tolstoy's. The peasants of his country understand him as little as they understand Beethoven, that Beethoven he so bitterly, so unjustly assailed in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. (Poor Beethoven. Why did not Tolstoy select *Tristan and Isolde* if he wished some fleshly music, some "sensualistic caterwauling," as Huxley phrased it? But a melodious violin and piano sonata!) Tolstoy may go barefoot, dig for potatoes, wear his blouse hanging outside, but the peasantry will never accept him as one of their own. He has written volumes about "going to the people," and the people do not want him, do not comprehend him. And that is Tolstoy's tragedy, as it was the tragedy of Walt Whitman.

Good old Walt sang of his *camerados*, the ferry men, brakemen, butchers, bakers, sailors, soldiers and candlestick makers. He associated with them—and they never read him! They do not read him to-day. They prefer—Longfellow. (I remember crossing on a Camden ferryboat with the good grey poet in the early 'eighties. I piloted him to a concert of string-quartet music. Walt—everyone called him Walt—talked to his friends the deckhands, and played with a little disreputable dog of the door-mat variety. As we stepped off I overheard one of his rough companions say: "There goes that old gas bag again. He makes me tired!" So much for the appreciation of Walt's "powerful, uneducated persons!") Tolstoy, like Whitman, is only for the cultured.

Curious students can find all they wish of Tolstoy's psychology in Merejkowsky's book. One thing we cannot forbear dwelling upon—Dostoievsky's significance in any discussion of Tolstoy. Dostoievsky's was a profounder nature, greater than Tolstoy's, though he was not the finished literary artist. All that Tolstoy tried to be, Dostoievsky was. He did not "go to the people" (that pose of dilettantish anarchy)—he was born of them; he did not write about Siberian prisons from hearsay, he lived in them—a political convict, reprieved from death, because of his participation in the Pétrachevsky group; he did not attempt to dive into the deep social waters of the "submerged tenth," because he himself seldom emerged to the surface. In a word, Dostoievsky is a profounder psychologist than Tolstoy; his faith

was fierier; his attacks of epilepsy gave him glimpses of the underworld of the soul, terrifying visions of his sub-conscious self, of his subliminal personality. And he had the courage of his chimera.

Tolstoy feared art as being too artificial, and, as Merejowsky shows, "from the dread mask of Caliban peeps out the familiar and by no means awe-inspiring physiognomy of the obstinate Russian democrat squire, the gentleman Positivist of the 'sixties. He never took writing as seriously as Dostoievsky did; in Tolstoy there is a strong leaven of the aristocrat, the man who rather despises a mere pen worker. Contrast Dostoievsky's attitude before his work, recall the painful parturition of books, his sweating, remorseful days and nights when he could not produce. And now Tolstoy tells us that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is greater than Shakespeare. Is it any wonder Turgenev remonstrated with him? Is it any wonder if, after reading one of his latter-day tracts, we are reminded of *The Washerwoman of Finchley Common*, that classic in the polemics of snuffling piety? The truth is that Tolstoy, a wonderful artist in plastic portraiture, consciously or unconsciously fashioned the Tolstoy legend, as did Richard Wagner the Wagner legend, Victor Hugo the Hugo legend. Men of genius and imagination are nearly all play-actors in matters autobiographical.

It is to Dostoievsky, once the despised outcast, that we must go for the human documents of misery, the naked soul, the heart of man buffeted by fate. If you think *Resurrection* strong, then read Dostoievsky's *The House of the Dead*. If *Anna Karénina* has wooed you—as it must—take up *The Idiot*; and if you are impressed by the epical magnitude of *War and Peace*, study that other epic of souls, *The Brothers Karamazov*, which illuminates, as if with ghastly flashes of lightning, the stormy hearts of mankind. Tolstoy wrote of life; Dostoievsky lived it, drank its sour dregs—for he was a man accursed by luck, an epileptic, and, like the apocalyptic dreamer of Patmos, a seer of visions denied to the robust, ever fleshly Tolstoy. He is the greater psychologist, and his influence on Tolstoy was more profound than Stendhal's—Stendhal, of whom Tolstoy spoke as his master.

Tolstoy denies life, even hates it, after having enjoyed to

the full its pleasures. His religion in the last analysis is nihilism, and if carried to its logical conclusion would turn the civilized world into a desert. There is no danger of this happening, for our great man, after his family was in bed, sometimes ate forbidden slices of beef, and he had been seen enjoying a sly cigarette, all of which should endear him to us, for it proves his unquenchable humanity. Yet that roast beef sandwich shook the faith of thousands. No—it will not do to take Tolstoy seriously in his attempts at evolving a parody of early Christianity. He is doubtlessly sincere, but sincerity is often the cloak for a multitude of errors.

His Katusha—Maslova, as she is more familiarly known in *Resurrection*—is a far less appealing figure than the street-walker Sonia in Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*. The latter lives, while poor Maslova, a crude silhouette in comparison, as soon as she begins the march to Siberia is transformed into a clotheshorse upon which Tolstoy drapes his moral platitudes. She is at first much more vital than her betrayer, who is an unreal bundle of theories; but in company with the rest of the characters she soon goes up in metaphysical smoke. Walizewsky asserts that all Tolstoy's later life was a regrettable pose. "But this is the usual price of every kind of human greatness, and in the case of this very great man it is an atavistic feature of the national education, which in his case was originally of the most hasty and superficial description."

In *As The Hague Ordains*, the anonymous author attacks "our great reformer and humbug," Count Leo Tolstoy. She claims that there is hardly a village in China so abounding in filth and ignorance as the Tula village of Yasnaga Polyana, beside Tolstoy's country home.

"I wonder," she writes, "why the procession of foreign visitors who go to Yasnaya Polyana, who lavish adulation and hysterical praises upon that crass socialist and mischief-maker of his day, never think to look around them and use their reasoning powers. Would it not be the logical thing for Yasnaya Polyana to be the model village of Russia? Something cleaner than Edam or Marken? A little of his magnificent humanitarianism and benevolence poured upon that unsanitary village on his own

estate would be more practical, it seems to me, than the thin treacle of it spread over the whole universe. Talk is cheap in Yasnaya Polyana, and the Grand Poseur plays his part magnificently. Every visitor goes away completely hypnotized, especially the Americans, with their frothing about equality and the universal brotherhood of man.

“Universal grandmother! All men are just as equal as all noses or all mouths are equal. The world gets older, but learns nothing, and it cherishes delusions, and the same ones, just as it did in the time of the Greek philosophers. Leo Tolstoy might well have lived in a tub or carried a lantern by day, like the most sensational and theatrical of the ancients. He is only a past master of *réclame*, of the art of advertising. The Moujik blouse and those delightful tableaux of a real nobleman shoemaking and haymaking make his books sell. That is all. And, under the unsuspecting blouse of the humanitarian, is the fine and perfumed linen of the dandy. Leo Tolstoy, the Beau Brummel of his corps in my father’s day—the dandy in domino to-day.”

III

Tolstoy the artist! When his vagaries are forgotten, when all his books are rags, when his very name shall be a vague memory, there will live the portrait of Anna Karénina. How dwarfed are his other achievements compared to the creation of this woman, and to create a living character is to be as the gods! Tolstoy has painted one of the three women in the fiction of the nineteenth century. If the roll-call of the century is ever sounded these three women shall have endured “the drums and trappings” of many conquests, and the contiguous dust of fictional creatures not built for immortality. Balzac’s Valerie Marneffe, Emma Bovary of Flaubert, and the Russian’s Anna Karénina are these daughters of earth, flesh and blood, tears and lust, and the pride of life that killeth.

Despite Tolstoy’s religious mania, we have never doubted for a moment his sincerity. It is a mysterious yet potent factor in the psychology of such an artist as Tolstoy that whatever he did he

did with tremendous sincerity. That is the reason his fiction is nearer reality than other fictions, and the reason, too, that his realities, i. e., his declarations of faith, are nearer other men's fictions. When he writes of his conversion, like John Bunyan, he lets you see across the very sill of his soul. And he does it artistically. He is not conscious that art enters into the mechanism of this spiritual evisceration; but it does. St. Augustine, John Bunyan, John Henry Newman, wrote of their adventures of the spirit in letters of fire, and in all three there is a touch of the sublime naïveté of childhood's outpourings.

I agree with the estimate of Tolstoy in Merejkowsky. The main points of this study have been known to students who followed Tolstoy's extraordinary career for the past quarter of a century. Ibsen's individualism appeals. Better his torpedo exploding a thousand times under the social ark than the Oriental passivity of the Russian. There is hope in the message of *Brand*; none in Tolstoy's nihilism. One glorifies the will, the other rejects it. No comparison can be made between the two wonderful men as playwrights. Yet Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness* is brutal melodrama when compared to Ibsen's complex dramatic organisms. But what a nerve-shattering revelation is *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*! That is the real Tolstoy.

How amateurish is the attitude of the Tolstoy disciple who questions his masterpieces! What is mere art compared to the message! And I say, what are all his vaporings and fatidical croonings on the tripod of pseudo-prophecy as compared to *Anna Karénina*? There is implicit drama, implicit morality in its noble pages, and a segment of the life of a nation in *War and Peace*. With preachers and saviours with quack nostrums the world is already well stocked. Great artists are rare. Every day a new religion is born somewhere—and it always finds followers. But art endures, it outlives dynasties, religions, divinities. It is with Tolstoy the artist we are preoccupied. He may deliver his messages of warning to a careless world—which only pricks up its ears when that message takes on questionable colors, as in the unpalatable *Kreutzer Sonata*. Yes, that was eagerly devoured for its morbid eroticism. We prefer the austere Ibsen, who presents his men and women within the frame of the drama,

absolutely without personal comment or *parti pris*—as did Tolstoy, before his decadence, in his novels. Ibsen is the type of the philosophical anarch, the believer in man's individuality, in the State for the individual, not the individual for the State. It is at least more dignified than the other's flood of confessions, of hysterical self-accusations, of penitential vows and abundant lack of restraint. No one doubts Tolstoy's repentance. Like Verlaine's it carried with it its own proofs.

But why publish to the world these intimate soul processes, fascinating as they are to laymen and psychologist alike? Why not keep watch with his God in silence and alone? The reason was (only complicated with a thousand other things: for Tolstoy was a complex being and a Slav), the plain reason was, we repeat, because Leo Nikolaievitch was an artist. He obeyed that *demon* known to Socrates and Goethe, and minutely recorded his mental and emotional fluctuations. And with Richard Wagner and Dostoievsky, Tolstoy is one of the three most emotional temperaments of the nineteenth century. Unlike Ibsen and Nietzsche, he does not belong to the twentieth century; his religion, his social doctrines are atavistic, are of the past. Tolstoy is what the French call *un cérébral*, which, as Arthur Symons points out, is by no means a man of intellect. "*Un cérébral* is a man who feels through his brain, in whom emotion transforms itself into idea, rather than in whom idea is transformed by emotion." How well a phrase fits Tolstoy—the fever of the soul! He has had the "fever of the soul," has subdued it, and his recital of his struggles makes breathless reading. They are depicted by an artist, an emotional artist, and, despite his protestations, by one who died an artist, and will be remembered, not as the pontiff of a new dispensation, but as a great world-artist.

An admirer has said of him that "confession has become his second nature." Rather a psychological necessity. The voice that cried from the comfortable wilderness of Yasnaya Polyana furnished unique "copy" for newspapers. Alas! the pity of it all! The moral dyspepsia that overtook Carlyle in middle-life was the result of a lean, spoiled, half-starved youth; the moral dyspepsia that seized the soul of the wonderful Tolstoy was the outcome of a riotous youth, a youth overflowing with the "joy

of life." Ibsen, like Carlyle, battled in his early days with poverty; but his message—if you will have a definite message (Oh, these literal, unimaginative folk of the Gradgrind sort, who would wring from the dumb mysterious beauty of nature definite meanings—as if sheer existence itself is not its own glorious vindication!)—may be a hopeful one. The individual is all in all; he is the evangel of the future; his belief is buoyant and Northern; whereas Tolstoy's sour outlook, his constant girding at the vanities of life (after he has, Solomon-like, tasted of them to the full) is Eastern; his is the Oriental fatalism, the hopeless doctrine of determinism. He discovers a new sin every day. Better one hour of Nietzsche's dancing madness than a cycle of Tolstoy's pessimistic renunciations.

And his inane ethical propaganda does not shake in the least our conviction of the grandeur and truth of Tolstoy's art.

THE SHIRKER

HELEN B. CAMPBELL

THE night-light flickered, died down, flickered again, then wavered upward into a thin radiance. He opened his eyes. He was thirsty. "Nurse," he whispered. "Nurse Powell!"

She must have tiptoed away for a moment, supposing him asleep. But he had only been dozing,—thinking.

The watch on the table beside him showed that it lacked five minutes to three o'clock. He was glad he'd made them leave the night-light.

"Nurse!" he whispered again, hoarsely. What right had she to leave him alone like this? She was with him, right enough, when he came out of the ether; she'd smiled then, he remembered,—had said it was over,—that he must go to sleep now, if he could. . . . If only his brain would lie as heavily quiet as his body! He closed his eyes. . . . What was it that had brought him here? . . . There was something, somewhere, that he could not recollect. . . . Ah,—the War. For a few blessed hours he had been able to forget. . . .

Seven months of war: seven times seven years of mental torture for him,—and none of them understood. They'd tried to, he knew: his mother, Martha, Joe,—all of them; but he knew they still felt he ought to go. Discomfort, privation, suffering,—death, perhaps,—that was all war meant to him, and he couldn't face it. . . . Other fellows were different. He'd watched them,—heard them talk. They knew well enough that the man next them might be hit, but each and every one believed that a special Providence would keep him safe,—fighting stupendously, a song on his lips and England in his heart. . . . It was all easy enough if you felt like that,—but he had no faith in that Providence.

What of that charge of the Germans Joe had described so mercilessly on his last leave? A solid mass of human beings, urged forward from behind into a flaming, screeching wall of death. Where was their Providence? . . . And the first two

rows of them. Why, Joe had said they were just a screen, they couldn't fight, their hands were empty. They could only plunge on, heads down, shielding their faces with their arms, like children,—helpless. As fast as they fell their bodies were stamped, face downward, into the mud and forgotten. Not a chance. . . .

The flimsy cotton of his screen moved ever so slightly. He moistened his lips and tried to draw the bed-clothes nearer his chin. He would tell the nurse there was a beastly draught in this corner. . . . He hated the night. . . . How cruel she was to creep off so stealthily without telling him. It was her business to be where she was needed. But women were selfish creatures—all except Martha. Martha was different; but then, she loved him. . . .

Five years, now, she'd waited patiently, believing all along that he'd marry her when he could. He'd meant to at the first,—she knew that. But one thing and another had cropped up to postpone and prevent. . . . If the child had been a son—well, that might have made a difference. Somehow, for a girl, a father's name seemed of less importance. . . . Martha had always trusted him,—always said she knew he'd do the right thing by her and the child,—but it didn't seem as necessary now as it did at first. Of course, she'd stick to him to the end of time, but—was it his fancy only, or had she really seemed less glad to see him the last time he'd run down to spend an afternoon with her? . . . If she turned on him now, he'd know the reason. The War again. . . . That young swine of a sergeant, too. . . . Why hadn't he thought of that possibility before? He had been there with Martha twice, now. Was she, perhaps, seeing too much of the fellow? . . . That must have been the badge of his regiment she was wearing,—that thistle. She'd tried to hide it when he joked her about it, he remembered,—and she'd blushed, too. . . . A dirty Tommy dangling after *his* woman,—poisoning her mind against her own child's father! . . . "I'll kick him into Kingdom Come if I find him skulking round there again," he breathed, savagely. . . . But would Martha thank him if he did? . . . He twitched, restlessly.

What would she say, could she see him now? What explanation could he give her? What was he doing, lying here helpless in a strange bed, with this faint sickening smell clinging to his hands, his night-shirt,—everything? His brain groped for the reason of it all. . . . He must remember, or go mad. . . .

Had he come in here to get away from it all? To forget, for a little, those posters everywhere,—the blasted khaki,—the tramping feet, the singing,—those sneering, sidelong glances in the streets? . . . That was it. It was coming back to him, now, bit by bit. . . .

There had been four of them, in khaki. They had come limping out of the hospital as he passed, in bad shape—all of them—but their heads were up and they were smiling,—laughing. *Laughing at him.* . . . He'd seen red,—God! he remembered well enough now!—and had smashed his clenched fist down on the bandaged arm of the man nearest him with all his might. . . . Then he'd stepped back,—run out into the street,—some one had shouted a warning . . . but it got him before he could dodge. . . .

He never quite lost consciousness. He lay there in the road,—writhing, broken, streaming blood,—till the ambulance came, and they picked him up and flung him roughly inside,—or so it had seemed to him. . . . Hours of agony. Then the ether. . . .

But now it was over, they'd told him, and the pain had almost stopped. He mustn't think back. It would upset him. He must relax and try to get some sleep. To-morrow he'd be better. . . . He'd get them to move him to-morrow, if he didn't like this corner better by daylight. . . .

Martha need never know about all this. He'd write her a card saying he was going away for a little. Then, when he was well again, he'd fetch her and the child up to town and they could clear out together for Mexico—Argentina—The Cape—anywhere, and go in for something active, to take his mind off everything. Sheep-farming was good business, he'd been told. . . .

How happy Martha would be. Poor old girl! It would be

Heaven for her, and he could commence life again. . . . He longed to start at once. When would they let him up? he wondered. He had feared, from the grim faces of the doctors, that he was in for a long siege of it. He must have been pretty badly cut about or he'd not be so sore all over, nor so stiff,—so damned stiff. . . .

He turned his head, experimentally, with a twinge of pain. Then his arms. They were easier, but he was too weak to do more than lift them a few inches, one at a time. Now the right leg. . . . Funny, how helpless he was in the legs. . . . The left one, then. . . .

A clock somewhere out in the darkness struck three. Queer, that he. . . .

The night-light flickered, died down, flickered again, went out. He strained every nerve, the sweat rolling down his face in great beads of terror, his eyes staring, fixed, into the blackness. . . .

Gently and slowly, very slowly, his hand moved downwards across his body underneath the bed-clothes,—shaking, . . . and stopped.

His legs were gone.

MODERN ART

Theories and Representations

MARIUS DE ZAYAS

THERE are, in the modern movement of art, two equally important sides to consider: the invention or the discovery of new representations, and the theory or argument of the acquired knowledge of the psychological meaning of those representations. These two sides of art, its theory and its practice, do not form a unity; they remain independent, both in their development and in their evolution. They follow different paths and accomplish different results, and their only relation is to serve as an incentive to each other for their progress. This may seem a paradox, but close observation of the conditions of the modern movement of art will convince us of the separate existence of these two entities.

Art, at all times, has been composed of two elements: the idea and the fact; that is, the subjective and the objective. It began by being essentially subjective and in its evolution it gradually became essentially objective,—culminating, so far as relates to plastic representation by man, in photography.

The modern movement of art presents the phenomenon of being equally subjective and objective. First, art was simply the expression of feelings and sensations, represented by geometrical combinations of lines, as in the work of the savages, in whom the power of observation of form is very limited. When the intellect of man acquired the power of observation, his beliefs were expressed in a more objective manner. Then began the evolution of represented form, which was always independent of the evolution of the philosophical idea of art. It is true that the idea modified the form for its better expression, but the development of form continued uninterrupted in the direction of the perfect representation of its objectivity.

The fusion of the *theories* of modern art and its *representation* brings about the confusion of those who find more self-satis-

faction in a quick judgment of it than in investigating its significance.

Never before the present time has the theory of art taken such an important place in the thought of man. The sentimentalists, the lovers of contemplativeness, find it futile or unnecessary that anything should be written on a purely plastic subject which ought to speak for itself; ignoring that, in our epoch, the knowledge of the reason of things seems to be of more importance than the things themselves; that there is a struggle to know not only the *how*, but to go as far as trying to investigate the *why* of things. The theories that modern art has brought forth are of equal importance with, if not of more importance than its plastic productions. I will try to demonstrate this in the present article.

Ampère, dividing the history of any science that has attained its full development into four periods, classes the one in which we take hold of the laws that rule the succession of the natural phenomena in a determined order, as the last and highest period. It can be said that art in its latest manifestation has entered into a similar period, for it tries with its theories to understand and acquire the laws that govern plastic phenomena, and with its representations tries to express that phenomena.

Art, before the modern movement, was always synthetic; was always the final conclusion of a belief; it had no theories, but doctrines. Modern art is analytical; and for this reason it divides and subdivides itself into many different branches, all of which aim to discover the primary cause of the plastic significance of the physical world, the concrete. Formerly art was the expression of a collective or individual belief; now its principal motive is in investigations. It proceeds toward the unknown, and that unknown is objectivity. It wants to know the *essence* of things; and it analyzes them in their phenomena of form, following the method of experimentalism set by science, which consists in the determination of the material conditions in which a phenomenon appears. It wants to know that *significance* of plastic phenomena, and accordingly, it has had to enter into the investigation of the morphological organism of things. "Man does not limit himself to see; he *thinks* and wants to know the significance of the phe-

nomena whose existence has been revealed to him by *observation*. Therefore, he reasons; compares the facts; questions them; and, by the answers he draws, he controls the one by the other. It is this kind of control, by means of reasonings and facts, that constitutes, properly speaking, the experience. It is the only procedure by which we can instruct ourselves in the nature of the things that are outside of ourselves": so says Claude Bernard in his studies on experimentalism. But while science in its experimentalism deals directly with matter operating on matter, art to penetrate into the organism of the plastic phenomena of matter deals only with the sense of sight.

This method introduced in art, manifests the intellectual attitude of man toward nature rather than expresses his beliefs. But, while the "old" art was the expression of the conception of an idea, or in other terms, expressed the idea by the conception of its constitutive elements, the "new" art is not the expression of its theories. It follows, at the same time, two criteria: one inner, conscious, subjective and absolute; and the other, outer, experimental and relative. We could say that one is a "mental" analysis while the other is a "plastic" analysis. With its theories it wants to get at the subjective truth; and with its practice at the objective truth. It wants to get at the synthesis of all thought, and at the essence of all facts. It follows science in its method, but not in its spirit.

Some one said, writing about a popular artist, that "when all sides of the question have been weighed, it must remain the deeper faith, the greater glory, to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it, than to seek for our realities in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination." This phrase clearly defines the attitude of the modern artist and his utopian aim to find the eternal subjective and represent it by the eternal objective, when neither of them is or can be eternal.

To obtain these truths in their eternality, the modern artist analytically studies his inner self and the outer world, separately. He employs in his studies a personal philosophical system and an impersonal experimental method. He goes beyond observation, for he does not want to express nature as he sees it; he does not want to express its effects but its causes; he dissects both the

outer world and its psychological effects on men; and therein, lies the difference between his theories and his practice of art. One is purely philosophical; the other purely experimental. One is conscious and subjective; the other unconscious and objective. One is the idea, the other is the fact; one is Man, and the other is Nature.

Through reasoning and induction the modern artist arrives at a philosophical system; at a theory which explains his idea of the subjective truth, which, like all subjective truths, is universal and absolute. These theories manifest the natural tendency of the human mind to search for the primary cause of existence, since man cannot accept a phenomenon without a cause. He needs an explanation of it to satisfy his necessity to believe. It is a new face of the religious idea, composed like the latter of impressionability and intelligence. In all these theories can be felt a reasoning faith that in most cases is contagious, ending very often in fanaticism.

Most of the theories of modern art have for a starting point a scientific truth. Taking the principle of his logical deductions as a truth, the artist believes that his conclusions are also truths. But when we carry those conclusions to facts, we are soon convinced that, though they are perfectly logical, they are by no means reducible to facts. Dazzled by the light of science and carried away by his instinct of the marvellous and the absolute, the artist, the interpreter of the emotionalism of humanity, who in other times tried to represent not only the idea of the natural but also the conception of the supernatural, now seeks to discover the laws of nature.

Art is no longer the result of the affective phenomena; of impressions and emotions; it is a product of the intellectualism that reigns in our epoch. Man loses in affective impressionability what he gains in intellectual power. Intellectualism in art has become a passion; a source of pleasure. Its desire is the force that impels us to the combination of ideas that carry man to abstraction. Hence the necessity to theorize.

Claude Bernard says that "the human mind in the different periods of its evolution, has passed successively through *sensitiment, reason* and *experience*. First, sentiment, imposing itself

upon reason, created the truths of faith; that is, theology. Reason or philosophy, being next the master, gave birth to Scholasticism. And last, experience, that is, the study of the natural phenomena, taught man that the truths of the outer world cannot be formulated either by sentiment or by reason; these are only the guides. But to obtain these truths, it is necessary to descend to the objective reality of things, where they are found hidden in the form of their phenomena."

An analysis of the idea of art in its evolution shows that it was originated by strong impressions, by emotions; it also shows the slow transformation of those emotions into intellectual conceptions; and finally into the idea that has become the instrument to penetrate into the reason of things.

The philosophical idea of art has followed step by step the evolutions of the religious conceptions of man, which, succeeding one another, becoming less and less crude, less and less chimerical, finally arrived at science with its realities, devoid of fantasies.

The masses which humbly worshipped the representations of art when they were the expressions of sentiments, affections and beliefs, began to have an instinctive doubt as art gradually approached objectivity. They revolted when it entered into the analysis of the objective. They blindly believed in art when it only expressed the subjective; when it only intended to evoke a doctrine; or convey a *credo*. They condemned it when it tried to reveal a truth. The understanding of the *idea* of the objective marks the highest period of the intellect of man. Modern art reasons; on the other hand, the masses are acted upon by emotions infinitely more than by logical reasoning.

A theory, formulated by logical reasoning, might not be convincing, but is always comprehensible. Were it possible for plastic productions of modern art to be the logical reasoning of its theories they would be, if not convincing, at least understood by the generality of the art public. But they cannot be. The theories are, in relation to the plastic works, their philosophical justification; but the plastic works remain as isolated facts.

A subjective truth is not the same thing as an objective one. The intrinsic meaning of an idea cannot be represented by the intrinsic meaning of a fact. An idea can only be represented

by form if we give to form a conventional value. As the theories of modern art are formulated through analysis, the logical reasoning of a subjective truth, art's representations are the analysis of an objective truth. The theories are purely ideological; the representations purely morphological. The theories might create in us a mental interest; give us an intellectual pleasure; while the representations give us only a plastic impression, that is purely an optical impression. These representations are the analysis of existing things in their phenomena of form; they are not only abstract form, but form in its abstraction. Man cannot create form; form in its most abstract expressions remains form; it remains objective; it remains a fact.

And a fact, as Claude Bernard says, "is nothing in itself, it does not have any value but for the idea that goes with it, or by the proof that it furnished. When we qualify a fact as a *discovery*, it is not the fact itself that constitutes the discovery, but the new idea that derivates from it. And the same happens when a fact proves; it is not the fact itself which gives the *proof*, but only the rational relation that it establishes between the phenomenon and its cause."

This also happens with the works of modern art; they do not have any intellectual value, outside of the purely optical impression, until one has become acquainted with its theories. Although the sense of sight, the sense that connects the mind with the visible world, is the highest and most cerebral of all the senses, it cannot by the impressions peculiar to it, be sensitive to the qualities of reason, to essentially ideological entities formulated by pure intelligence which is the cerebral faculty of the highest order. So then, if we are to get any pleasure from the modern works of art, it would seem to be the pleasure produced by the gratification of the pure intellect, about which Mr. Maurice Aisen writes in a recent number of *Camera Work* and which he believes to be the sixth sense. In other words, our pleasure would seem to be caused by the theories; by that "beauty" which Charles Letourneau, not quite fifty years ago, thought to be beyond the possibilities of art, when he said in his study of passions that "higher still we find a purely intellectual beauty, scientific or philosophical; but this last one escapes the artist, it rises above

art." Hence, either art has been raised to a higher level, or it has evolved into another intellectual entity; as science (research of the objective truth) evolved from religion (explanation of the subjective *credo*).

If we admit that the highest cerebral faculty produces the highest psychological manifestations, we also have to admit that the manifestations of the pure intelligence are higher than those produced by the emotions of any of the senses, since the pleasures produced by the senses which are in a closer connection with the cerebrum, are more intellectual, though of a lesser emotional intensity, than those produced by the senses of a minor cerebral intimacy. For example: the pleasures of plastic impressions, produced by the sense of sight, the sense which has the most intimate connection with the cerebrum, are less emotional but more intellectual than those of musical sounds, produced on the ear, which is more a sensual sense-organ than the eye. By natural reason the intensity of the emotions received by the senses is in inverse ratio of their degree of intellectualization.

"The nervous organization of man definitively has four orders of centres. The functional centres, the first to be formed, unconscious and devoid of spontaneity; the *instinctive* centres, conscious and gifted with irresistible, with fatal manifestations; the *intellectual* centres, acquired in a voluntary and free manner, but becoming by habit more or less automatic and involuntary. And, lastly, at the summit of all these manifestations is found the superior cerebral organ of the intimate sense, into which all come to finalize. It is in this centre of the intellectual unity that is found the conscience, which, enlightened incessantly by the light of the experience of life, tends to weaken, by the progressive development of reason and volition, the blind and irresistible manifestation of the instinct. The conscious superior intelligence is always the last to appear in the development of the animal series as well as in the development of man" (Claude Bernard).

Nothing is more abstract, more detached from the outer world than that conscience, the lamp of knowledge, even if in the last analysis we find that it has its foundation in the senses. That conscience, that pure intellectuality is the psycho-chemical combination of memories; of evoked images, of all psychic phe-

nomena in their immediate causes, mobilized, compared, analyzed. It is the faculty which formulates the idea, the theories, the subjective truths based on experience.

Hence we may conclude that the theories of modern art, when based on experience or the manifestations of pure intellectualism, are of a higher order and occupy a higher degree in the scale of intellectual progress than do its representations.

It is an incontestable fact that art in its latest manifestations has suffered an evolution, no matter whether this evolution is progressive or dissolvent; and I call dissolvent evolutions those in which, by the introduction of new elements into a manifestation of the mind, we develop it, or verify its inadequacy to fulfil our present intellectual needs.

The idea of evolution, unfortunately, has become the *primum mobile* of a great majority of followers of the modern movement of art. It has become a moral disease which has spread in the form of an epidemic of intellectualization.

Evolution, development, and progress are the impelling forces of a frantic race in which every one tries to press onward, to be at the head, to gain always a step forward toward the solution of the problem, toward "the glory to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it."

This epidemic of intellectualization is responsible for those numerous cases that we so often meet with of ultra-individualism, generally accompanied by unlimited egolatry, whose expressions are the extravagant exaggerations of the discoveries made by the investigators. These are the fanatics, and with all the characteristics of fanaticism of all time. They possibly are the cause for which modern artists have been earnestly qualified as paranoiacs, and as pathological lunatics; qualifications which are thoroughly unjustified.

The most exaggerated and extravagant production of the modern art movement differs in every respect from the production of a demented brain. The mere fact that the theories and the represented expressions of modern art have created an epidemic of artistic intellectualism proves that they are not the product of lunacy. "There are no epidemics of pathological lunacy. The facts are positive in that respect," says the alienist, Dr.

Despine, in his study of lunacy from the philosophical standpoint. "Facts do not show us any epidemic of lypemania; of those lunacies called monomanias." He further says: "There are no epidemics of lunacy except among healthy men; and the cause that produces it is a moral contagiousness." And still further he writes: "The exciting object being that which fixes the thought of all the excited ones, becomes the delirium of all, and that delirium being the same in every one, takes in reality the character of an epidemic."

"It would be wrong to say," continues Dr. Despine, "that lunacy is contagious. It is the passion only which is contagious, exciting by its manifestations the same passion in all those who are susceptible of experiencing it."

It is quite unreasonable to condemn as works of lunatics those which are the result of instinct, reason and experience, whose tendency is investigation and whose aim is truth; works which at least have come to prove to the archsensitives, whose only criterion of art was their sensual emotionalism, who have looked in the works of art for nervous spasms and pleasurable lassitudes,—that the only criterion, which leads to understanding, is reason.

Never before has art endeavored to manifest exclusively the organism of the outer phenomena. It has always been the expression of emotional experiences or desire. This principal human element, emotionalism, is of particular interest to the public who, consciously or unconsciously, always look in art for the gratifying exaltation of their own moral qualities. It is the subjective which appeals to them; for they consider the objective as a matter of fact, as obvious, axiomatic. "Even in the highest work of art our interest is too apt to be strongly or even mainly, of a Biographical sort. Art indeed is Art; yet Man also is Man. Had the *Transfiguration* been painted without human hand, had it grown merely on the canvas, say by atmospheric influences, as lichen-pictures do on rocks—it were a grand picture doubtless, yet nothing like so grand as the picture, which, on opening our eyes, we everywhere in heaven and on earth see painted, and everywhere pass over with indifference—because the painter was

not Man. Think of this; much lies in it." So says Thomas Carlyle in his essay on *Biography*.

Will the modern movement of art begin to raise in the general public an interest for the outer world? Will it make the public abandon its exclusivism for the subjective and make it understand the significance of the objective? Perilous is the task of prophets, and unless one indulges in lyricisms, one is sceptical about the effects of an idea on the masses. But we can assume as a certainty that all those whose physical brain development will be high enough to create that conscience "always enlightened by the light of the experience of life" will understand and get pleasure out of the beauties of scientific truth—ininitely more beautiful than those created "in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination."

The "Old" art always synthetized. The "new" art analyzes. Chevreul, the great savant experimentalist, affirms: "The truth that we believe to have recognized, only by analysis or only by synthesis, often is nothing but a deception. The certainty of truth requires that the result of analysis should be confirmed by the synthesis, and the product of a synthesis, by analysis."

The "old" art did not analyze its synthesis. The "new" art, as yet, has not synthetized its analysis. It has not been able to give a convincing proof of its theories by its representations, nor a conclusive proof of its representations by its theories.

PSYCHOLOGY OF A SUICIDE

CLARA MORRIS

NOW that the hell of doubt, the hideous struggle was over, a strange peace fell upon her, a strange exaltation. She passed along the familiar ways, seeing them with new eyes; the nearness of death stripped away the outer covering of things, the soul of the world seemed bared to her. The fierce pain, the bitter hate, the stifling despair that at times had choked her, the mad rage of futility that had ravaged her being, were all gone. For the first time for many weary years, she felt supreme, master of her own destiny, unafraid of her God. Already life had ceased to terrify, already the world and its cares seemed far away, its unmeaning tumult sinking into the quiet of oblivion.

She passed the great, glittering jewel-shops, before whose windows many a day, pinched with cold and hunger, she had stopped to gaze at the wonderful gems, gems meant for the favored and fortunate women of another world than hers. How paltry they seemed now! She smiled a faint little smile. A young man, arrogant in his wealth and youth, had jostled her rudely. A strange wave of pity for him swept over her!

She quickened her steps and was lost in the crowd.

How blind he was, and he had yet to live, perhaps a long life!

JOHN S. SARGENT

JOHN COURNOS

THE Russian critic Mikhailovsky once remarked that men of genius often make their appearance in pairs, and that each pair contains either mutually complementary or mutually antagonistic elements. He cited instances: Voltaire and Rousseau, Goethe and Schiller, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, Gorky and Chekhov. In English literature he might have remarked the cases of Dickens and Thackeray, of Hardy and Meredith.

Applied to the history of modern painting, the names of Manet and Whistler must instantly occur to us as two names which complement each other. More often, however, and it must be so to many of us, possibly because they are both Americans, probably because their methods are so violently opposed to each other, the names of Whistler and Sargent occur to us.

We know that Whistler studied and admired Velasquez. We also know that Sargent having left the studio of Carolus Duran at 24, after assimilating the best of that master and demonstrating this fact by a last portrait of Duran, went to Madrid. How comes it then that two men studying Velasquez should produce such mutually destructive results? Whistler suggests, Sargent asserts; Whistler is reticent, Sargent almost blatant; Whistler selects, Sargent takes things almost as they come; Whistler is dainty, delicate, spiritual, Sargent is robust, frank, corporeal.

To start with, Velasquez must be left out of the question. Whistler is Whistler, Sargent is Sargent. Each has his own likes and leanings, which are racial, hereditary, altogether personal. And when two men of strong but diverse individuality meet a third, each takes from him that part which is to his liking. Whistler extracted the exquisite, the mellow, the soul, from Velasquez; Sargent took the remainder. Mr. Moore may be right: if Whistler had been physically more robust he might have been another Velasquez. And if Nature, contrite and subtle-souled, refrained from "repeating herself," she did not

hesitate to make an analysis, and disentangled the two personalities of the Spaniard by creating Whistler and Sargent. And like a fond mother she has given all the favors to the smaller boy, seeing that the other had muscle.

Sargent, indeed, astonishes one, as it were, by feats of strength. It is no mere facility, but genuine strength, like Sandow's. No one can imitate him, though he does his work with obvious ease, openly and revealing almost every movement of his vigorous brush. He cannot perform magic like Whistler, who shows us the effect of what he does, but not how he does it. Sargent makes no use of mystery. He does not put down anything beyond what he actually sees. He does not make a large demand upon the imagination. The beauty he sees in women is usually skin deep, and that skin is quite often painted and rouged. The people we meet in his portraits are people we meet at casual teas and drawing-room parties: we rarely have the opportunity to have a heart to heart talk with them, or to know them profoundly. In this, Sargent suggests the diarist rather than the novelist. His knowledge is enormous, but he lacks the faith of great artists: what men call the "soul" hardly exists for him. Possibly this is due to the fact that he does not exercise the faculty of selection. When he has a sitter who interests him the result is enhanced immeasurably. There is for example more than mere physical likeness in a portrait like that of the late Joseph Pulitzer, which is perhaps the best portrait that Sargent has painted. There is soul in it. It is the soul of a keen, somewhat weary, half-blind old man who has led a life of busy and nervous endeavor. It gives every evidence of the painter's profound interest in his subject. There are no slap and dash strokes in it. On the contrary, one finds in it the most subtle nuances of color and of psychology. Moreover, it is a modern portrait, a document of the nervous character of our age. It is in its way almost as perfect as that other magnificent naturalistic portrait of another age: the serene Doria Velasquez. Another portrait that can hardly be excelled for modernity is the portrait of Mr. Asher Wertheimer. It could not have been painted in another age. The amazing use Sargent makes of the cigar in the man's hand gives poise and com-

placency to the entire figure, and the whole thing suggests a man caught, rather than posed, in a momentary self-revealing attitude. It may lack the "dignity" of an old portrait, it cannot be complained that it is not alive. Sargent might likewise retort that dignity is not the supreme virtue of our age. He is objective in his attitude, almost as objective as a camera. As in the Wertheimer portrait, he often depends upon the self-revealing pose of his sitters to express their mentalities, or, at any rate, their attitudes toward life. You seldom feel that he has posed his figures—at least in his most life-like portraits—but has depended upon the vanities of his sitters to realize that they were being painted by John S. Sargent. Consider his two most theatrical portraits: one of Mrs. Matthias, the other of the American painter William M. Chase. The first is one of the few things of Sargent's that look anything like a studied "arrangement"; and with what joyous, slashing strokes he has painted it! That of Mr. Chase, on the other hand, Mr. Chase with brushes and palette in hand, Mr. Chase drawing back to contemplate his own work, is an instance of Sargent's amazing ability to catch his man red-handed; what splendid psychology there is in the mere movement of the figure! But in his less successful portraits vulgar life jostles art very roughly at times, and art retires to take refuge in a frame of Whistler's.

I sometimes go to the National Portrait Gallery, and study that astonishing portrait of Coventry Patmore, and that wonderfully painted, almost palpably wet eye that Sargent has given him—and the more I study the picture the more it seems to me that the painter has made his sitter look like an old fox. It is almost uncanny, this faculty of Mr. Sargent's of presenting his sitters at times in their less flattering aspects. Watts would have gone to the other extreme. Rembrandt would have delved into the depths and found the man's soul. But Sargent never flatters, not even himself. He lacks, I have said, the faith of great artists. He also lacks their vanity. And for proof one must go to the Uffizi. Consider the two self-portraits there painted by Rembrandt and Sargent. Reflect upon the work of the great Dutchman, whose curiosity in himself was never exhausted, whose every portrait of himself—the "toothless old

lion," to use a happy phrase of Van Gogh's—is an exaltation, and a transfiguration, and then consider the portrait of the American, painted, I believe, at the request of the authorities. "What a modest little man!" is the thought that may occur to you, looking at the likeness of the most prominent portrait painter of our age. One wonders what Sargent would think of Van Gogh's recipe for the portrait of a friend, of his intention to reveal in the painting all the love he felt for him, of his mad desire to paint as a background for his head not "the trivial wall of the room," but infinity! Had Sargent tried to paint even less than that, his curiosity in portraiture would never have been exhausted. As it is, his present determination to paint few portraits is a confession which no great portrait painter of the past had ever made. It is pleasant to think of the trembling hand of old Rembrandt pausing to steady itself in order to transfer to canvas the stroke which the clear and steady eye saw in the glass!

There are two other quite different Sargents—Sargent the decorator and Sargent the water-colorist. His decorations in the Boston Public Library are intensely interesting as bold ventures in the abstract by a painter who is known to us chiefly by his insistent reiteration of the concrete. Sargent's panels are perhaps not inherently decorative in the sense that those of Puvis de Chavannes or of his great prototype Piero della Francesca are decorative; that is to say, they are not designed with such a definitive intention to complement architecture. Nevertheless, they are undeniably the work of a man of genius and are deserving of homage. The figures are beautifully constructed, and their big, simple, firm, almost austere outlines comprehend, if only to a degree, the lofty ethical character of the great democratic figures of ancient Judæa. It is a symbolism comparable, perhaps, to that of Watts. His conceptions, on the whole, might be described as intellectual rather than spiritual and sensuous.

And what a world of difference between the inspired Sargent and the matter-of-fact Sargent! To study the Boston Library decoration is to lapse into all sorts of unprofitable reflections on various possibilities. Has Sargent exchanged his genius for a mess of pottage? What would Sargent have been had he

not given himself to promiscuous portraiture? What might he, with his powers, not have accomplished, if, from the very beginning, his art were the result of the impetus of ideas and not a surrender to the material considerations of a matter of fact world? Sargent's direct genius has much that is American in it, and this again raises the question: what would he have done had he devoted a share of this genius to delineating democratic motives? Velasquez painted King Philip, but he painted with equal interest King Philip's dwarfs, and toppers at an inn. Sargent has painted Lord Ribblesdale, and I believe he has also painted the late Lord Rothschild; but the test of his interest in portraiture would have been if he had painted the man who knocks on the door of Lord Ribblesdale's "tradesmen's entrance," and the cook who prepared Lord Rothschild's viands. And we know that Sargent's famous literary countryman, Henry James, did not hesitate to condescend to give us a psychologic study of an English gentleman's valet. Is Sargent's place, then, with Gainsborough, with Reynolds, with Romney? In such beautiful portraits as those of Lady Ian Hamilton and of "Almina" he is quite their peer.

Sargent the water-colorist again provokes our speculative nature. The large collection of his magnificent water-colors in the Brooklyn Museum shows that he has a fine grasp of the medium. Though it is much less manageable than oil pigment, and employed chiefly on that account in landscape, he constructs figures in it vigorously and firmly—and yet how delicately! The quality of charm which is apparent only in the best of his feminine portraits is omnipresent here, and he who would enjoy the distinguished little room in the Brooklyn Museum is advised to leave Sargent the portrait painter behind, and think of the room's contents as the product of a distinct personality. This would be following Sargent's own example, since he has left portrait painting behind, and is devoting his time more and more to things he really wishes to do.

"MIRACLES"

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

THE clergyman shifted in his chair before the fire in his friend's room, and broke the static silence.

"Then you refuse to believe," said he, "simply because the age of miracles is past! Well, I am sorry that you let this stand as a stumbling-block, more sorry than I can say. For although I can show you no miracles I, somehow, believe."

"No!" said the layman, "you cannot convince me. All reason stands against the religious idea. Nowadays, people have to be shown. *I* have to be shown. And if your 'miracles' happened in the olden days, 'miracles' would happen now! I'd have to *see* 'em, old chap!"

Then he arose from his seat and took a box of matches from the mantel shelf. Extracting one, he drew the dead wood along the edge of the box, until a flame appeared, dancing on the end of the match. He lit his cigarette and tossed the match away. The room was almost in darkness. So he turned to the wall, touched a button, and the room was flooded with light. In moving away from the wall he accidentally set the electric fan in motion. He stopped it, absent-mindedly, and pushing it to safety, turned on another knob, so that the room, which was slightly chill despite the fire, began to grow warm. Then he murmured an excuse, and taking up a little instrument, spoke a few words with his mother, who was almost a hundred miles away. When he had done, he came back to the hearth, and opening a box that stood there, turned a crank, and immediately the voice of the greatest singer in the world poured forth into the quiet room.

During the music the two sat very still, and when they had caused it to cease, the clergyman sighed and stirred and spoke again.

"I am still thinking of our conversation," said he, "and of how sorry I am that I cannot convince you. But of course you have me about the miracles. They used to happen and

they don't any longer. I must admit I have no evidence—no tangible evidence, of even one!”

He arose.

“Must you be off?” asked the layman.

“I fear I must,” said the clergyman, looking at his perfect timepiece. “My automobile is waiting for me. It will only take about ten minutes to cover the three miles up town, but I must not risk being late.”

“I’ll see you to the elevator,” said the layman. “What have you up for to-night?”

“We are to see the Holy Land to-night,” said the clergyman; “a motion-picture. Very comprehensive and perfect in detail, they tell me. It is to be shown at the parish house. As I never expect to be able to go to Jerusalem in person, I am most anxious not to miss any of it. And besides, I have to consult with the Bishop about the offer of one of our members, who is an aviator, to give an exhibition flight for the benefit of the church.”

“Well,” said the layman, “sorry you have to leave so early, old chap, but of course I understand. Guess I’ll just say a few important letters into the dictaphone, send a wireless to my wife, who sailed for Europe this morning, and then turn in. Good-night! And, by the by—if you ever run across any miracle, just call my attention to it!”

“Good-night!” replied the clergyman. “I wish you wouldn’t laugh! But if ever I *do* see a miracle, be sure I’ll let you know!”

TURNHURST

CHARLES VALE

DO I remember those long-distant years
And all they held of love and loveliness?—
And sometimes harsher things, God knows, no less
To be remembered now the darkness nears!
For though we paint the future without fears
Or recreate the past without regret
Or take the present as it chances, yet
Our part is in a world of blood and tears.

Child, nothing evermore can be the same.
So vast an agony as this transcends
All measures of mortality and change.
White snows of winter, trees, the summer flame,
Storms, flowers and fields, old faces and old friends—
How far away, yet close: how clear, yet strange!

THE PHILOSOPHERS

ROLLO PETERS

*Some men sit always peering over the edge into the black pit. . . .
Some visit it but for brief spaces and some live only in the open happy
fields. . . .*

Who profit most?

*Many are blinded by the fumes which arise from its endless depths:
some few smile into its blackness: some hang, terrified, to the dried roots
which cling about its edge. . . . And some sit in the sun with their
backs to it, gazing over the pleasant lands. . . .*

*Being but mortals, we can see and hear within short limits. A row
of men are at the edge of the pit, staring down into it. . . .*

FIRST MAN [*on his belly, straining his eyes*]

I see deep, deep, deep. . . .

SECOND MAN [*shielding his eyes*]

I am blinded by these vapors.

THIRD MAN [*laughing*]

They are like white sheep shaped.

FOURTH MAN

This is irksome—the sky is more beautiful.

FIFTH MAN

I am old. My eyes are dimmed. I see even less than in my
youth.

FIRST MAN

I see deep, deep, deep. . . .

SECOND MAN

I see deeper. . . .

FIRST MAN

What seest thou?

SECOND MAN

I shall not tell thee.

THIRD MAN

This is a fool's game, rewardless as old age. [*Laughing*] I see
green apes and scarlet-creeping serpents at the bottom.

FOURTH MAN

There are no green apes nor scarlet-creeping serpents on the
Earth.

FIFTH MAN

Aye, but we are looking into the black pit.

FOURTH MAN

I am here but to remark the sport.

FIRST MAN

I see dim, dim, shapes moving. . . .

SECOND MAN

They are men; I see them clearly.

FIRST MAN

They are not men. They are the souls of men walking naked, free. . . . I see deep, deep. It is awful. . . .

SECOND MAN

I see deeper.

FIRST MAN

I am seeing what men have never seen before. . . .

FIFTH MAN

Countless years have I sat here, yet have I nothing seen. The pit is full of vapors and of hidden flames.

SECOND MAN

I see deeper than all of you. I am the greatest man on earth.

THIRD MAN

Thou screamest too loud.

FOURTH MAN

I shall make others laugh with what I have heard here.

FIFTH MAN

I may yet see something. They say that eyesight returns once strong again to the old before they die. . . .

FIRST MAN

I can almost see the heaving bottom of the pit. . . . It is terrible. . . .

SECOND MAN

I see everything.

FIRST MAN

I can see . . . Oh, it is fearful! I have seen. . . .

SECOND MAN

Why, he sees nothing. It is I who see. . . .

THIRD MAN

His eyes are staring out so drolly . . . [laughs]

FOURTH MAN

He is sleeping from exhaustion. This is a fool's game.

FIFTH MAN

No. He will never speak again. He has seen what we shall never see. It was too beautiful. . . .

And one who was standing by wrote all that he heard in a vast book and gave it to the people in the happy fields to study. . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

Modern Medicine

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Helen S. Gray in the May and June numbers of THE FORUM has written in a manner that should interest many of your subscribers.

No other class of men has more persistently followed false gods than the medical profession. And the history of modern medicine, as practised by the majority of the dominant school, at the present time, would read very much like that quotation cited by the author from a standard work of 1752—in the absurdity of it all. There has been a constant change in the therapeutics of disease until few doctors wholly agree. As a result of this some State boards of medical examiners ask no questions on the administration of drugs!

As to internal medicine, faith is put in palliative rather than in curative measures. How logical for these men to value antitoxines and vaccines, which are at least the outcome of logical methods! I heard one of the most prominent physicians in this country say: "There is no remedy that will cut short the course of typhoid fever except vaccine." Another noted worker in research said at the same time: "There are only two curative medicines and they are not very dependable." Then he named mercury (for a systemic venereal disease) and emetine (in amoebic dysentery).

There is no reason for this attitude, however, for the less dominant schools of medicine have shown at the bedside, if not in the newspapers, that the course of practically all diseases can be shortened to the extent of actual cure, or palpably ameliorated by drugs—many of which were in use fifty years ago.

But vaccines cannot be dismissed by ridicule. It is an established fact that many diseases are successfully treated in this way, for example: rheumatism (arthritis), boils (furunculosis), pimples (acne), and others. Let us remember that carefully administered vaccine can hardly do harm and very often does much good. The patients who are "poisoned by serums" are actually victims of the *ignorance* of their doctors.

Let us join with the writer of these articles in discouraging the research craze, compulsory vaccination, and the political activities of medical societies to get special legislation—even if they do profess a disinterested zeal for the public health.

N. D. SHAW

ANN ARBOR

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the article in *THE FORUM*, entitled *Life's Primal Architects*, by E. Douglas Hume.

In these days of advanced theories on microbes and microbic disease, this cleverly written article should be studied carefully by all modern scientists.

TENTERDEN

LONDON

[Lord Tenterden is Chairman of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, and of the Anti-Vivisection Hospital (Battersea General Hospital).—EDITOR.]

Votes for Women

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In the June number of *THE FORUM*, in an article entitled *Why Do Women Want the Ballot?*, H. G. Cutler has given a most interesting presentation of one of the most important subjects under consideration to-day.

I am very sorry the author failed to bring the article up to date for publication in a periodical of such wide influence as *THE FORUM*.

I will not try to bring the facts regarding other countries up to date, but will confine my remarks to the United States.

Paragraph one, page 719, reads: "The five States in which women have full suffrage and can hold any office within the power of commonwealths to confer are divided by the Rocky Mountains; and the women say that Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado have real backbone. They are the backbone and the spinal cord of the country, and through them, all the sister States are being inspired and invigorated."

Paragraph six, page 720: "Outside the five equal suffrage States, progress has been fragmentary, but very marked in some sections."

After mentioning many "fragmentary" points of interest, the author in the last paragraph on page 720 states that the most pronounced triumph of woman suffrage within late years was the passage of the Illinois bill (approved by the Governor, June 26, 1913).

After having cited many interesting facts regarding Illinois, and noting partial successes and many failures in other States, this most instructive article ends without even a mention of the fact that full suffrage was granted to the women of California in 1911; in Arizona, Kansas and

Oregon in 1912; in Alaska in 1913; in Montana and Nevada in 1914; and the very interesting fact that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey are to vote this next fall on a Constitutional Amendment—New Jersey in October and the others in November.

(DR.) KATE W. BALDWIN

PHILADELPHIA

A Voice in the Wilderness

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—THE FORUM has inspired my thoughts, fired my ambition, corrected my errors, comforted me in loneliness; but now I weep.

The lachrymosal incident is brought on by the perusal of Lewis Edward Collings' contribution appearing in your June issue.

His terminology is in keeping with the location of the voice, and its characterization as *A (Wild) Voice in the Wilderness* is the strongest point for congratulation.

But it is not for Mr. Collings that I moan, but for the temporary editorial titubation.

"For God is Love." What a sacchariferous morsel, for *The Baptist Weekly Flame*—but what a crudity for adult minds!

Is it really necessary at this time of day for a correspondent to define "Love" in terms of self-preservation?

By this God-love only has there "been any progress toward real civilization," "truths emphasized for the first time at their true value by Jesus Christ," "Generation after generation beholds the proof . . . each generation rejects"; yet "the world has turned to them" and "given them reverence." Pace the rejection, it has extended "to the ends of the earth."

Until we return to the dark ages—I beg your pardon; "until Catholic and Protestant alike become Christian, there can be no practice of the love-principle in its purity and simplicity."

Such profound scholarship might appeal to *The Daily Sniveller* or *The Weekly Visitor*, but one lacking in "common sense" should not be allowed to intrude upon the poise and dignity of FORUM readers.

EDMUND MARSHALL

DETROIT

EDITORIAL NOTES

The German Note

THE German reply to the second American Note after the sinking of the *Lusitania* is not satisfactory. It contains, we are glad to see, many expressions of courtesy and good-will, and so follows the lead of the President and the Secretary of State, and makes further discussion possible. But it does not offer any concessions that really meet the case; it ignores or evades clear issues; and there is a naïveté in some of its phrases that throws additional light on the German way of thinking.

The whole question should not be considered without a sincere effort to realize the German position and the force of public opinion in the Fatherland. The mere point of munitions is naturally a sore one, and the grievance is only accentuated by the fact that if conditions had been reversed and the practical command of the sea had not been gained by the Allies, Germany would undoubtedly have availed herself of such of our resources as she needed. We should then have heard nothing of Teutonic resentment on such a score.

But national feeling is not always strictly logical. Governments, however, should be reasonably free from the prejudices of the mob. Herr von Jagow was distinctly disingenuous when he stated that: "The case of the *Lusitania* shows with horrible clearness to what jeopardizing of human lives the manner of conducting war by our adversaries leads." The objection of the United States was to the manner of conducting war employed by Germany, which was apparently prepared to become enthusiastic over the murder of the babies on the *Lusitania*, until decent public opinion in other countries made some measure of restraint seem advisable.

Another passage is scarcely conceivable: "The Imperial Government learned with satisfaction how earnestly the Government of the United States is concerned in seeing the principles of humanity realized in the present war. Also this appeal finds ready echo in Germany and the Imperial Government is

quite willing to permit its statements and decisions in the present case to be governed by the principles of humanity just as it has done always." This, from the devastators of Belgium, is peculiar. The distinction between word and deed is deepened by the further sentence: "Germany likewise has been always tenacious of the principle that war should be conducted against the armed and organized forces of an enemy country, but that the enemy civilian population must be spared as far as possible from the measures of war." How far has the civilian population of Belgium been spared from the horrors of war?

The submarine is comparatively a new weapon. It can only be used in accordance with established principles of international law. Those principles must not be altered to make destruction and murder still easier than they have been. If the submarines cannot act without violating binding laws, they must cease to act. They can only be tolerated if they are willing to accept the indispensable restrictions.

The United States cannot recede from the position that she has taken. She will use every endeavor to arrive at an amicable understanding, but she has little interest in special pleading that is manifestly directed toward the further influencing of those among the public who can be confused by specious but insincere sentences. The question is one of clear rights and clear offences. It should still be capable of adjustment. But time passes and the need for a definite settlement becomes very serious. Germany will not make this settlement more probable by trying to throw the onus of her own misdeeds upon her opponents.

Yards and Lives

FREQUENTLY, we read in the newspapers of important victories. Three hundred, five hundred or seven hundred yards have been gained, at the cost of God knows how many casualties: some hundreds of the yards have subsequently been recaptured, the exploit receiving a few lines in the official report and a few pages in the list of losses. This is one aspect of modern war.

It is not merely a question of lives measured against yards: it is a question of deaths for inches. No longer—on the western

front, at least—do we see day by day the sweep and so-called romance of war. Something of this may come, and soon. But for months the chief fighting has been an affair of yards and graves. In France, a united nation in arms is striving to push back its enemy, bit by bit, day by day. The Germans, intrenched on a foreign soil, defend each spadeful with their lives.

And every man, probably, in each nation, would have felt and fought as keenly for the other side, if he had been born a few yards or a few miles on a different side of the frontier.

Premature Peace

HOWEVER earnestly men and women may be looking for the end of hostilities and the beginning of new freedom, enthusiasm should not be allowed to run away with judgment. The War has done so much evil, has brought ruin and sorrow to so many millions, that something of good may well be demanded for the price that has been paid. In God's Name, let us have peace, and as soon as possible: but it must be a peace that will endure, not a mere lull while the nations re-arm and reorganize. Even now, in spite of all misunderstandings and bitterness, the spirit of sincerity and good-will could be brought into effective action; the different countries could recognize that their policies have been conducted upon false principles and that for the future fundamental changes must be made, including the rigid restriction of armaments and the cessation of international animosities. If this cannot be done, now or at another time not long distant, the destiny of Europe will be dark indeed, with every nation recruiting its resources, ready to fight for its material advantage and imperialistic expansion. A premature peace, merely preparing the way for future conflicts, would be as criminal as war itself. A permanent peace, based on the new comprehension of peoples and not upon the bargainings of diplomatists, can and must be won.

Angels on the Battlefield

IT is not strange that at such a time as this extraordinary stories should be circulated, but it is passing strange that some of

the rumors that have been floating round recently should have been taken seriously by very serious men. An English contemporary draws attention to a sermon preached by Dr. Horton, the distinguished ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union. Dr. Horton referred to several instances of alleged miraculous intervention in favor of men apparently doomed to suffer the final perils of the War. He spoke especially of the legend that has attached itself to the retreat from Mons. "There is a story repeated by so many witnesses that if anything can be established by contemporary evidence this is established—of the retreat from Mons. A section of the line was in imminent peril and it seemed as if it must inevitably be borne down and cut off. Our men saw a company of angels interposed between them and the German cavalry, and the horses of the Germans stampeded. Evidently the animals beheld what our men beheld. The German soldiers endeavored to bring the horses back to the line, but they fled. It was the salvation of our men."

There is no clear limit to the possibilities of the human imagination, especially when the mental faculties are excited by fatigue, hunger, thirst and the weakness from wounds. The mind in such circumstances is never far removed from hallucination or even delirium. But the stories which Dr. Horton seems to credit throw a good deal of light on the legends of ancient miracles—and some modern ones. If angels and archangels are taking an active part in the war, the occurrence is sufficiently interesting to be verified upon oath by witnesses who can satisfy the rigid tests of cross-examination.

Large numbers of people have been willing to believe in the interposition, not merely of a vague Providence, but of a definite, personal Saviour, clearly seen and recognized. They admit that mistakes may be made, but they are hurt by the suggestion that the stories are necessarily distortions of natural incidents. When the world is in travail and tribulation, when men are keyed up and rendered hypersensitive to psychic impressions, it may well be, they think, that the Divine should make itself manifest to those who have eyes through which they have learnt to see.

The chief error is in the limitation of the word "natural," in the supposition that miracles are supernatural or impossible.

A miracle is merely a happening which strikes us as superhuman when we are unfamiliar with it, but which we scarcely notice and rarely recognize when it occurs perpetually. There are more things than monotony in heaven and earth, and life is not bounded by four walls of convention.

Muenter-Holt

CIVILIZATION, as expressed in terms of dynamite, has placed enormous powers at the disposal of the insane or unbalanced. A Muenter or Holt, in primitive times and with primitive weapons almost impotent, has now, if he uses a little cunning, the destructive force of a multitude. He has no difficulty in obtaining all the dynamite that he craves, and exceptional precautions are needed to prevent the outrages that appeal to him as regenerative.

It is clear that some effective check should be placed upon the sale of explosives and weapons to individuals, as upon the sale of poisons and drugs. A brooding Muenter may find means to evade all restrictions; but, at least, he need not be given every facility to carry out the promptings of his diseased mind.

Some curiosity will naturally be felt as to the conditions under which Holt or Muenter was received at Cornell. Did he present forged credentials? Was any adequate investigation made with regard to his record and suitability? Or are some of our universities more concerned with rejecting men who have proved their value than with examining the qualifications of the untested?

Sing Sing

It is evident that Mr. Osborne, the Warden of Sing Sing, and Mr. Riley, the State Superintendent of Prisons, do not agree completely in their views with regard to the treatment of prisoners. Mr. Riley may have behaved with reasonable consideration, officially; but he has succeeded in making the public believe that he disapproves of Mr. Osborne's methods or has some political or private quarrel with him.

It is necessary sometimes to be emphatic. Compared with

Mr. Osborne, Mr. Riley has infinitesimal importance—except officially and, possibly, officiously. Mr. Osborne has been willing to face the misunderstanding of the ignorant minority of the public and the press; he has been attacked as a “reformer”—most horrible of all words to those who read, see and know nothing, but merely, as automata, repeat the practices of their grandmothers. Anyone who ventures to advance beyond the grandmotherly apron is necessarily a suspicious character, to those who still shelter themselves behind that capacious refuge of ignorance. Mr. Osborne has advanced so far that he is an ultra-suspicious character. He is even supposed to have common sense—which is damnable.

Society deliberately manufactures most of its criminals. It must learn to deal with them justly, and to return them to the world, after their release from confinement, as men with hope, not as hopeless beasts. Mr. Osborne has not been trying doubtful experiments: he has been putting into practice approved principles of penology. If he had been accorded the widest discretion and had been secured from all interference for a definite period, he would probably have shown that he knew his business far better than those whose business it is to know little or nothing. Methods of regeneration are better than methods of further degeneration; and if Mr. Osborne's régime has been marked by one or two mishaps, previous régimes have shown many times the number, without any compensating advantages. If the community should lose Mr. Osborne's services, one more absurdity would be added to the large number now standing to New York State's discredit.

The Papacy

THE attitude of the Pope with regard to the War has not been inspiring. The difficulties of his position are obvious: so are the opportunities of which he has not yet availed himself. It would be wrong to try to utter a final judgment, while so many perplexities remain to be solved. But an influence that extends through all countries, an influence based upon moral and not upon material considerations, could and should have been ex-

erted far more definitely. Clearly indicated as an arbiter who could have found means, for example, to test the various reports on atrocities and utter a decisive "guilty" or "not proven," Pope Benedict has confined himself to weak statements and weak actions. It is possible that he has larger plans for the future, that he is trying to view the whole tragedy comprehensively and philosophically: but the agony of the past and present should have elicited stronger words and firmer deeds. Where the interference of America might have been called biassed and only to be sustained by force of arms, the intervention of the Papacy, in the spirit of Christ and the service of humanity, could scarcely have been resented or resisted. No one will credit the rumour that the Pope is considering the chances of a restoration of the temporal sovereignty, in the event of a Teutonic victory and the disruption of Italy. Is it too late to think of a spiritual sovereignty that is not fettered to dogma, but is based upon the vindication of right against might?

Commissioner Davis

MISS DAVIS is filling a difficult position under difficult conditions, and no one will wish to make her task harder. But some accusations have been published that cannot be dismissed curtly. An investigation should certainly be instituted—not least, for Miss Davis's own sake. If she is the victim of calumny or of the pressure of adverse circumstances, the fact should be established. If there is nothing radically wrong in her views, methods and results, the public is entitled to decisive information. The sooner the inquiry is commenced, the better.

More Hyphens

AN admirable idea has been given renewed prominence by some of the more enterprising champions of the sex that has so long been unfairly compelled to accept the reputation of weakness. The demand is made that fathers shall no longer enjoy a monopoly in supplying surnames for their children. The child is a joint product and should carry a double label to indicate

its origin. In the name of liberty and equality, why should the maternal cognomen be submerged? Women no longer surrender their rights (and privileges) to the life-companions whom they select. Why should they surrender their perfectly good names? The claim is just, and hyphens are convenient. When Miss Smith marries Mr. Jones, their children should obviously be Smith-Joneses or Jones-Smiths. And when Miss Smith-Jones in due course marries Mr. Brown-Robinson, it is still quite clear that the little Smith-Jones-Brown-Robinsons or Brown-Robinson-Jones-Smiths will be provided with names that will stand a good deal of wear and tear, and incidentally add charm to the directory and the telephone book. But when the eldest or the youngest or the intermediate Brown-Robinson-Jones-Smith reaches maturity and is united to Miss Cholmondeley-Marjoribanks-Crespigny-Farquhar, the blended names of the offspring will send thrills through any drawing-room and bring a moment's nervousness to the most accomplished announcer. Further generations need not here be passed in review: they may be left to their own exhilarating surplusage. But there is certainly a great deal in the idea—since merely six degrees of matrimony will achieve sixty-three hyphens, while eight would revel in two hundred and fifty-five. Some of these, unfortunately, will have to be thrown into the discard. To prevent a serious disaster to the feminist movement, a suggestion for securing simplicity may be given here: let the first and the last names be perpetuated. So the offspring of the Smith-Jones-Brown-Robinson marriage will be Smith-Robinsons, and similarly for all entanglements, the girls thus contributing forever an unquenchable Smith to the matrimonial alliance of names, while the boys would have a permanent Robinson to depend upon, whatever might be its temporary hyphenated companion.

Lest We Forget

Lest We Forget, the latest war anthology, edited by H. B. Elliott and with a Foreword by Baroness Orczy, has recently been published in England. It is, perhaps, altogether wrong to write about a book without having read it from cover to cover;

but several reviews, including that of the London *Athenæum*, have proved irresistible.

A conspicuous part in the volume is taken by *The Nation's David*, a panegyric of Belgium by Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman. The *Athenæum* refers to this as a "spirited piece of work," but is dubious with regard to the two lines:

"Belgium, still smiling through your pain,
Still in the hours of ruin free!"

Is this a presentment of facts? the *Athenæum* asks. The future will supply the final answer: but the past has done enough to justify Mr. Kauffman's thought, if not his verse.

Mr. Douglas S. Spens Stuart's contribution contains this stanza:

"By pacifist diplomacy deceived,
Berchtold, too late, all fearful did implore
In language which, his subtle mind conceived,
Would balm of Gilead prove to Russia's sore;
And cried: 'Austria has not banged the door
On peace!' Had, hence, some wireless whisper sped
In widening circles?—as though, from our shore,
A hurtling missive to the ocean fled,
Wave after wave sends forth, whose powers survive
when they are dead!"

The only thing, except unmitigated disgust, that will attract attention to this is the addition of a foot to the concluding alexandrine.

The anthology opens with an ode on the war by Mr. Laurence Binyon, which contains, according to the *Athenæum*, "powerful descriptive passages," and "here and there rises to a great occasion, as in its fourth and sixth divisions":

"All the hells are awake: the old serpents hiss
From dungeons of the mind;
Fury of hate born blind,
Madness and lust, despairs and treacheries unclean;
The shudder up from man's most dark abyss.
But there are heavens serene

That answer strength with strength; they stand secure;
 They arm us from within, and we endure.
 Now are the brave more brave,
 Now is the cause more dear,
 The more the tempests of the darkness rave,
 As, when the sun goes down, the shining stars are clear.
 Radiant the spirit rushes to the grave.
 Glorious it is to live
 In such an hour, but life is lovelier yet to give.

* * *

“Now will we speak, while we have eyes for tears
 And fibres to be wrung
 And in our mouths a tongue.
 We will bear wrongs untold, but will not only bear;
 Not only bear, but build through striving years
 The answer of our prayer,
 That whosoever has the noble name
 Of man shall not be yoked to alien shame;
 That life shall be indeed
 Life, not permitted breath . . .”

The Athenæum admits that “the general effect of this ode is disappointing.” Shades of the Muses! Is that all? Surely the ancients failed us when they omitted to invent a god of platitudes!

The Athenæum reviewer, turning over the pages of the anthology, pauses with pleasure upon Mr. Hewlett’s *Soldier, Soldier*. But he considers that Mr. William Watson is not at his best in *Men Who Man*. “It is little more than a vigorous piece of work, and some of the double rhymes are unworthy of such a fine craftsman.” Here is a fair specimen:

“Our cheery sailors, lapt in
 The maiden sea’s light sleep,
 From commodore and captain
 To all who man the deep,
 They hear around their bed naught
 But echoes of their fame,
 And well they man the dreadnought
 Who dread not aught but shame.”

This is worthy of the author of the "Bit Them in the Bight" effusion, but it is a long, long way from *The Father of the Forest* and other creations of William Watson when he was a poet.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is responsible for this, amongst other characteristic verses:

"You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
Who shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
Find nevermore the death-door of Sedan."

Poetry, or jingle? No reward is offered for the correct answer.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton contributes a poem which *The Athenæum* considers to be disfigured by the line:

"And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm."

Disfigured? Damned!

The whole volume seems to consist mainly of rubbish. Even Mr. Eden Phillpotts contributes more than once; and it is really impossible to refrain from quoting four lines from *Reason and Honour*, as a terrible warning to our school children.

"Virtue and vice are names, not qualities,
And when the baffled cry that might is right,
No smug opinion from the unconscious skies
For doubtful virtue's sake shall hold them to their plight."

No comment that would pass Anthony Comstock's scrutiny can be made upon such a crime.

Vaccination

So much has been achieved by medical science on the battle-fields of Europe that no one will wish to throw the slightest aspersion on a profession that has acquitted itself so nobly. But there is a great difference between idle attacks and a sincere desire for information. The whole question of vaccination against smallpox is certainly debatable, not only by laymen, but by those

who have, or should have, technical knowledge and wide experience. It is somewhat difficult for the medically-untrained mind to realize how inoculation with cowpox, which has apparently no connection whatever with smallpox, can give protection against the latter disease. The principle of inoculation against typhoid fever would seem to rest upon a much sounder basis: for in this case immunity from attack is supposed to be secured by the use of dead, but not wholly innocuous, germs of the disease to be guarded against. But smallpox is on an entirely different footing. It is quite possible that Jenner was right and that society owes him a deep debt of gratitude. But it is also possible that he was entirely wrong, and that society owes him nothing but the recognition of his mistake. It is a far cry from the days when it was assumed that everyone was bound sooner or later to have smallpox, so that individuals took advantage of any mild epidemic to court contagion and get their presumably inevitable trouble over at a probably light cost. With the development of hygienic knowledge, and, it must be said, after the advent of vaccination, immunity was considered no longer improbable and there was a very definite change in the general attitude toward the disease: it became fashionable to avoid, and not to seek, contagion. To what extent this new feeling has contributed to the gradual elimination of smallpox is not yet decided: the adherents of vaccination claim that the improvement is due mainly to their preventive, while those who depend only upon hygienic methods and rational conduct sometimes hold other views. It would be of great service to the community if some authorized statement by the medical profession as a whole could be issued, dealing with the general question of the results of vaccination, in the light of long observation and experience. Especially, the period of immunity or supposed immunity after vaccination should be seriously discussed.

THE FORUM

FOR SEPTEMBER 1915

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TROUTING

JOHN MÄTTER

AN odd, uncertain title. No fish—least of all a trout, so agile, so naïve—would traffic with it. Nevertheless, I have a warmth for my title. Of essence so modern, glancing so widely and scientifically over affairs, of meaning so void,—I have an ecstasy for my title. Permit me to explain my title's meaning.

I do not know at what season of the year the psychological risk of exposure to the fever of fishing is most potent. For myself, I have been always one of those strange, consistent folk—anglers—who thrust unsolicited attentions upon innocent fishes: therefore, I have never felt necessity to fret about contagion. Among other folk you may find victims in every month. In my own body, concerning which alone I may speak with authority, observations have shown a gentle dissolution of resistance taking start the day after Christmas; in fact, annually, on the twenty-sixth of December. The progress of my malady is curious. Doubtless, it is equally curious in other cases. For days, and sometimes weeks, the sufferer presents no arresting change. His eye is limpid; his tread purposeful; his cheek glowing: but the pulse is untrue. There is a tendency to flutter; there is an irresoluteness. The victim is unaware, as are his friends and family, so secret is the inception, that a fever kindles. The man is received as his prosy self. He is neither tended nor advised; a thermometer is not coaxed between his teeth, his wrist is not handled. Soon and imperceptibly the damage is wrought past revocation.

Henceforth there is no accounting for course or progress. It is an individual affair; thus I may be pardoned for introduc-

ing individual symptoms. But first, I must bring forth the background in which they lodge. (That the afflicted must dwell on himself is a prime indication of the malady.) Be aware, then, I am no dry-land angler. The shoot of intangible lines, the flight of airy flies, the leap of unsubstantial trout—for, indeed, it is with trout I would deal—the purling of unseen streams, all these unrealities rouse me not. I am far from the midwinter fishing in fireside companionship.

And yet—and yet—to put the kindest face upon them, to admit a little and to deny a lot, to tell everything: how shadowy are the truths of my statements! No boisterous, banquetting fellowship-fisherman am I; but what an incomparable, solitary, imaginative angler! 'Tis my individual symptom. A wintry meadow, storm-harried, a winging crow, a grumbling north wind, a congealed brook, a bending thicket, may any one of them in January bring home to me that I have contracted the fever. Then runs my imagination high; and a bad symptom is that. Unattended, I find myself at gaze into space. How many unearthly trout do I take with freezing fingers! The snow around my feet goes off; the bare woods are metamorphosed; and I am in the murmuring May forest with trout streams making melody.

Such is my January condition. No better can be said of February. Again it is imagination, too flimsy for any test with acid. Let it pass, a mere symptom, a straw in the winds of fancy; but accept as truth that on the twenty-third of March I receive the letter of invitation. The Doctor writes: "Ho! for the River Manistee! Will you join?"

Will I join? I say nothing of this. Deep in a pocket the letter is concealed, a soothing balm, a pricking spur. Ere long my family and friends observe that all is not well with me. The fever comes on openly, and I have two questions to ask of myself.

Why does a man hesitate to go fishing? That is a query quickly answered. Fishermen are men of tender conscience. They know their avocation brings in more pleasure than the stay-at-homes can ever catch. It is their unselfishness, their reluctance to monopolize such a quantity of pleasure that makes a moment's hesitation.

Why does a man go fishing? There you have a query difficult of reply. The man goes as a bird to its nest, as a flower to the air, as a star to the sky. Do you understand? Oh, do you understand?

"Ho! for the River Manistee!" writes the Doctor. "Will you join? The Lawyer, the Banker, and the Chemist go."

Will I join? On the twenty-fourth day of March I post my acceptance, and on the twenty-ninth of April, after more than four weeks of itching waiting, I shall whisk to the north pine woods.

My dear River Manistee! I see you now, sweet in a gaunt country, your gravel beds dappled with sun, your pools cloaked with shadows, and you intent and mazy: by day a dusky bronze banding the land, by night a mirror palely reflecting stars. Always, I image you bordered by greenery, piped by birds, caressed by the winds, stirred by the trout. I salute you, delectable river!

But was I right, a moment ago, to say four weeks of itching waiting? I do not like the adjective. To itch—the verb is not superior. And yet, what can I do with the dallying month of April? It is no pish! tut! pshaw! to tolerate the joys of anticipation. Those joys incite—and incite. To read the pages of sporting catalogues; to finger tackle in the shops; to cast from a wooden platform at rings in city parks; to overhaul equipment, dragging some down from the garret and plucking some up from the cellar; to inhale, arising from a storage trunk, the subtlest odors of fly dope that magically revive waters and woods of other seasons; to count the dragging, warming days as an urchin calculates until vacation; to endure the ticks of the clock; these things I am forced to undergo. I smart with the joys of anticipation; I have a high fever.

There is no remedy but one, and that is to look backward. Cool or warm, how alleviating is recollection! Here are some pictures of memory:

I am standing hipdeep in midcurrent casting upon the surface of a pool that lies fearsome and dark below a canted cedar. Time after time the flies flick and settle upon the water. As they trail across the pool, I watch the v-shaped wakes and

hear the river sipping at a stump. I roll the line to the precise, tantalizing spot. Ah! there is happiness in such casting. I am working better than usual, and I have pride in my technique. If no trout accepts skill, at least I may appreciate. Swish, swish! There is a promise below the stump. Swish! and as I turn my eyes once more, out of their corners I glimpse a golden-pink flash under water. Down goes the tip of my rod, twist goes my wrist, and up from the depths runs the galvanic shock. Hooked! Out into midstream surges my beauty, bucking and weaving, fighting like a pirate. Then into the air he bursts vehemently, and I know I have a rainbow. Have? Does the word express temporary or permanent possession? Even now I am too excited to reflect. For upstream he comes relentlessly, and I reel wondrously to check him. At last he turns and bores downcurrent, and when I hinder his going, then into the air he leaps again so cleanly that breathless I behold the splendor of his markings. And he, scanning my determined face, gives vent to wrath, raging and boiling up and down, back and forth, crisscross, askew, awry. Though I am ready with the landing net, he has not come to terms. I have a long breath ahead to hold. When, finally, he permits the meshy embrace, and I look upon this thing of bright colors, so lithe, so courageous, so flushed, it is he who turns conqueror and I the conquered.

And now the sun is peering through the spruce that clothe a hill to the west. One Norway pine, somehow overlooked by the scurrying lumbermen of three decades gone, flings its high, green banner 'gainst the flooding gold light. Over in Bald Hill Swamp the bluejays jeer. I might take the omen, but I am deaf. The sky was never such a blue, the wind of the south never so velvety, the river never scampered so blithely. The day is young, the world is young, and I am youthful. The current swirls to the left to a gorgeous bed of green marsh grass that couches a sprawling tamarack. Beside the green the water is serious with portent. The greedy clutch drags my fluttering flies to the log. I draw them toward me and the line tightens truculently. In Bald Hill Swamp the bluejays are jeering. My rod is bending before a monarch, making profound obeisance. The

uniting bond dissolves, and royalty is gone. He was the king of the pool. I have thought of him in high noons and midnights, I have seen again the exhibition of the mighty side he vouchsafed, I have wondered how he fares, if he is happy and sleek and fortunate, and—make no mistake—I shall go again to greet him.

This time I cast over a deadhead: there is a revealment of red and white and gold in the brown, secretive depths of the little pool, and then my leader is gone. I look curiously into the water and see nothing. Pondering upon the hasty attachment of leaders to lines, I wade to the bank to bestride a log while I effect repairs. I behold Kalkaska come down the course. Him I tell of the brigand trout. "Watch me," quoth Kalkaska. I watch. One cast—two casts—three casts—zip! the tip of his rod is down; the corners of his mouth are up. Then the rod goes up and the mouth down. "Snagged," laments Kalkaska. "Snagged." He jiggles the bamboo, he moves upstream and downstream gently pulling, he wades as far as he dares into the pool. Finally, beyond all reason, the slack line tightens, and the sulking brigand has at him. And still more beyond all reason, when the brigand is lifted from his realm, there in a corner of his rapacious mouth gleams a mote of color—my Parmachenee Belle fly that he so coveted. And to the fly is my leader. Even a brigand may teach a lesson of careful preparation.

Upon such memories do I reflect during the month of April. They allay and aggravate. Shall I ever forget the picture of my brother standing midleg in black, glossy water and casting into sooty shadows? Behind him, through a screen of pines, smoulders the huge pile of the setting sun, and makes no noise in the burning. Water, sun, and silence, and the unaware figure: how they typify the Northland that forever summons and never dismisses.

One more picture comes to mind. We are fishing the Two Heart River of the Upper Peninsula. We have so few years that we do not know of wading boots but plunge full-clothed into the stream and feel the ice rings creep around our thighs. In ticklish places we balance on logs, and as my youngest

brother follows us, his gushing shoes twist and he plumps into unsuspected quicksand. "Stay back!" he cries, as we turn, and for a moment while I gaze into his eyes that continue to smile as he struggles from that sucking mess, our spirits seem to touch and to learn each other.

My River Manistee has no quicksands, they tell me. Certain it is I wade the waters confidently. Fair, firm sand and gravel is the bed, and occasionally a scuttled log that provides a thrill if you step into the hole nestling alongside. For larger thrills there are deeper holes at the bends where the current shifts from shore to shore. Here, if your mind be too engaged with your art or with the scenery, a pouring of ice water down your boots will break the spell.

My river is kind. For the better consideration of its charm, it bends like a bow in front of our camp. Along one curve you may see through the tag alders the brown stream fleeting onward. White birches gleam amid the tamaracks of the opposite bank, and picture themselves brokenly. Beside them stand the green spruce, crowding to the water. Dead spars, begrimed with the char of dead fires and softened with the grey of lichens, fling themselves upward in durance until they settle to the patient earth. The water wrenches out from the deep hole at the crossing, lightens to silver, and then darkens to steel, and still liquid glides into the sunny shallows. Again it darkens and twists around the lower curve to vanish in a tangle of cedar. All day and all night the river pursues itself.

I am never weary of studying the varied green that accompanies this pursuit. Always the assembled members of the pines—the cedar with its pressed, branching foliage, the tufted Norway, the lichened tamarack, the gregarious spruce and jack, the commanding white pine, the flat-needed balsam—for me have each their peculiar green. In the strong sunlight of warm May mornings you contemplate the leafing tamarack beside the denser green of the cedar. Beyond will be the opaque, clotted green of the Norway, and the bold blackish green of the balsams, jacks and spruce. There are few white pines; the lumbermen have made their green fade out of the country. On shore the tag alders throw in their varying shades, the white

birches trim themselves with greening leaves, and a wild cherry tree for variety puts audacious snow upon its branches. In the bare places of the knolls, the leaves of the flowering huckleberry bushes make a yellow-green carpet inviting to the tread.

So inviting that all through the itching month of April I long to find again the pink and white trailing arbutus, and the blue johnny-jump-ups; to harken to the cross-patch kingfisher, the derisive crow and the melodious thrush; to hear the cheery robin—the untamed fellow of the brush, the thundering grouse and the raucous crane. I long to find mushrooms in the wet thicket, of a misting morning to bring pine knots to the camp fire, to listen to the plashing trout, to see the white millers and butterflies floating like patches of paper in the sunlight, to observe the bumble bees heavily blustering, and the devil's darning needles flitting jerkily, and the pinch bugs of nights blundering into circles of light. I could abide mosquitoes and black flies. I long to see deer tracks in the sand. I long to play checkers, to go unshaven, to wear old clothes, to live in a tent. I long for the first summer smell of the pine woods, for the dry aromatics that revive forgotten summers. I long for the machinations of the fly rod. I long to catch a trout, so rebellious to the barb, so startling in the stream, so cool and solid in the hand. I long to admire a brook trout, to muse upon his barred black and olive back, his silvery sides, red dotted, his yellow and white and pink waistcoat—there was never such a waistcoat—to view his full, dark eye and round, coquettish nose, his sturdy, square tail, his ample mouth and dainty teeth. I long to eat a troutlet, rolled in cornmeal, jacketed in yellow through which still appear the red dots, and broiled by myself over the little, noon fire: I long to eat him as a Hoosier strips an ear of corn.

Thus passes in itching the month of April until the twenty-ninth day thereof. At midnight I board a train for the North. In the morning I greet the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Banker, and the Chemist, and to conceal our gnawing longing all day we play the ancient game of hanky-pank. It is a method of evasion, but we cannot escape what goes by the car windows: the bundled country folk, the men and horses earnestly ploughing, the rolling hills, the lush spring wheat, the greeting of the birch

and pine stumps, towns with lumber mills, and then the first plumes of living pines upstanding in the thin, deceptive rain of the North. Subconsciously, a reiteration goes on within me: I have escaped the city; I have freed myself of men and their opinions; I go trouting. To-morrow will be Maytime in the spring and the opening of the season.

Have you lived the Winter through in a city? Have you stood helpless and seen white snow defiled by smoke? Have you for months opened and closed doors and gone in and out of habitations? Have you heard vans and trolley cars and trains? Have the stars and the sun and the winds been unrelated to you? Then you will understand.

We change cars at Walton Junction. Could there be a more friendly name? The fisherfolk go east and west. In our antiquated smoking and baggage car, natives in envied, negligent dress obscure themselves in the smoke of many tobaccos and discourse of to-morrow. The train trots down the lumber railroad. We traverse a strip of virgin timber, inviting and terrifying, we pass log cabins and tarpaper shacks, we leave the fields behind. A passenger points out a woodchopper who killed two bears the Saturday preceding. Nimrod worked until four on the railroad, and then, a man of parts, he took up his rifle and set forth on a jaunt. The affable conductor—an angler, you can tell by the feel of him—confirms the tale. Fisherfolk dismount at stations and are greeted with handpumpings and shoulder slappings. With his merry eye upon us, the conductor calls, "Next stop is Riverview!" We see the Farmer and his team awaiting our coming. We see our river, still brown, still clear, still prophetic.

In time I find myself upon a hill top. We have greeted Kalkaska at the camp, our tents are pitched, our beds are made, our tackle is assembled, and the season is not until the morrow. I have penetrated into the western, brooding hills. Atop the highest summit stands a slim-boled white pine guarding the crescent valley. I have climbed the slope and am resting at the feet of the sentinel, gazing over our country. To the rear, the sun tears apart the clouds; to the front, the evergreen floor of the valley flames vividly, a sliver of lake in the eastern ridges

catches the fire; below me, our white tent tops gleam. I do not know of what I think, but of a sudden I am aware the day is done. To every man in each day under the sky comes the moment announcing the close. Perhaps a vagrant wind fulfils the office, or a lengthened shadow, or the huddled trees, or a calling bird, or the shimmer of the river, or the long lights of the sun. The moment comes as inevitably as the bells ring noon and man is so constituted that he must apologetically ask of himself, as he bids the luminary farewell and faces the night, "What have I done with this day?"

This evening, as I descend the slope to the tents, I have no apology. Can a man be peaceful and apologetic? I cannot. Already the peace of angling is welling up within me; a peace that differs from any in the world. And as I walk I remark how patience comes with angling peace. I look aloft and wonder if the rain will fall or the wind blow on the morrow. Then I ask myself, what matter? I have lain in camp through rainy days and delightedly watched the weltering clouds. The multitudinous pattering on the canvas, the wet breath of the pines, the intensified sounds of the drenched wilderness have solaced me. They will solace me again. I shall have the pleasant cracklings of the fire and the whimsical curlings of the smoke, a pipe and a friend for converse. And if it blows, what odds? I shall listen to the master-strummer who thrums over the arcs of the earth, plucking at the trees as though they were strings, turning vibrant all the air, making of it a tumbling, unseen surf. I shall listen in patience and mark the billowing film of tent, and marvel how thin is the protection against discomfort. When clamor dies out of the sky, and the sun illuminates a glad world, I shall leave shelter, rod in hand, with all the more thanksgiving.

Thus goes a man to his stream. He has experienced the joys of anticipation and of remembrance; he has acquired peace and patience. For him, in the quiet culmination of his fever, there is realization.

ITALIAN IMPERIALISM

T. LOTHROP STODDARD

FOR Italy's plunge into the European War, many good and cogent reasons have been given: reasons political, economic, ethical even. And yet no one who has carefully followed the prolonged discussion which preceded this decision can fail to remark that there were most emphatically two sides to the question. For every argument in favor of war a pacific counter-argument was promptly adduced. Italy was the scene of violent debates, and the neutralist contentions so impressed foreign observers that a study of the most serious English and French reviews seemed to show a majority of opinions predicting Italy's continued neutrality, however disagreeable this conclusion may have been to the writer's hopes and predilections. As late as the April issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, Guglielmo Ferrero, while ardently advocating war, was evidently pessimistic as to Italy's final decision.

And yet Italy has not only entered the war, but entered it under circumstances which denote not so much the "psychological moment" of cool-headed statesmen as compliance with an irresistible outburst of Italian public opinion,—at least of that articulate public opinion which knows how to voice its demands and, on occasion, to transfer its arguments from the forum to the barricade. Obviously, mere political and economic arguments are not enough to account for this sudden outburst of popular passion; we are here confronted by one of those psychological "imponderables" which, though so often overlooked, move peoples far more decisively than rationalistic logic and immediate self-interest. To this seeming riddle, however, an analysis of recent Italian political life and literature would seem to give the key. Few persons realize the intensity of the movement which, during the last few years, has been transforming Italian thought. This movement, expansionist and aggressive to the highest degree, calls itself "Nationalism," but is in reality a sublimated Imperialism. True, the movement is not a peculiarly Italian one. The last two decades have witnessed a

whole series of increasingly acute eruptions of human energy; a world-wide triumph of the dynamic over the static elements of life; a growing preference for violent and revolutionary, as contrasted with peaceful and evolutionary, solutions, running the whole politico-social gamut from "Imperialism" to "Syndicalism," and which history may assign as the fundamental cause of the present world-catastrophe. However, to simplify the problem, we will confine ourselves to Italy and limit our survey to Italian thought and action.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century, he would have been a bold prophet who would have predicted the speedy rise of an imperialistic Italy. The inglorious end of the Abyssinian adventure at Adowa (1896) had produced a profound aversion to everything that savored of Imperialism. Italy resolutely fixed her eyes upon home affairs, Crispi was abhorred and expansionists burned what they had once adored. "Work and get rich" was the watchword of the day. Those who felt the need of enthusiasms were humanitarians, Socialists, Anarchists—all, be it noted, cosmopolitan doctrines. Others still had no longer faith in anything except literature. They were dilettanti and decadents. It became the fashion to cultivate one's ego. Hence arose an intransigent individualist school, the antithesis of the cosmopolitans, but equally remote from imperialist or patriotic doctrines. The spirit of these times is well expressed by Guglielmo Ferrero in his *Il fenomeno Crispi* (1894). Herein the "Fatherland" is held to be the spot where chance has caused a man to be born. To love it with a furious passion, to believe it superior to all others, would be to be lacking in the philosophical spirit. Europe is an assemblage of groups, discordant but non-antagonistic. War appears therefore essentially unnecessary. "For those who have need of an ideal there remain science, abstract studies, art, and Socialism." How strange these words sound to those who read the Ferrero of to-day! They mark well the complete psychological transformation of Italy during the last twenty years.

The first distinct signs of the patriotic revival appeared about 1902. Of course, as in every movement, there had already been isolated protests. Even during the '90's the poet Giosué

Carducci had vigorously condemned pacifism and Socialism, and had proclaimed the warlike, imperial destiny of Italy, the heir of Rome. But these were only voices crying in the wilderness. Not till 1902 did a group of thinkers gather together to combat the prevailing ideas. These men were mostly savants and littérateurs, the most notable among them being Professors Corradini and Scipione Sighele, the latter just converted from the pessimistic theories of "Latin decadence" so widely proclaimed by the Anglo-Saxon world after the Dreyfus trial and the Spanish-American War, and accepted by many Latins themselves. The early efforts of these apostles of Italian "Nationalism," however, met with scant success. Indifferentism was still rampant. Political life was an affair of groups, cliques, clientèles, coteries. Great problems were dodged in favor of questions of immediate interest, and matters of "business"—too often log-rolling jobberies. Foreign policy was at a discount, and an Italian Premier (Luzzatti) could publicly announce without marked public disapproval that "a nation should sometimes know how to be cowardly." The first Nationalist organ, *Il Regno*, started in 1903, soon died for want of subscribers.

The great European crisis of 1908, culminating in Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, marks the real awakening of Italian Nationalism. The new teaching now spread like wildfire. Recruits poured in from every hand, among them Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose drama, *La Nave* (*The Ship*), extolling the mediæval might of Venice, appeared in that year. The delirium which seized the audience at the passage "fa di tutti gli Oceani il Mare Nostro!" ("Make of all the oceans Our Sea!"), showed that Italian imperialism was a living reality. Everything conspired to prove this: Socialist votes for army and navy credits in Parliament, quickening of already-existing cultural societies like the *Dante Alighieri* and the formation of new organizations like the Navy League, the African Society, and the Colonial Institute. Nationalist newspapers and reviews multiplied everywhere, their tenor being indicated by such titles as *La Preparazione*, *La Grande Italia*, *L'Italia al Estero*, *Il Mare Nostrum*. Almost every city presently had its review or paper, its students' circle, its lecture forum. The

Nationalists had begun to create a movement. The seed, sown to the winds, had begun to sprout.

The first-fruits were garnered at the time of the Tripoli expedition of 1911. Early in that year the Nationalists held a congress at Florence, codified their doctrines in a ringing manifesto, established a central organ, *L'Idea Nazionale*, and banded themselves together in a definite body, "l'Associazione Nazionalista." This was not, as has been sometimes asserted, a political party. It was intended to be more a universal leaven with members in all parties. Only those parties deemed "anti-National" were condemned. The new Association's first work was the demand for the immediate seizure of Tripoli. Months before any other political organization demanded such action, the Nationalists were carrying on a campaign of the most violent description. Any opposition to their demands was denounced as treason. Not even the King was spared. "It is my opinion," wrote Professor Corradini, "that the party of the Nation, Nationalism, should then [in case of royal opposition] proceed to very revolutionary action, even against things and persons whom to-day we do not name." When, therefore, in the autumn of 1911, the descent on Tripoli actually occurred, the Nationalist triumph was tremendous. They claimed Lybia as their gift to Italy, and the Italian people, roused as it then was to a veritable delirium of enthusiasm, hailed the Nationalists as prophets and saviours.

Since 1911 it is not too much to say that the Italian people has been steadily nationalized. Every competent foreign observer has noted the tremendous transformation of Italian national psychology since the outbreak of the Italo-Turkish War. "The Italians," writes a keen English critic in the spring of 1914, "have become an imperialistic people." As for Italian comment, Luigi Villari, so well known to the Anglo-Saxon public, and himself by no means an avowed Nationalist, asserts that more important than the acquisition of any colony is "the moral strength which the nation has acquired, the confidence in its army, navy and finance, the sweeping away of the cobwebs of international Socialism and mean-spirited Pacifism. Italians are beginning to feel, in whatever part of the world they may hap-

pen to be, something of the pride of the Roman citizen. Even the emigrants in foreign lands realize that their position will in the near future no longer be solely that of hewers of wood and drawers of water for alien taskmasters." What the avowed Nationalists think about the matter can be easily judged from their numerous utterances. "Italy since the war," exclaims Scipione Sighele, "is quite another Italy. She has revealed something which before did not exist. Her people vibrate with an enthusiasm at first judged ridiculous. A breath of passion animates all souls; selfish regionalism and class tendencies, vulgar party aspirations which had caught minds narrowed by the utilitarianism of the leaders, have given place as by enchantment (marvellous flowering of the unconscious and profoundly generous popular soul), to a sentiment soft as a caress, terrible as a menace, which is the instinct of the race, the love of country, the desire of a great Will, the voluptuousness of self-sacrifice, which finally puts in all hearts and into all mouths the one cry: 'Italy'! 'Italy'! 'Italy'!"

In view of all this, it would seem highly important to ascertain exactly what are the Nationalist doctrines, policies and purposes. First of all, however, let us sharply distinguish between ordinary patriotism and Nationalism. Patriotism, although love of country, is yet only one sentiment among many others which counteract and sometimes cancel it. But, for the true Nationalist, love of country is an overmastering sentiment. It is his sole discipline, the exclusive aim of his actions. The Nationalist places the "Fatherland" before everything; he conceives, treats, settles all questions primarily in their relation to the national interest. Thus all other interests, individual, family, local, party, class, are absorbed in the general, the national, interest.

To support this thesis Nationalism does not confine itself to the vague appeal of patriotism. It has evolved a body of doctrine as rigid and categorical as the socialism of Marx and Lassalle. Nationalism feels the necessity of justifying scientifically its "National" fashion of looking at everything. Its doctrines are not merely political, they are even more economic and social, with excursions into the domains of history, psychology, metaphysics, even theology.

Now, first of all, what is the Nationalist concept of the nation? Professor Maraviglia answers as follows: "It is the unique form of truly real solidarity, in time as in space, not only between those who dwell together behind determinated frontiers under a régime of community of language, laws and customs, but also between the generations which spread from the remotest ancestors to the most distant descendants." And Signor Rocco adds: "The national society is the unique social aggregate which maintains interests eagerly, continually, combatted by the other national societies, and which it must defend 'da se,' by its own means; because, above the nation there is no higher society which can give justice to the nation."

This last quotation brings out the Nationalist tenet of the vital function of war as the creative, formative and sustaining principle of national life. The national society is isolated in the midst of other and necessarily hostile societies. Wherefore,—"the struggle for life, a universal law, is the unique source of human and national perfection; war is, after all, the most loyal form of the struggle between two human collectivities, and the most educative for both of them." "The war question," says Professor Sighele, "is, for Nationalists, the primordial question. The warlike virtues are, for us, the primordial virtues." Professor Corradini is "a profound admirer of war, creator of peoples and vigorous men"; "sole hygiene of the world, sole school of sacrifice, unique cause of virtue and heroism." The Italian Nationalists repeat approvingly Anatole France's, "The more I think about it, the less I dare wish the end of war. I fear lest this great and terrible Power may, in disappearing, take away with it the virtues which it has engendered and on which our social edifice still rests to-day. Suppress the military virtues and all civil society crumbles. But, even had this society the power to reconstitute itself on new foundations, the '*Universal Fatherland*' would be too dearly bought at the price of the sentiments of courage, honor, sacrifice, which war keeps alive in the hearts of men." Professor Giorgio del Vecchio thus writes of the "Goodness of War":—"What more salutary purification from all wilfulness and impure passion, what more radical surgeon for egoism, than war? It is,

before all else, an inner experience, revealing to the individual, suddenly and as by a miracle, his aptitude for self-mastery; this it is which is its true and supreme nature. He who despises death is alone truly worthy of life." It is of especial importance to remember that these and subsequent utterances were all made prior to the outbreak of the European War, and thus reflect Nationalist psychology before it had been stimulated by the great conflict.

However, it is not enough to glorify war and celebrate the military virtues. War must be loved for itself. Says Scipione Sighele: "The military virtues are the primordial virtues. To say 'War is the most horrible of evils——'; 'We should wish for the day when the world will be one great family——'; 'However, if a war should chance to become an unhappy necessity——'; 'We shall never attack, but we shall know how to defend ourselves——'; to say these things is as dangerous as to make out-and-out pacifist and anti-militarist speeches. It is creating for the future a conflict of duties; duties towards humanity, duties towards the Fatherland. Which will prevail in the hour of peril? Doubtless the ones easiest to do."

Furthermore, useful to other nations, war is indispensable to Italy. "Italy is not yet finished," says Corradini; "for lack of a war which could have done it, we must have a war to do it. Italy must have its war; otherwise it will never be a nation. It was formerly a herd of slaves; to-day it is a people, but without war it will never be a nation. The peoples who are now nations became such only by war. And, without war, continuing to be merely a people in the midst of other peoples who are at the same time nations, we shall remain the proverbial pot of clay between the pots of iron." "A great war could alone have mingled its [Italy's] blood, and given it the passion of effort, the sense of duty. Unity was achieved with the help of Europe. Would to Heaven that it had been created against all Europe!" Pacifist protests are met in the following fashion: "'But,' object some, 'the Italian race is not a warlike race.' Only one more difficulty to overcome! Our efforts, all our efforts, will tend precisely towards making it a warlike race. We will give it a new Will, we will instil into it the appetite for

power, the need of mighty hopes. We will create a religion,—the religion of the Fatherland victorious over the other nations. We will convert our people. Is it the first time that religions have had their converts? And, when every Italian shall be joyously persuaded that he has every chance of dying in war, his mentality will be transformed even in time of peace. Active, daring, adventurous, energetic, he will no longer have as his sole conception an increase of wages or fortune, comfort or enjoyment. His aim will be no longer to live, but to do something by his life.”

The repudiation of “pacifism,” argue the Nationalists, is nowhere more necessary than in Italy; for, while Italian unity was being achieved, the other nations were appropriating the earth. And yet, what nation is by nature more destined to expansion? Signor Rocco thus develops what may be called the theory of retarded appetites: “Our country is poor, because a part of its soil is sterile and because capital is lacking. But, in return, we are prolific. Hitherto we have had to submit to the injustice of nature, for we were not numerous and the others outnumbered us; we were divided while the others were united. But, to-day, we also are numerous, we also are united, we will soon have overtaken, even surpassed, the others. Consequently, we also claim our place in the sun. The others have conquered first, then labored. We have labored first, often abroad for the foreigner; it remains for us to conquer. It is said that all the other territories are ‘occupied.’ But there have never been any territories *res nullius*. Strong nations, or nations on the path of progress, conquer, not free territories, but territories occupied by nations in decadence.” Indeed, insists the author of the anonymous brochure *Il Nazionalismo*, published like Signor Rocco’s book early in 1914, “From the Italian point of view, what is war but armed emigration? The Socialists, who pretend to suppress war, merely transpose its field of action by fomenting the struggle of classes at home. They should understand that, with us, the problem is not the distribution but the augmentation of wealth. And this problem can be solved only by economic or military conquests.”

But the future conquests of Imperial Italy are not solely

military or economic in character. They must be cultural as well. Signor Rocco hopes that Italy will know how to "create a culture peculiar to itself, and to impress in its turn, as already in Renaissance times, as France yesterday, as Germany to-day, its national seal upon the universal intellectual movement." According to Signor Rocco, the radius of Italian effort constitutes a truly far-flung battle line. "We must know how to conduct the struggle against the industrial expansion of Germany, the demographic and linguistic invasion of the Slavs, the capitalism of France, the antipathetic and dangerous brutality of those countries which, according to their selfish interest, repulse or assimilate our emigration." Truly a comprehensive programme.

After all this, it is scarcely necessary to formulate the ultimate Nationalist ideal: "Italy become once more the first nation of the world." Herein appears the deep inner connection between the local phenomenon of Nationalism and the universal phenomenon known as Imperialism. "Before twenty years," wrote Corradini, in 1911, "all Italy will be Imperialist." Also, note this illuminating definition: "Nationalism is the excitant of peoples, either too old or too young, who thereby give themselves a *motif* for becoming strong or recovering their strength. One is a Nationalist while waiting to be able to become an Imperialist—later on."

We have already seen that the Nationalists frankly admit that many changes in the Italian nature must be effected before a race can be produced capable of fulfilling Italy's imperial destiny. They indorse whole-heartedly Massimo d'Azeglio's famous dictum: "Italy is made; we must now make the Italians." But one of the most important pre-requisites for this transformation must be the elimination of foreign influences. The Nationalists, from Giosué Carducci down, bitterly resent Italy's traditional rôle as the world's playground and art museum. Sensible though they are to economic considerations, they consider the golden harvest reaped from travellers as dearly bought by the denationalizing influence of the tourist flood. Some years ago the *Dante Alighieri* took up seriously the effects of the foreign invasion of the Northern Lake Country upon the native

population and reached somewhat pessimistic conclusions. About the same time the well-known traveller and political writer Vico Mantegazza protested to the Milan city government against the prevalence of shop signs in foreign languages and urged the passage of a municipal ordinance forbidding the practice. Numerous have been the protests against foreign nurses and governesses for the children of the rich, while a movement was started a few years since for national dress-fashions, thus aiming at eliminating the tribute to Paris and encouraging the Italian artistic sense at one and the same time.

However, these are things which must be largely left to the future. Much more pressing is the question of what attitude Nationalism shall adopt toward the existing political parties. We have already seen that, for the moment at least, Nationalism proposes to work as a leaven rather than as a distinct party group. Italian parties are therefore divided by the Nationalists into two categories: those National in tendency and hence to be favored; those Anti-National and hence to be combatted and threatened with disruption.

Toward the great Liberal parties, the Constitutional Right and Left, the Nationalist attitude is aggressive hostility. True, these appear formidable antagonists. Constituting the present parliamentary majority, possessing the machinery of government, heirs of the Risorgimento and Cavour, the contest seems a most unequal one. And yet the Nationalists do not hesitate to attack them in their very citadel. The whole theory of the Liberal State is condemned, as being in essence individualist rather than national, as solving all problems from the standpoint of the individual instead of from that of the State and the nation. Furthermore, it is charged with being a mere echo of French and English ideas. In a speech delivered before the Nationalist Association of Rome early in 1914, Professor Corradini sharply criticised the "ideas of 1789." He observed that, in appropriating these ideas, Italian Liberalism has kept the imprint of a foreign influence. "Italy was freed and unified on the principle of the individualist rights proclaimed in the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Thus we may say that the Italian Revolution was dominated by the French Revolution. Wherefore, Italian

Liberalism, to-day as yesterday, is incapable of freeing itself from its origins, which are a doctrine of the rights of man rather than the doctrine of the rights of the nation." English Liberalism fares no better. In their report to the Nationalist Congress of Milan, held in May, 1914, Signori Federzoni and Maraviglia thus contrast the English doctrine with the tradition of Machiavelli: "One of England's greatest writers, Macaulay, reproaches Machiavelli with having neglected the principle that societies and laws are made to increase the sum of individual well-being, and with having preoccupied himself with the interest of the State independently of the interest of its component members, or even to their detriment. There you have the pure Individualist logic, which does not see that the national society also has its individuality, or, rather, is the most interesting of individualities!" In the opinion of the author of an anonymous pamphlet, Liberalism is peculiarly unsuited to Italy: "Liberalism, in general, represents the reaction of Individualism against the excesses of the absolutist and theocratic State up to the time of the philosophers of the eighteenth century. However, be it noted, in the other countries of Europe this individualist affirmation had been preceded by three centuries of Nationalist affirmation, whereas Italy, in mid-nineteenth century times, tried to solve the Liberal problem before that of the political organization of the nation."

Furthermore, Liberalism is guilty of another sin in having begotten that detestable offspring Democracy, which, according to Signor Rocco, is "the extreme manifestation of individualism in the domain of politics, that tendency to conceive the State, not as a perpetual and immanent entity athwart the ages, but as the simple representative, nay servant, of the actually existing individuals!" The Nationalist Signor Cappola thus addresses his Liberal opponents: "Look you! We should understand the real meaning of this term Democracy. You seem to think that this word continues to signify the progressive participation of an ever more numerous body of citizens in the life of the nation. That is the classic concept, is it not? Well, I tell you that the reality is quite otherwise. The reality, in Italy (and for that matter in the whole of our contemporary Europe), is

that by Democracy we mean a state of mind individualist, leveling, anti-clerical, pacifist, anti-militarist, Socialist on occasion, and, above all else, Dissolutionist—therefore anti-National. Such are the facts.” This explains why, at the very moment of the adoption by Italy of universal suffrage, the Nationalist press displayed this motto: “Per il Popolo, contro la Democrazia.”

Despite the imposing bulk of the Liberal parties, therefore, the Nationalists rather despise than fear them: regarded then as mere amorphous masses, bankrupt of positive ideals, their ultimate disintegration is deemed certain. These are not forces, they are simply ponderous obstacles, and the Nationalists, firm believers as they are in the gospel of force, have the faith that moves mountains. On the whole, there seems much to justify the Nationalist contention. The bulk of the party, both leaders and rankers, come from just those “intellectual” bourgeois and professional classes once the bone and sinew of Liberalism. The recent pronouncement of the Italian middle classes for war, despite the tempting economic advantages of continued neutrality, must be interpreted as a striking victory for Nationalist ideals.

Quite different from the position held toward Liberalism is the Nationalist attitude toward that other political newcomer, the Catholic party, admitted into Italian parliamentary life by the recent removal of the papal “non-expedit.” The extension of the vote to Italy’s peasant millions by the new universal suffrage law affords this party great political possibilities. Its relations to Nationalism become, therefore, highly significant. At first sight it might seem as though it would be difficult to reconcile two doctrines, one of which imposes absolute submission to the Church while the other proclaims the practical omnipotence of the State. As a matter of fact, however, the reverse appears to be the case. The Nationalists extol Catholicism. “We recognize in Catholicism,” says the Nationalist Signor Forghè, “an historical and ideal factor of Italy. We assign to Catholicism a national function, not by making ourselves the champions of a concept rivalling the sovereignty of the State, but in recognizing that Catholicism makes for social conservation at home and expansion abroad. Thus, our eastern policy has been powerfully furthered by the Italian religious orders.” And in the 1914

Congress at Milan, Signori Federzoni and Maraviglia reported: "The state of mind evoked by the religious sentiment predisposes individuals to accept the transcendental element which incontestably forms the base of our doctrine and which can find no echo in the materialistic mind." To these approaches the Catholics have warmly responded. The Catholic deputy Meda lauded the Milan Congress "for not having hesitated to admit what the Liberals have always been ashamed to avow;—that in Italy religious faith is a sort of national cement, a centripetal force which resists all dissolvents." In fact, everything seems to portend a Nationalist-Catholic alliance. Psychologically they have much in common, politically they have the same enemies, while the Roman question has become so academic as no longer to be a practical issue.

The Nationalist attitude toward Socialism is peculiarly significant. To orthodox Marxian Socialism, represented in Italy by the "Regular" Socialist party, the Nationalists are frankly hostile. The reason is plain. Marxian Socialism is not only cosmopolitan by nature, but its Italian manifestation is distinctly democratic and opposed to such instruments of national expansion as army and navy credits, ship subsidies, etc., condemned as "unproductive expenses." But, for the Nationalists, these are just the most "productive" expenses. Socialism protects a class,—and one class only. Its ideal budget would be a budget of charities, for which it would sacrifice nearly all the expenses of general interest. But, according to the Nationalists, "the budget should favor that method of distribution which will assure the greatest national production." The expenses of the State alone really count. A few officials, workmen, peasants, may to-day be a little less well-off, but the citizens of the successful, triumphant Italy of to-morrow will profit an hundred-fold.

However, according to Nationalist judgments, orthodox Socialism has lost its grip. It is to-day an electoral party, its leaders are ambitious parliamentarians. Like the Liberals, it possesses no constructive ideals for the future and hangs on by mere inertia and the advantage of acquired positions. Marxian Socialism is no longer a force, as the Nationalists understand the term. Basing its expectations upon the fulfilment of unescap-

able natural law, Marxian Socialism is evolutionary, not revolutionary, by nature. It pins its faith on ballots, not bullets. But, since it is not a force, Marxism, like Liberalism, may safely be disregarded. Whatever happens, it may talk much, but will do little.

Very different is the Nationalist attitude toward that recent movement called Syndicalism, known to Americans through the Industrial Workers of the World. With Syndicalism the Nationalists feel hearty respect and sympathy. For Syndicalism, like Nationalism, is based upon the gospel of Force; it is revolutionary, not evolutionary in character; it sticks at nothing to obtain the realization of its ideals. Though usually classed as a mere Socialist off-shoot, it is held by the Nationalists to be something quite new. Says Corradini: "Syndicalism is not, as commonly believed, the quintessence of Socialism, but a revolt against Socialism. Syndicalism is an aristocratic and imperialist movement; it is the proletariat organizing for conquest, aspiring to power by violence." The psychological affinity of the two movements is revealed by the following dictum of the French Syndicalist Georges Sorel, quoted by Italian Nationalists with hearty approbation: "Violence, class struggles without quarter, the state of war *en permanence* not only may usher in the future revolution, but appear to be the only means by which the European nations, besotted with humanitarianism, can regain their pristine vigor." At the outbreak of the Tripolitan war, while the orthodox Socialist leaders denounced the popular enthusiasm as "senseless frenzy," the Syndicalist leader Arturo Labriola approved of "a war destined to develop the country's vitality and its sentiment of heroism." Again, during the months preceding Italy's entrance into the present European conflict, the regular Socialists stood for strict neutrality, the Syndicalists for immediate participation.

The Nationalists do not fear Syndicalism. In their opinion the Syndicalists are merely near-sighted Nationalists, who need only a slightly larger vision. Syndicalism is a partial and incomplete forerunner of the Nationalist revelation. In time the lesser will merge into the greater truth. Says Professor Corradini: "Just as it [Syndicalism] is the proletariat's method

of redemption from the bourgeois classes, so Nationalism will be for us Italians our method of redemption from the French, the Germans, the North and South Americans, who are our bourgeois. We take up the tale where Syndicalism lays it down. Our action is more vast, more beautiful. Instead of a class, the nation: instead of the bourgeoisie for antagonist, the world."

Now that Italy has definitely entered the war in alliance with England and France against the Teutonic Powers, a discussion of the Nationalist theory of Italian foreign policy may appear somewhat academic. Nevertheless, in view of certain current misconceptions, it seems best to touch upon the point. In the first place, the Nationalists are by no means mere Irredentists. Their eyes have never been fixed solely upon Trentino and Trieste, nor have they considered Austria as Italy's sole potential enemy. Space forbids the elaboration of this point, but a wealth of Nationalist utterances might be adduced. To sum up the matter: the Nationalists, while of course never forgetting Trieste and Trentino, also remember that French Corsica, Nice and Tunis, English Malta and Swiss Ticino are all inhabited by Italian populations. If Austria has dominated the Adriatic, France and England control the Mediterranean. Nationalist colonial aspirations extend far beyond Albania over the East Mediterranean basin. This last is important because the Italian Government here apparently shares in great measure the Nationalist point of view. Italy's refusal to evacuate Rhodes and the other *Ægean* islands occupied by her during the Tripolitan War has been supplemented by the staking out of a large sphere of influence in South-west Asia Minor and by a markedly aggressive attitude throughout the entire Levant from Smyrna to Alexandria. The insistence of the Italian Government on its eastern policy was revealed by the diplomatic duel between Sir Edward Grey and the late Marquis di San Giuliano during the opening months of 1914.

The Nationalist attitude toward foreign policy is marked by a profound realism. "Our party," says Signor Federzoni, "holds a purely realist and integral valuation of international relations, in absolute antithesis to the sentimental tendencies of

the old Radical and Republican Irredentism, which looked to the abandonment of the Triplice and the rapprochement of Italy with the parliamentary Powers of the West." And, at the beginning of 1914, he stated in an address before the Catholic University Circle of Rome: "I observe that the Catholics are favorable to the alliance with the empires of Central Europe and sympathetic towards Austria. That is too naïve a viewpoint. It springs from a superficial and partisan admiration for the neighboring monarchy because it is traditionalist and hierarchical. For precisely opposite reasons our democrats are often anti-Triplician and gravitate toward Republican, Masonic and Radical-Socialist France. We repudiate all these *à priori*. Nationalism, in regard to the system of alliances, is inspired only by the positive interests of Italy, without regard to the preferences which its party members may feel for the internal physiognomy of this or that State."

Such being the case, it may be considered that, in so far as the Nationalists represent Italian public opinion, Italy has entered the war primarily with the firm determination to obtain important rewards for her action. What, in Nationalist opinion, these rewards should be, may be judged from the series of articles by the Nationalist deputy Bevione in that leading Italian newspaper *La Stampa* toward the end of the year 1914. They are exceedingly comprehensive in character and would seem to portend friction with the other allied Powers should the Italian Government claim them as the spoils of victory at the close of a successful war.

The outcome of the European War is, indeed, the touchstone, not only of Italian hopes, but perhaps of the Nationalist movement itself. Italian defeat might well be followed by an Anti-Imperialist revulsion akin to that after Adowa, but naturally of much more acute intensity. On the other hand, Italian victory, judging by the consequences of the Tripolitan War, would probably mean such further indorsement of Nationalist ideals as to sweep the Italian people fairly into the ambitious race for world-dominion.

THE HOME OF THE "HAIRY ONES"

ARNO DOSCH

THE plateau over which we had been walking narrowed down to a promontory jutting out into a shallow sea of fog lying in the valley of the Lys. A French observation balloon floated above it half a mile to the left, and, from down under its cover, came the steady tap-tap-tap of mitrailleuses, a sound exactly like that of rivetting machines on structural iron work. Through the light screen covering the trenched battlefield before us the heavy detonations tore with timed regularity, but all we could see was the wedge of high land dropping away to nothing. Just ahead of us, but under the screen, lay Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

At the break of the soggy hill a company of French infantry appeared out of the mist. All were bearded, all weary, all covered with mud. In their stuck-up condition there would have been something fantastically droll about them, if it had not been for their serious, dog-tired faces. There was not a smile, not a word among them, as they plodded steadily up to us. I thought they were going right on until their captain saluted and stopped beside the smart cavalry officer with me.

"We got into their trenches again last night," the infantry captain remarked in a quiet, unexcited tone. "I lost four men, but I only lost one in the counter-attack." He was a man of fifty, with a grizzled beard and serious grey eyes. When he stopped, his company stopped, and he turned to take them into the conversation as he went on: "It's slow work straightening out that salient."

There was not a comment, not a movement of the head, in the whole company; but each man expressed the toughness of the job with his eyes. Nor did those eyes express anything of the joy of battle. You could see only that it was a tough job and they knew it; but that it had to be done and they were doing it. I cannot say how they conveyed the idea that they were also going to succeed in doing it, but they made that plain, too.

All these impressions they gave without saying a word. They

did not even speak among themselves. They simply stopped and looked at us, but their eyes showed that they knew exactly what they were doing, and the price in lives they would have to pay, and, somehow, that seemed to make them invincible. Physically they were indifferent, short, stocky men, from whom the spring of youth had entirely gone. Their uniforms, badly fitting in the first place, were pulled out of shape by hard usage. Their trousers, red and grey cloth, and brown corduroy, were plastered with mud. So were their elbows and caps. There was even mud in their beards.

Their captain started on, and they shouldered their rifles and followed. They had given us neither greeting nor farewell; neither a smile nor a frown. But, caught by their silence, we stood and watched them go.

"The poilus," remarked the smart cavalry officer, his voice stretching out the last syllable, as we turned again towards the battlefield. Before us lay the ditches they call trenches, the great holes left by exploded mines, the slimy, slippery sides of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. "They're taking it," he said, pointing through the mist at the ridged, ditched and muddied fields. "They will take it all, too. The poilus, like that, bumping the Germans out of France, yard by yard."

His tone was not all admiration. There was a bit of contempt in it, too. For he was a regular officer, a professional soldier, and he could not quite accept this unkempt citizen army. "The poilus," "the bristly," "the unshaven," "the hairy ones": you hear the word used in France with so many intonations, but it is never used without affection. Even the professional soldier's tone expressed that. It usually carries a little affectionate contempt with it, too, such as one has for a faithful old dog. The word was first applied to men like those we had just passed, the territorials and the older reservists, because of their straggly beards. Now that all the French army has become bristly and unshaven, the word has stretched a little in its meaning; but still when one says "poilu," one means the territorial, the bearded, nondescript, scrubby-looking soldier—the man who has saved France.

As we went forward we passed more companies of them,

bearded, muddy, silent. They had just been relieved from the steady, grinding trench fighting, and were going back a few miles to baths, dominoes and rest.

Just before we reached the bottom of the hill the mist lifted higher and I could see for miles across the new wonderland, the battle-line of the trenches. A very disappointing place to look at it is, too, merely ridges of dirt running in all directions over the uneven fields. There was nothing dramatic, nothing even horrible. If there were bodies between the trenches I could not see them, but, for that matter, it is curious how closely a body will nestle into the earth. Only the bursting shells indicated where the French trenches left off and the German began. There was nothing there to thrill, and yet below us lay the most stirring battlefields of the spring, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, Carency, Vermelles, Mt. St. Eloi. Here the Germans had first weakened under the persistent French attack. Here was the first trial of strength, hand to hand, body against body, bayonet clashing against bayonet. Here it was that France first had the feeling that soldier for soldier, man for man, she could push the Germans right out of France. And who had done the attacking? The poilus!

As we kept going forward we entered the trenches as one enters the sea over a long, shelving beach. We crossed a slippery field as fast as we could to avoid the bullets which began zipping about us as soon as we showed ourselves, and, alongside a welcome hedge, we entered a boyau, one of the long shelter-trenches leading from the rear to the fighting trenches. I was too much concerned with the zipping bullets to notice just when our path began sinking into the earth, but we were knee-deep below the level of the fields when I realized where we were going. Then we stepped down half-a-dozen steep, well-made steps, and were completely out of sight. I could see the sky directly overhead, and that was all. Not that I cared, for I was adventuring into a new country, the land of the poilus.

When Alice fell down the rabbit-hole, and found the sides lined with cupboards and book-shelves, she saw nothing more surprising than the home of the "hairy ones." The boyau led straight forward for a mile or more, all chance of monotony being removed by the shells that kept passing overhead. Even

they had a new sound down there. They seemed to be turning over and over in the air, but they had the same old anger, the vicious, inanimate animosity of all shells. Some of the shrapnel broke overhead, the stinging, bumble-bee bullets kicking mud all over us, so we looked quite at home in the land of the poilus.

All at once we came upon a dent in the side of the trench, and a hole in the dent. Inside was a small chamber, well underground, filled with mitrailleuse and rifle ammunition. Some of the poilus were carrying boxes forward: a healthy, cheerful lieutenant smoking a briar pipe in a dent opposite was keeping a record. He sat humming at his work, and was evidently quite contented. I sat down for a while with him in his block-house, toasting my shins before his charcoal burner, drier and warmer than I had been for several days, and tried to stretch my minutes there into weeks and months. I had just reached the conclusion that this trench warfare was not so bad after all, when two of the poilus passed down the boyau, carying a third on a stretcher between them. He was lying stiffly on his face, his muddy legs and boots stretched stiffly out behind. He still had on his coat, the usual graceless tailed garment which makes the most dashing French soldier look utterly commonplace, and on him it only touched commonplaceness with misery. I never realized before how much difference a badly fitting coat could make. That corpse was grotesque.

A second passed lying on his back, his cap pulled down over his eyes, but his bearded chin bare to the sky. It was thrust forward defiantly, just as it had been caught in the moment of death. His lips were parted, too, as if he were just about to cry out. With the stifled cry in his throat, forever baffled, he was now being carried out to a shallow grave. Perhaps that last cry was to those he left at home. Three months later they would know that he was dead. Then they would accept it bitterly behind closed doors, and face the world with dry eyes. That cry would never pass the tightly-drawn throat. It is hard to forget it struggling for utterance.

There was a third body, and it was almost standing on its head. The soldier who had passed up out of that grotesque had doubled over in terrible pain and grasped at his bowels. But

there were only fragments and ends of bowels to grasp at, for a piece of hurtling shrapnel shell had torn completely through them. His body had grown rigid in that position and now it would not lie down on the stretcher. It required a third poilu to steady it on the stretcher that two others were carrying. It was difficult to believe that it had ever been a human body. In its ungainly attitude, its legs humped up in the air, its red trousers stiff with mud, it looked like a uniform stuffed with straw. It gave the effect of a scarecrow.

A mean fate that did not even permit the poilus to be dignified in death!

As I went forward, I was under the impression that we were constantly getting deeper into the earth, though we were really passing under level fields. It was we who were getting deeper into the trenches, because we were no longer walking upright. We were close enough now to be in range of the rifle bullets from the German trenches, and they pinged constantly over our heads. There was a ridge of dirt between to protect us, but the unconscious effect on us was to make us lose about a foot apiece in height. A lieutenant who had joined us in the trenches explained that it was just as well to keep our heads below the line of the fields, as the Germans opposite occupied themselves by shooting at the same points in the parapets with reversed bullets until they opened a hole.

The home of the "hairy ones" was an orderly place. Each boyau and each trench was named. The commanders' points of observation were carefully indicated, and the way to all the block-houses containing ammunition was indicated by arrows.

At the second line of trenches the lieutenant remarked that we were about fifty yards from the Germans. It was a moment of comparative stillness. The rifle shooting seemed to have stopped. There was only the regular tap-tap-tap of the mitrailleuse. This went on mechanically. A dozen rapid shots, and then a rest; another dozen, and a rest again. I was counting them mechanically, when the silence grew so intense close around us that I knew without being told something was about to happen. Coming down the communicating trench behind us was a string of soldiers, and they stopped too. "What is——?" I started

to ask, and the silence broke. It was shattered, splintered, torn to millions of fragments and driven into my ears. In a second it was over and I was surprised to find myself still on my feet. It was shattered again in another second, and again and again, and there was no more silence at all after that as the rifles took it up and the mitrailleuses changed from a tap-tap to a whirl. I looked around at the men in sight and saw that they were passing forward a long, curved, jagged piece of cast iron, a piece of bomb. It had passed over the head of a particularly hairy little poilu. "Brave little shorty," "That's the time you were glad you were not tall," they joked with him, and he grinned and held his hand over his head to show where it had passed.

A zig-zag brought us up to the forward trench. "*Faire feu*," I could hear before I was really in it, and, even above the racket of rifles, I could hear the clear tone of the commanding lieutenant's voice, "*Feu*." Over and over this was repeated, the poilus pumping their rifles as steadily as at drill. I forgot then their absurd coats, their murderous trousers, the mud in their beards.

When the order came to stop, we made our way along the trench, past the riflemen stepping down from their firing positions and turning blood-shot eyes on us. They were as grim and silent as ever, but each man looked up and down the line to see if all had escaped the return fire. All had in that trench. In fact the German fire had been light. The French had only opened fire to show the Germans they were in good order and willing to receive a bayonet attack following the trench-bombs. But the Germans were apparently content with the bombs.

"How far are we from the Germans?" I asked the nearest poilu.

"Look," he said, pointing to the loop-hole through which he had been firing.

I would have been perfectly willing to take his word for it, but I gave one hasty look. Just in front there was a stretch of perhaps seventy-five feet of field with new grass springing up, and then the parapet of the first German trench. It would have

been no trouble at all to throw a rock into the first line of the German trenches.

"Near enough?" laughed the poilu, as I stepped hastily down. I told him it was as near as I wanted to get. "But we shall be nearer soon," he remarked. "For seven months we have been creeping up on them, and they cannot hold us much longer. They were blind when they attacked us. Because they were ready and we were not, they thought they could wipe us out. They did not know whom they were fighting, or they would have realized no Frenchman could rest while a German soldier remained on French soil. We have been winning it all back inch by inch and we will go on winning it back if we have to creep underground and blow up their trenches every twenty yards from here to the Ardennes."

He spoke with a fierce intensity and a volubility that made up for all the silent poilus I had seen that day. The fact that the German soldiers were only seventy-five feet away in their trenches seemed to be neither here nor there. I could imagine them, though I could not even see the point of a helmet, big, blond, well-fleshed young Bavarians, admirable looking soldiers; but they did not seem a menace at that moment. It was they who were menaced. The spirit of the man beside me made me feel that the trench in which I stood was a comparatively safe place. And yet he was only a middle-aged man in a badly-fitting coat and sloppy trousers, and he needed a shave. But, as he spoke, his eyes shone and his jaws squared under the stubble. He was not much to look at, perhaps, but he was a patriot after an American's own heart.

HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE NEW TORYISM"

WITH COMMENTS BY

ELIHU ROOT

[As explained in the August number of The Forum, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive officialism and the over-development of governmental activity will be re-published, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among these contributors will be Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Judge Gary, Augustus D. Gardner and William Howard Taft.—EDITOR]

SENATOR ROOT'S COMMENTS

THE writings of Herbert Spencer were so much read and discussed by the generation which is now passing out of active life that, under the laws to which books are subject, the swing of the pendulum has brought a period of comparative neglect by the new generation. He said many true things, however, upon subjects which are always vital, and he said these things with great force and clearness and supported them with admirable reasoning and a wealth of definite, practical illustration. His stimulating influence upon the thought of his own time played a great part in bringing about the more general active interest in public affairs which marks our day, and for that we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

We may not agree with everything that he said; we may find it necessary to modify many of his conclusions, as indeed he did himself during the course of his long life; but we cannot afford to forget what he said, for much of it is directly applicable to the conditions which now exist. New support for many of his positions is to be found in our own recent experience and the evils which he pointed out in the practice of government have become aggravated and plain to all thoughtful students. He was the apostle of the right of individual liberty, limited only by the equal rights of others. He made that the basis of his

political philosophy. He tested all laws which limited the freedom of the individual by the question whether those laws were necessary to maintain the equal freedom of others. Many of us, I think most of us in America, believe that to be the true principle, the only principle, upon which political ethics can rest securely, and we cannot afford to have our belief become a dead and forgotten faith. He preached the danger in making laws of following the apparent expediency of the moment without regard to political principles and the rules of action which principles demand. He warned his readers of the disastrous failures certain to result from such a course and of the gradual deterioration in character which results from the habit of following the easy path of the expedient and becoming indifferent to sound political principles. Every generation needs to think about these things for itself, and we need to think about them now.

If we apply Spencer's article on *The New Toryism* to the United States, we cannot fail to realize the rapidity with which our social organization has been passing from the régime of contract into the régime of status. If we proceed further to consider the great body of laws which have been enacted in recent years by our national and State legislatures, we shall find that many of them go beyond the limits of power which on sound political principles government ought to exercise in restraint of the liberty of the individual citizen. This subject is of more critical importance for us than it was for England when Spencer wrote; for England was a small and in the main a comparatively homogeneous country with little local diversity of public interests, while with us the process is going on not merely in individual States, but, with continually increasing scope and compulsion, in the national Government; and the nation is of vast extent, with many communities widely differing from each other in their traditions and customs and ideas of conduct. So that through the national Government, if that be not restrained by just limits upon governmental power, the individual American is liable to have his status determined and his liberty restrained and his individual conduct ordered and limited in accordance with the views and wishes of people who live thousands of miles

away and whose ideas are quite different from those of the community in which he resides. Very serious steps have already been taken towards bringing about that very state of things.

Accordingly I think it would be very useful for the American people to read Herbert Spencer again.

THE NEW TORYISM

MOST of those who now pass as Liberals, are Tories of a new type. This is a paradox which I propose to justify. That I may justify it, I must first point out what the two political parties originally were; and I must then ask the reader to bear with me while I remind him of facts he is familiar with, that I may impress on him the intrinsic natures of Toryism and Liberalism properly so called.

Dating back to an earlier period than their names, the two political parties at first stood respectively for two opposed types of social organization, broadly distinguishable as the militant and the industrial—types which are characterized, the one by the *régime* of status, almost universal in ancient days, and the other by the *régime* of contract, which has become general in modern days, chiefly among the Western nations, and especially among ourselves and the Americans. If, instead of using the word "co-operation" in a limited sense, we use it in its widest sense, as signifying the combined activities of citizens under whatever system of regulation; then these two are definable as the system of compulsory co-operation and the system of voluntary co-operation. The typical structure of the one we see in an army formed of conscripts, in which the units in their several grades have to fulfil commands under pain of death, and receive food and clothing and pay, arbitrarily apportioned; while the typical structure of the other we see in a body of producers or distributors, who severally agree to specified payments in return for specified services, and may at will, after due notice, leave the organization if they do not like it.

During social evolution in England, the distinction between these two fundamentally-opposed forms of co-operation, made its appearance gradually; but long before the names Tory and Whig came into use, the parties were becoming traceable, and their connexions with militancy and industrialism respectively, were vaguely shown. The truth is familiar that, here as elsewhere, it was habitually by town-populations, formed of workers and traders accustomed to co-operate under contract, that resistances were made to that coercive rule which characterizes co-operation under status. While, conversely, co-operation under status, arising from, and adjusted to, chronic warfare, was supported in rural districts, originally peopled by military chiefs and their dependents, where the primitive ideas and traditions survived. Moreover, this contrast in political lean-

ings, shown before Whig and Tory principles became clearly distinguished, continued to be shown afterwards. At the period of the Revolution, "while the villages and smaller towns were monopolized by Tories, the larger cities, the manufacturing districts, and the ports of commerce, formed the strongholds of the Whigs." And that, spite of exceptions, the like general relation still exists, needs no proving.

Such were the natures of the two parties as indicated by their origins. Observe, now, how their natures were indicated by their early doctrines and deeds. Whiggism began with resistance to Charles II. and his cabal, in their efforts to re-establish unchecked monarchical power. The Whigs "regarded the monarchy as a civil institution, established by the nation for the benefit of all its members"; while with the Tories "the monarch was the delegate of heaven." And these doctrines involved the beliefs, the one that subjection of citizen to ruler was conditional, and the other that it was unconditional. Describing Whig and Tory as conceived at the end of the seventeenth century, some fifty years before he wrote his *Dissertation on Parties*, Bolingbroke says:—

"The power and majesty of the people, and original contract, the authority and independency of Parliaments, liberty, resistance, exclusion, abdication, deposition; these were ideas associated, at that time, to the idea of a Whig, and supposed by every Whig to be incommunicable, and inconsistent with the idea of a Tory.

"Divine, hereditary, indefeasible right, lineal succession, passive obedience, prerogative, non-resistance, slavery, nay, and sometimes popery too, were associated in many minds to the idea of a Tory, and deemed incommunicable and inconsistent, in the same manner, with the idea of a Whig."—*Dissertation on Parties*, p. 5.

And if we compare these descriptions, we see that in the one party there was a desire to resist and decrease the coercive power of the ruler over the subject, and in the other party to maintain or increase his coercive power. This distinction in their aims—a distinction which transcends in meaning and importance all other political distinctions—was displayed in their early doings. Whig principles were exemplified in the Habeas Corpus Act, and in the measure by which judges were made independent of the Crown; in defeat of the Non-Resisting Test Bill, which proposed for legislators and officials a compulsory oath that they would in no case resist the king by arms; and, later, they were exemplified in the Bill of Rights, framed to secure subjects against monarchical aggressions. These Acts had the same intrinsic nature. The principle of compulsory co-operation throughout social life was weakened by them, and the principle of voluntary co-operation strengthened. That at a subsequent period the policy of the party had the same general tendency, is well shown by a remark of Mr. Green concerning the period of Whig power after the death of Anne:—

"Before the fifty years of their rule had passed, Englishmen had forgotten that it was possible to persecute for differences of religion, or to put down the liberty of the press, or to tamper with the administration of justice, or to rule without a Parliament."—*Short History*, p. 705.

And now, passing over the war-period which closed the last century and began this, during which that extension of individual freedom previously gained was lost, and the retrograde movement towards the social type proper to militancy was shown by all kinds of coercive measures, from those which took by force the persons and property of citizens for war-purposes to those which suppressed public meetings and sought to gag the press, let us recall the general characters of those changes effected by Whigs or Liberals after the re-establishment of peace permitted revival of the industrial *régime*, and return to its appropriate type of structure. Under growing Whig influence there came repeal of the laws forbidding combinations among artisans as well as of those which interfered with their freedom of travelling. There was the measure by which, under Whig pressure, Dissenters were allowed to believe as they pleased without suffering certain civil penalties; and there was the Whig measure, carried by Tories under compulsion, which enabled Catholics to profess their religion without losing part of their freedom. The area of liberty was extended by Acts which forbade the buying of negroes and the holding of them in bondage. The East India Company's monopoly was abolished, and trade with the East made open to all. The political serfdom of the unrepresented was narrowed in area, both by the Reform Bill and the Municipal Reform Bill; so that alike generally and locally, the many were less under the coercion of the few. Dissenters, no longer obliged to submit to the ecclesiastical form of marriage, were made free to wed by a purely civil rite. Later came diminution and removal of restraints on the buying of foreign commodities and the employment of foreign vessels and foreign sailors; and later still the removal of those burdens on the press, which were originally imposed to hinder the diffusion of opinion. And of all these changes it is unquestionable that, whether made or not by Liberals themselves, they were made in conformity with principles professed and urged by Liberals.

But why do I enumerate facts so well known to all? Simply because, as intimated at the outset, it seems needful to remind everybody what Liberalism was in the past, that they may perceive its unlikeness to the so-called Liberalism of the present. It would be inexcusable to name these various measures for the purpose of pointing out the character common to them, were it not that in our day men have forgotten their common character. They do not remember that, in one or other way, all these truly Liberal changes diminished compulsory co-operation throughout social life and increased voluntary co-operation. They have forgotten that, in one direction or other, they diminished the range of governmental

authority, and increased the area within which each citizen may act unchecked. They have lost sight of the truth that in past times Liberalism habitually stood for individual freedom *versus* State-coercion.

And now comes the inquiry—How is it that Liberals have lost sight of this? How it is that Liberalism, getting more and more into power, has grown more and more coercive in its legislation? How is it that, either directly through its own majorities or indirectly through aid given in such cases to the majorities of its opponents, Liberalism has to an increasing extent adopted the policy of dictating the actions of citizens, and, by consequence, diminishing the range throughout which their actions remain free? How are we to explain this spreading confusion of thought which has led it, in pursuit of what appears to be public good, to invert the method by which in earlier days it achieved public good?

Unaccountable as at first sight this unconscious change of policy seems, we shall find that it has arisen quite naturally. Given the unanalytical thought ordinarily brought to bear on political matters, and, under existing conditions, nothing else was to be expected. To make this clear some parenthetical explanations are needful.

From the lowest to the highest creatures, intelligence progresses by acts of discrimination; and it continues so to progress among men, from the most ignorant to the most cultured. To class rightly—to put in the same group things which are of essentially the same natures, and in other groups things of natures essentially different—is the fundamental condition to right guidance of actions. Beginning with rudimentary vision, which gives warning that some large opaque body is passing near (just as closed eyes turned to the window, perceiving the shade caused by a hand put before them, tell us of something moving in front), the advance is to developed vision, which, by exactly-appreciated combinations of forms, colors, and motions, identifies objects at great distances as prey or enemies, and so makes it possible to improve the adjustments of conduct for securing food or evading death. That progressing perception of differences and consequent greater correctness of classing, constitutes, under one of its chief aspects, the growth of intelligence, is equally seen when we pass from the relatively simple physical vision to the relatively complex intellectual vision—the vision through the agency of which, things previously grouped by certain external resemblances or by certain extrinsic circumstances, come to be more truly grouped in conformity with their intrinsic structures or natures. Undeveloped intellectual vision is just as indiscriminating and erroneous in its classings as undeveloped physical vision. Instance the early arrangement of plants into the groups, trees, shrubs, and herbs: size, the most conspicuous trait, being the ground of distinction; and the assemblages formed being such as united many plants extremely unlike in their natures, and separated others that are near akin. Or still better, take the

popular classification which puts together under the same general name, fish and shell-fish, and under the sub-name, shell-fish, puts together crustaceans and molluscs; nay, which goes further, and regards as fish the cetacean mammals. Partly because of the likeness in their modes of life as inhabiting the water, and partly because of some general resemblance in their flavors, creatures that are in their essential natures far more widely separated than a fish is from a bird, are associated in the same class and in the same sub-class.

Now the general truth thus exemplified, holds throughout those higher ranges of intellectual vision concerned with things not presentable to the senses, and, among others, such things as political institutions and political measures. For when thinking of these, too, the results of inadequate intellectual faculty, or inadequate culture of it, or both, are erroneous classings and consequent erroneous conclusions. Indeed, the liability to error is here much greater; since the things with which the intellect is concerned do not admit of examination in the same easy way. You cannot touch or see a political institution: it can be known only by an effort of constructive imagination. Neither can you apprehend by physical perception a political measure: this no less requires a process of mental representation by which its elements are put together in thought, and the essential nature of the combination conceived. Here, therefore, still more than in the cases above named, defective intellectual vision is shown in grouping by external characters, or extrinsic circumstances. How institutions are wrongly classed from this cause, we see in the common notion that the Roman Republic was a popular form of government. Look into the early ideas of the French revolutionists who aimed at an ideal state of freedom, and you find that the political forms and deeds of the Romans were their models; and even now a historian might be named who instances the corruptions of the Roman Republic as showing us what popular government leads to. Yet the resemblance between the institutions of the Romans and free institutions properly so-called, was less than that between a shark and a porpoise—a resemblance of general external form accompanying widely different internal structures. For the Roman Government was that of a small oligarchy within a larger oligarchy: the members of each being unchecked autocrats. A society in which the relatively few men who had political power, and were in a qualified sense free, were so many petty despots, holding not only slaves and dependents but even children in a bondage no less absolute than that in which they held their cattle, was, by its intrinsic nature, more nearly allied to an ordinary despotism than to a society of citizens politically equal.

Passing now to our special question, we may understand the kind of confusion in which Liberalism has lost itself: and the origin of those mistaken classings of political measures which have misled it—classings, as we shall see, by conspicuous external traits instead of by internal natures.

For what, in the popular apprehension and in the apprehension of those who effected them, were the changes made by Liberals in the past? They were abolitions of grievances suffered by the people, or by portions of them: this was the common trait they had which most impressed itself on men's minds. They were mitigations of evils which had directly or indirectly been felt by large classes of citizens, as causes to misery or as hindrances to happiness. And since, in the minds of most, a rectified evil is equivalent to an achieved good, these measures came to be thought of as so many positive benefits; and the welfare of the many came to be conceived alike by Liberal statesmen and Liberal voters as the aim of Liberalism. Hence the confusion. The gaining of a popular good, being the external conspicuous trait common to Liberal measures in earlier days (then in each case gained by a relaxation of restraints), it has happened that popular good has come to be sought by Liberals, not as an end to be indirectly gained by relaxations of restraints, but as the end to be directly gained. And seeking to gain it directly, they have used methods intrinsically opposed to those originally used.

And now, having seen how this reversal of policy has arisen (or partial reversal, I should say, for the recent Burials Act and the efforts to remove all remaining religious inequalities, show continuance of the original policy in certain directions), let us proceed to contemplate the extent to which it has been carried during recent times, and the still greater extent to which the future will see it carried if current ideas and feelings continue to predominate.

Before proceeding, it may be well to say that no reflections are intended on the motives which prompted one after another of these various restraints and dictations. These motives were doubtless in nearly all cases good. It must be admitted that the restrictions placed by an Act of 1870, on the employment of women and children in Turkey-red dyeing works, were, in intention, no less philanthropic than those of Edward VI., which prescribed the minimum time for which a journeyman should be retained. Without question, the Seed Supply (Ireland) Act of 1880, which empowered guardians to buy seed for poor tenants, and then to see it properly planted, was moved by a desire for public welfare no less great than that which in 1533 prescribed the number of sheep a tenant might keep, or that of 1597, which commanded that decayed houses of husbandry should be rebuilt. Nobody will dispute that the various measures of late years taken for restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors, have been taken as much with a view to public morals as were the measures taken of old for checking the evils of luxury; as, for instance, in the fourteenth century, when diet as well as dress was restricted. Everyone must see that the edicts issued by Henry VIII. to prevent the lower classes from playing dice, cards, bowls, etc., were not more prompted by desire for popular welfare than were the acts passed of late to check gambling.

Further, I do not intend here to question the wisdom of these modern interferences, which Conservatives and Liberals vie with one another in multiplying, any more than to question the wisdom of those ancient ones which they in many cases resemble. We will not now consider whether the plans of late adopted for preserving the lives of sailors, are or are not more judicious than that sweeping Scotch measure which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, prohibited captains from leaving harbor during the winter. For the present, it shall remain undebated whether there is a better warrant for giving sanitary officers powers to search certain premises for unfit food, than there was for the law of Edward III., under which innkeepers at seaports were sworn to search their guests to prevent the exportation of money or plate. We will assume that there is no less sense in that clause of the Canal-boat Act, which forbids an owner to board gratuitously the children of the boatmen, than there was in the Spitalfields Acts, which, up to 1824, for the benefit of the artisans, forbade the manufacturers to fix their factories more than ten miles from the Royal Exchange.

We exclude, then, these questions of philanthropic motive and wise judgment, taking both of them for granted; and have here to concern ourselves solely with the compulsory nature of the measures which, for good or evil as the case may be, have been put in force during periods of Liberal ascendancy.

To bring the illustrations within compass, let us commence with 1860, under the second administration of Lord Palmerston. In that year, the restrictions of the Factories Act were extended to bleaching and dyeing works; authority was given to provide analysts of food and drink, to be paid out of local rates; there was an Act providing for inspection of gas-works, as well as for fixing quality of gas and limiting price; there was the Act which, in addition to further mine-inspection, made it penal to employ boys under twelve not attending school and unable to read and write. In 1861 occurred an extension of the compulsory provisions of the Factories Act to lace-works; power was given to poor law guardians, etc., to enforce vaccination; local boards were authorized to fix rates of hire for horses, ponies, mules, asses, and boats; and certain locally-formed bodies had given to them powers of taxing the locality for rural drainage and irrigation works, and for supplying water to cattle. In 1862 an Act was passed for restricting the employment of women and children in open-air bleaching; and an Act for making illegal a coal-mine with a single shaft, or with shafts separated by less than a specified space; as well as an Act giving the Council of Medical Education the exclusive right to publish a *Pharmacopœia*, the price of which is to be fixed by the Treasury. In 1863 came the extension of compulsory vaccination to Scotland, and also to Ireland; there came the empowering of certain boards to borrow money repayable from the local rates, to employ and pay those out of work;

there came the authorizing of town-authorities to take possession of neglected ornamental spaces, and rate the inhabitants for their support; there came the Bakehouses Regulation Act, which, besides specifying minimum age of employ  s occupied between certain hours, prescribed periodical lime-washing, three coats of paint when painted, and cleaning with hot water and soap at least once in six months; and there came also an Act giving a magistrate authority to decide on the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of food brought before him by an inspector. Of compulsory legislation dating from 1864, may be named an extension of the Factories Act to various additional trades, including regulations for cleansing and ventilation, and specifying of certain employ  s in match-works, that they might not take meals on the premises except in the wood-cutting places. Also there were passed a Chimney-Sweepers Act, an Act for further regulating the sale of beer in Ireland, an Act for compulsory testing of cables and anchors, an Act extending the Public Works Act of 1863, and the Contagious Diseases Act: which last gave the police, in specified places, powers which, in respect of certain classes of women, abolished sundry of those safeguards to individual freedom established in past times. The year 1865 witnessed further provision for the reception and temporary relief of wanderers at the cost of ratepayers; another public-house closing Act; and an Act making compulsory regulations for extinguishing fires in London. Then, under the Ministry of Lord John Russell, in 1866, have to be named an Act to regulate cattle-sheds, etc., in Scotland, giving local authorities powers to inspect sanitary conditions and fix the numbers of cattle; an Act forcing hop-growers to label their bags with the year and place of growth and the true weight, and giving police powers of search; an Act to facilitate the building of lodging-houses in Ireland, and providing for regulation of the inmates; a Public Health Act, under which there is registration of lodging-houses and limitation of occupants, with inspection and directions for lime-washing, etc., and a Public Libraries Act, giving local powers by which a majority can tax a minority for their books.

Passing now to the legislation under the first Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, we have, in 1869, the establishment of State-telegraphy, with the accompanying interdict on telegraphing through any other agency; we have the empowering a Secretary of State to regulate hired conveyances in London; we have further and more stringent regulations to prevent cattle-diseases from spreading, another Beerhouse Regulation Act, and a Sea-birds Preservation Act (ensuring greater mortality of fish). In 1870 we have a law authorizing the Board of Public Works to make advances for landlords' improvements and for purchase by tenants; we have the Act which enables the Education Department to form school-boards which shall purchase sites for schools, and may provide free schools supported by local rates, and enabling school-boards to pay a child's fees, to compel parents to send their children, etc., etc.; we have a further Factories and Workshops

Act, making, among other restrictions, some on the employment of women and children in fruit-preserving and fish-curing works. In 1871 we meet with an amended Merchant Shipping Act, directing officers of the Board of Trade to record the draught of sea-going vessels leaving port; there is another Factory and Workshops Act, making further restrictions; there is a Pedlars Act, inflicting penalties for hawking without a certificate, and limiting the district within which the certificate holds as well as giving the police power to search pedlars' packs; and there are further measures for enforcing vaccination. The year 1872 had, among other Acts, one which makes it illegal to take for hire more than one child to nurse, unless in a house registered by the authorities, who prescribe the number of infants to be received; it had a Licensing Act, interdicting sale of spirits to those apparently under sixteen; and it had another Merchant Shipping Act, establishing an annual survey of passenger steamers. Then in 1873 was passed the Agricultural Children's Act, which makes it penal for a farmer to employ a child who has neither certificate of elementary education nor of certain prescribed school-attendances; and there was passed a Merchant Shipping Act, requiring on each vessel a scale showing draught and giving the Board of Trade power to fix the numbers of boats and life-saving appliances to be carried.

Turn now to Liberal law-making under the present Ministry. We have, in 1880, a law which forbids conditional advance-notes in payment of sailors' wages; also a law which dictates certain arrangements for the safe carriage of grain-cargoes; also a law increasing local coercion over parents to send their children to school. In 1881 comes legislation to prevent trawling over clam-beds and bait-beds, and an interdict making it impossible to buy a glass of beer on Sunday in Wales. In 1882 the Board of Trade was authorized to grant licenses to generate and sell electricity, and municipal bodies were enabled to levy rates for electric-lighting: further exactions from ratepayers were authorized for facilitating more accessible baths and washhouses; and local authorities were empowered to make bye-laws for securing the decent lodging of persons engaged in picking fruit and vegetables. Of such legislation during 1883 may be named the Cheap Trains Act, which, partly by taxing the nation to the extent of £400,000 a year (in the shape of relinquished passenger duty), and partly at the cost of railway-proprietors, still further cheapens travelling for workmen: the Board of Trade, through the Railway Commissioners, being empowered to ensure sufficiently good and frequent accommodation. Again, there is the Act which, under penalty of £10 for disobedience, forbids the payment of wages to workmen at or within public-houses; there is another Factory and Workshops Act, commanding inspection of white lead works (to see that there are provided overalls, respirators, baths, acidulated drinks, &c.) and of bakehouses, regulating times of employment in both, and prescribing in detail some constructions

for the last, which are to be kept in a condition satisfactory to the inspectors.

But we are far from forming an adequate conception if we look only at the compulsory legislation which has actually been established of late years. We must look also at that which is advocated, and which threatens to be far more sweeping in range and stringent in character. We have lately had a Cabinet Minister, one of the most advanced Liberals, so-called, who pooh-poohs the plans of the late Government for improving industrial dwellings as so much "tinkering"; and contends for effectual coercion to be exercised over owners of small houses, over land-owners, and over ratepayers. Here is another Cabinet Minister who, addressing his constituents, speaks slightly of the doings of philanthropic societies and religious bodies to help the poor, and says that "the whole of the people of this country ought to look upon this work as being their own work": that is to say, some extensive Government measure is called for. Again, we have a Radical member of Parliament who leads a large and powerful body, aiming with annually-increasing promise of success, to enforce sobriety by giving to local majorities powers to prevent freedom of exchange in respect of certain commodities. Regulation of the hours of labour for certain classes, which has been made more and more general by successive extensions of the Factories Acts, is likely now to be made still more general: a measure is to be proposed bringing the employés in all shops under such regulation. There is a rising demand, too, that education shall be made gratis (*i. e.*, tax-supported), for all. The payment of school-fees is beginning to be denounced as a wrong: the State must take the whole burden. Moreover, it is proposed by many that the State, regarded as an undoubtedly competent judge of what constitutes good education for the poor, shall undertake also to prescribe good education for the middle classes—shall stamp the children of these, too, after a State pattern, concerning the goodness of which they have no more doubt than the Chinese had when they fixed theirs. Then there is the "endowment of research," of late energetically urged. Already the Government gives every year the sum of £4,000 for this purpose, to be distributed through the Royal Society; and, in the absence of those who have strong motives for resisting the pressure of the interested, backed by those they easily persuade, it may by-and-by establish that paid "priesthood of science" long ago advocated by Sir David Brewster. Once more, plausible proposals are made that there should be organized a system of compulsory insurance, by which men during their early lives shall be forced to provide for the time when they will be incapacitated.

Nor does enumeration of these further measures of coercive rule, looming on us near at hand or in the distance, complete the account. Nothing more than cursory allusion has yet been made to that accompanying compulsion which takes the form of increased taxation, general and

local. Partly for defraying the costs of carrying out these ever-multiplying sets of regulations, each of which requires an additional staff of officers, and partly to meet the outlay for new public institutions, such as board-schools, free libraries, public museums, baths and washhouses, recreation grounds, &c., &c., local rates are year after year increased; as the general taxation is increased by grants for education and to the departments of science and art, &c. Every one of these involves further coercion—restricts still more the freedom of the citizen. For the implied address accompanying every additional exaction is—"Hitherto you have been free to spend this portion of your earnings in any way which pleased you; hereafter you shall not be free so to spend it, but we will spend it for the general benefit." Thus, either directly or indirectly, and in most cases both at once, the citizen is at each further stage in the growth of this compulsory legislation, deprived of some liberty which he previously had.

Such, then, are the doings of the party which claims the name of Liberal; and which calls itself Liberal as being the advocate of extended freedom!

I doubt not that many a member of the party has read the preceding section with impatience: wanting, as he does, to point out an immense oversight which he thinks destroys the validity of the argument. "You forget," he wishes to say, "the fundamental difference between the power which, in the past, established those restraints that Liberalism abolished, and the power which, in the present, establishes the restraints you call anti-Liberal. You forget that the one was an irresponsible power, while the other is a responsible power. You forget that if by the recent legislation of Liberals, people are variously regulated, the body which regulates them is of their own creating, and has their warrant for its acts."

My answer is, that I have not forgotten this difference, but am prepared to contend that the difference is in large measure irrelevant to the issue.

In the first place, the real issue is whether the lives of citizens are more interfered with than they were; not the nature of the agency which interferes with them. Take a simpler case. A member of a trades' union has joined others in establishing an organization of a purely representative character. By it he is compelled to strike if a majority so decide; he is forbidden to accept work save under the conditions they dictate; he is prevented from profiting by his superior ability or energy to the extent he might do were it not for their interdict. He cannot disobey without abandoning those pecuniary benefits of the organization for which he has subscribed, and bringing on himself the persecution, and perhaps violence, of his fellows. Is he any the less coerced because the body coercing him is one which he had an equal voice with the rest in forming?

In the second place, if it be objected that the analogy is faulty, since

the governing body of a nation, to which, as protector of the national life and interests, all must submit under penalty of social disorganization, has a far higher authority over citizens than the government of any private organization can have over its members; then the reply is that, granting the difference, the answer made continues valid. If men use their liberty in such a way as to surrender their liberty, are they thereafter any the less slaves? If people by a *plébiscite* elect a man despot over them, do they remain free because the despotism was of their own making? Are the coercive edicts issued by him to be regarded as legitimate because they are the ultimate outcome of their own votes? As well might it be argued that the East African, who breaks a spear in another's presence that he may so become bondsman to him, still retains his liberty because he freely chose his master.

Finally if any, not without marks of irritation as I can imagine, repudiate this reasoning, and say that there is no true parallelism between the relation of people to government where an irresponsible single ruler has been permanently elected, and the relation where a responsible representative body is maintained, and from time to time re-elected; then there comes the ultimate reply—an altogether heterodox reply—by which most will be greatly astonished. This reply is, that these multitudinous restraining acts are not defensible on the ground that they proceed from a popularly-chosen body; for that the authority of a popularly-chosen body is no more to be regarded as an unlimited authority than the authority of a monarch; and that as true Liberalism in the past disputed the assumption of a monarch's unlimited authority, so true Liberalism in the present will dispute the assumption of unlimited parliamentary authority. Of this, however, more anon. Here I merely indicate it as an ultimate answer.

Meanwhile it suffices to point out that until recently, just as of old, true Liberalism was shown by its acts to be moving towards the theory of a limited parliamentary authority. All these abolitions of restraints over religious beliefs and observances, over exchange and transit, over trade-combinations and the travelling of artisans, over the publication of opinions, theological or political, &c., &c., were tacit assertions of the desirableness of limitation. In the same way that the abandonment of sumptuary laws, of laws forbidding this or that kind of amusement, of laws dictating modes of farming, and many others of like meddling nature, which took place in early days, was an implied admission that the State ought not to interfere in such matters; so those removals of hindrances to individual activities of one or other kind, which the Liberalism of the last generation effected, were practical confessions that in these directions, too, the sphere of governmental action should be narrowed. And this recognition of the propriety of restricting governmental action was a preparation for restricting it in theory. One of the most familiar political truths is that, in the course of social evolution, usage precedes law; and

that when usage has been well established it becomes law by receiving authoritative endorsement and defined form. Manifestly then, Liberalism in the past, by its practice of limitation, was preparing the way for the principle of limitation.

But returning from these more general considerations to the special question, I emphasize the reply that the liberty which a citizen enjoys is to be measured, not by the nature of the governmental machinery he lives under, whether representative or other, but by the relative paucity of the restraints it imposes on him; and that, whether this machinery is or is not one he shared in making, its actions are not of the kind proper to Liberalism if they increase such restraints beyond those which are needful for preventing him from directly or indirectly aggressing on his fellows—needful, that is, for maintaining the liberties of his fellows against his invasions of them: restraints which are, therefore, to be distinguished as negatively coercive, not positively coercive.

Probably, however, the Liberal, and still more the sub-species Radical, who more than any other in these latter days seems under the impression that so long as he has a good end in view he is warranted in exercising over men all the coercion he is able, will continue to protest. Knowing that his aim is popular benefit of some kind, to be achieved in some way, and believing that the Tory is, contrariwise, prompted by class-interest and the desire to maintain class-power, he will regard it as palpably absurd to group him as one of the same genus, and will scorn the reasoning used to prove that he belongs to it.

Perhaps an analogy will help him to see its validity. If, away in the far East, where personal government is the only form of government known, he heard from the inhabitants an account of a struggle by which they had deposed a cruel and vicious despot, and put in his place one whose acts proved his desire for their welfare—if, after listening to their self-congratulations, he told them that they had not essentially changed the nature of their government, he would greatly astonish them; and probably he would have difficulty in making them understand that the substitution of a benevolent despot for a malevolent despot, still left the government a despotism. Similarly with Toryism as rightly conceived. Standing as it does for coercion by the State *versus* the freedom of the individual, Toryism remains Toryism, whether it extends this coercion for selfish or unselfish reasons. As certainly as the despot is still a despot, whether his motives for arbitrary rule are good or bad; so certainly is the Tory still a Tory, whether he has egoistic or altruistic motives for using State-power to restrict the liberty of the citizen, beyond the degree required for maintaining the liberties of other citizens. The altruistic Tory as well as the egoistic Tory belongs to the genus Tory; though he forms a new species of the genus. And both stand in distinct contrast with the Liberal as

defined in the days when Liberals were rightly so called, and when the definition was—"one who advocates greater freedom from restraint, especially in political institutions."

Thus, then, is justified the paradox I set out with. As we have seen, Toryism and Liberalism originally emerged, the one from militancy and the other from industrialism. The one stood for the *régime* of status and the other for the *régime* of contract—the one for that system of compulsory co-operation which accompanies the legal inequality of classes, and the other for that voluntary co-operation which accompanies their legal equality; and beyond all question the early acts of the two parties were respectively for the maintenance of agencies which effect this compulsory co-operation, and for the weakening or curbing of them. Manifestly the implication is that, in so far as it has been extending the system of compulsion, what is now called Liberalism is a new form of Toryism.

How truly this is so, we shall see still more clearly on looking at the facts the other side upwards, which we will presently do.

NOTE.—By sundry newspapers which noticed this article when it was originally published, the meaning of the above paragraphs was supposed to be that Liberals and Tories have changed places. This, however, is by no means the implication. A new species of Tory may arise without disappearance of the original species. When saying, for instance, that in our days "Conservatives and Liberals vie with one another in multiplying" interferences, I clearly implied the belief that while Liberals have taken to coercive legislation, Conservatives have not abandoned it. Nevertheless, it is true that the laws made by Liberals are so greatly increasing the compulsions and restraints exercised over citizens, that among Conservatives who suffer from this aggressiveness there is growing up a tendency to resist it. Proof is furnished by the fact that the "Liberty and Property Defence League," largely consisting of Conservatives, has taken for its motto "*Individualism versus Socialism*." So that if the present drift of things continues, it may by and by really happen that the Tories will be defenders of liberties which the Liberals, in pursuit of what they think popular welfare, trample under foot. *

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HONORABLE WAR

J. WILLIAM LLOYD

WAR has been attacked from many standpoints. It has been declared incompatible with Christianity, with Socialism, with Humanitarianism; there are even those who have attacked it from the viewpoint of business, though others declare it the legitimate child and inevitable offspring of modern business and economic competition. But strangely enough, there is one very obvious standpoint from which, so far as I know, war has never been assailed.

I believe I am correct in saying that so far in the history of the world no one has essayed to show that the military profession, as we have it, is condemned by the Code of the Gentleman.

Yet nothing is more self-evident. It can be demonstrated with the greatest ease. Nevertheless it has been everywhere assumed and tacitly admitted that the profession of arms was peculiarly that of the gentleman.

The Code of the Gentleman has come down to us as a legacy from the Age of Chivalry. It has been a model for centuries. Everybody knows it. Its requirements are more clear and definite than those of Christianity, or of Socialism, and less disputed.

Not quite undisputed, it is true. Thus it always has been a point in dispute whether the ideal gentleman should treat his social inferiors as gentlemen and ladies, or as beings outside his code. Although the consensus of decision has been in favor of the larger and more generous view, we may very well waive this point in the discussion and consider only the gentleman's relation to his undisputed equals. Again, while it has always been admitted that gentlemen may fight, it has always been held that the fighting must be according to the code duello, that is, strictly fair and equal. It is true that in some countries the code duello has now fallen under legal and quasi-social censure; nevertheless it is still everywhere held that *if gentlemen do fight, they must fight as gentlemen*; that is honorably, equally, without base advantage or deception, with scrupulous, fastidious

fairness. This ruling applied to the duelling ground, to the prize ring, to all races, games of chance or hazard, competitions or disputes whatever. To stoop to trickery or any unfair advantage is to be a cad, and this ruling stands to-day, as it always has. The bully, the cheat, is no gentleman.

It is everywhere held that the gentleman must not be a coward.

It is everywhere held that the gentleman's word must be inviolate—he must speak the truth—especially must he not lie to save himself or to take advantage.

Everywhere it is held that the gentleman must always and everywhere be chivalrous, the defender and protector of womanhood in knightly errantry. To take advantage of a woman, to injure a woman, is doubly damned. And this logic applies to children and all the weak.

Briefly, then, a gentleman must be brave, he must speak the truth, he must never take advantage, he must fight fairly, he must protect the weak.

Of course a gentleman must be dignified and courteous; but though to-day these are given an abnormal prominence as proofs of the gentleman, they were in olden times hardly considered or mentioned, so inevitably were they supposed to proceed from and accompany the essentials.

The undisguised contempt of the old-time gentleman for trade, so largely glossed over and ignored nowadays, did not proceed, as is so often assumed, from any snobbishness on the gentleman's part, but from a very clear perception that all competitive trading is based upon lies, cheating and taking advantage, is essentially and inevitably unfair, and is therefore an impossible profession for a gentleman to touch. That was why the gentleman had to be a landed proprietor or to engage in some of the gentlemanly professions. This was sound, as far as it went; but the astounding thing is that it was not perceived that war, as it has always been carried on between different nations, is exactly like trade, a competition requiring trickery, lying, bullying and all unfairness, and therefore something which no gentleman can touch.

International diplomacy, as heretofore carried on, which is

really a part of war, precedes all war and is its first step and cause, is also a profession impossible to the gentleman, because it is peculiarly a business of lies, flattering, fawning, cheating, intrigue and taking advantage, until the situation becomes unbearable and open war is declared.

These truths, once stated, are so self-evident that they hardly need argument to sustain them. It has always been known and undisputed that diplomats were liars, schemers, tricksters, trying to win an underhand advantage. It has always been acknowledged that in war, as heretofore known and carried on, every possible advantage would be taken of the enemy. Nor can it be urged, as a dodge, that the gentleman, who is always an officer, is mainly opposed in battle by privates who are not gentlemen. In the first place the gentleman is not always an officer, but may be a private; and in the second place wars are declared between kings or presidents, undisputedly gentlemen and equals and responsible for the whole thing, and, thirdly, the officer, as a gentleman, faces not merely a mob of privates, but is opposed to another officer, another gentleman. Practically speaking, the privates do not exist at all, but are all parts and members of some officer, who directs their every movement and is altogether responsible for them. Just as, under the old laws, the slave was a part of the master, who would resent any injury offered as an attack upon him, and the wife was a part of the husband, and could not be insulted or injured without responsibility to him; so is the relation of the private to his officer. The war is between the gentlemen officers, and the privates are but weapons wielded by them. By no possibility can this truth be evaded.

It has always been recognized and admitted that the spy was no gentleman, and was acting dishonorably, and it has always been the custom to placate the code in a hypocritical way by hanging the spy, when caught, as a hapless scapegoat; but this too is a trick utterly unworthy of gentlemen, utterly unfair, because the spy is always connived at, assisted, and usually ordered and directed by officers on the side he assists, who conspire with him, receive his messages and reward him, and who as his accomplices are equally or more guilty, and these "gentlemen" can

in no way evade their responsibility for his offence. They are all cads together.

In all wars it is the endeavor to crush or overawe an inferior force by a superior one, or by superior or irresistible weapons. This is unfair, this is to act as a bully, this is to dishonor the code.

In all wars it is the custom to take advantage, wherever possible, of the enemy by feints, stratagems, ambushades, secret mines, night attacks, by any and every lie, deceit, cheat, surprise imaginable except a very few which "civilized" nations have agreed to forgo, and even these agreements are very shaky and apt to be disregarded. All this is to act unworthily as gentlemen and utterly impossible to defend. It would not pass even in the prize ring, at the gaming table, on the race track.

Leaving out of the question all actual rapes of womanhood, all direct thefts and murders of non-combatants (because, though all these do accompany all wars and it is known that they inevitably will, they are at least nominally condemned and forbidden), it is certain that in all wars, as now conducted and as always conducted heretofore, women will be horribly terrified, will be shot and torn by missiles, or will be driven from their homes and subjected to dreadful losses and frightful mental and physical anguish; and not only women, but children, old men, non-combatants, the weak and innocent of all and every kind. Therefore all our wars are unchivalrous; and this too can in no way be evaded or denied.

No gentleman on the duelling ground would think of wearing bullet-proof armor or of using a pistol or rapier in any way superior to that given to his opponent; yet when he becomes an officer in war he unblushingly uses forts, earthworks, armored ships, and tries always to outclass his enemy's armament.

But why go on? The proofs are all on the surface and everybody has seen them, though by a strange paradox of psychological abstraction nobody seems to have seen them. The standards of war and trade are the same and each uses every unfair advantage. Suffice it to say that every soldier of to-day is a coward, a bully, a cheat, a liar, unchivalrous to women and the weak, by

every necessity of his profession. He is not and cannot be a gentleman.

But let no one suppose that in this article I am trying to reform the gentleman's code so that no gentleman will fight. I am asking for no reforms or changes whatever in the code. I am standing strictly by the code as it is and has always been, asking only that it shall be consistent and purge out all hypocrisy and everything inconsistent with itself. I want the gentleman to be utterly and fastidiously a gentleman, a knight pure and without reproach, or else acknowledge himself a cad and a vulgarian.

I do not ask to reform the gentleman so that he will not go to war, but I do ask that war be so reformed that a gentleman can be a warrior—an impossibility to-day.

How can this be done? Very simply. A gentleman should blush to ask the question, because the gentleman's code already contains all necessary and explicit guidance. Go back to the Code Duello—what was honorable and fair for two men is honorable and fair for all men; simply make war between nations honorable and fair and fit for gentlemen. If humanity has decided, and it seems it has, that certain questions can only be decided satisfactorily by deadly battle and the drawing of blood, then let us as gentlemen decide how the fight can be equal and noble and worthy of high-minded men.

This might be done in many ways, but I will sketch one possible method. War, to be fair, must be so arranged that any nation, however small, could fight any nation, however great, on equal terms. That goes without saying. Let us suppose, then, that each recognized nation on earth selects one hundred gentlemen to be its army and fighting force. No nation is so small that it could not do this. Let all nations agree on a common weapon, of equal quality, size, shape, pattern, deadliness; made by the same manufacturer for all alike. Let the manual of arms, tactics and method of fighting be the same for all. Whatever the weapon, it must not be one that could by any possibility accidentally injure non-combatants witnessing or near the conflict. Therefore all fire-arms and missile-weapons must be barred. Let us suppose the weapon chosen is the sword.

It has always been the gentleman's weapon, and if this were chosen, "the arbitrament of the sword" would not be an empty phrase. And let a board and jury of judges be chosen, one from each nation, to witness, referee and decide all contests, with this exception, that in any given contest the judges belonging to the nations engaged, being interested parties, should have no vote or voice in the matter. And let a common, international battle-ground be chosen, on some island, or in some remote, desert place, far from the centres of human life. Surgeons, nurses, and seconds to be chosen by each nation to attend to its fighting men. Spectators should be freely admitted to view all battles, except that children should be barred, and perhaps it would be more chivalrous to exclude women.

Two nations have disagreed. All negotiations have failed and it has been decided that only the ordeal of battle can prove the right. One hundred men from each nation are drawn up, facing each other. The seconds have fastidiously paired them off so that as far as may be they are equal in youth, size, weight, skill, as well as in weapons. All have shaken hands, affirmed that they have no personal animosities to settle, all have declared themselves satisfied with the fairness of all arrangements.

At a given signal the battle is on. Swords flash or redden with blood, spectators cheer, encourage, sigh, or are transfixed by the thrilling sight. Each couple fights by itself and until one antagonist is killed, disabled, disarmed, or has surrendered. There is no *mêlée*.

When the round is concluded, the slain are borne away, the wounded are attended, the disarmed are declared defeated and withdrawn, unless the enemy permits them to rearm and remain, and the judges confer and agree on points.

The battle has been sanguinary. One side has lost in killed, wounded, disarmed, seventy-five men; the other side has fifty men left. From the fifty men the seconds select twenty-five as fair opponents of the remnant on the other side, and the other twenty-five are told to stand aside. Again the battle closes, and at its conclusion the balance has shifted and the minority side in the first round has now a majority of survivors, ten against five. Some on both sides are slightly wounded, but are permitted to

fight again on their own request, the surgeons concurring. Matched again as fairly as possible, another round is fought, and now only two remain able to swing a blade and these fight to a finish.

Had the judges entirely agreed they would now announce their decision, but as they have disagreed on some minor points, they have a week within which to come to a conclusion. If no agreement is reached, then the battle may be fought over again, until a unanimous decision is given. Once the judgment is given, as all involved are gentlemen and honorable men, there is no appeal from the verdict. Nor can any war be fought over again in less than one year's intervening.

Now here is honorable war. No lies, cheats, bullying, braggadocio; no unfair weapons or unfair fighting; no sneaking or skulking, hiding behind breastworks or armor plate; no masked batteries, sniping from tree-tops with smokeless powder and silenced rifles, blowing up from below with mines or submarines; no attacking of sleeping men in the dark; no dropping of bombs on helpless men from the gentle skies; no damage to property, art-treasures, homes, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, travel; no starvation or inflated prices; no navies or vast menacing armies of useless soldiers; no war taxes, except the infinitesimal sum required to finance such a battle between two hundred volunteer gentlemen as I have described; and no women brought to sorrow except those intimately related to the handful of men engaged. Yet there has been real fighting, real bloodshed, perhaps real killing, and Mars has been propitiated.

Of course the killing is not a necessary consequence. It can be intentionally avoided. By wearing masks, armor, or arranging weapons, rules, etc., alike on both sides, killing could be ruled out or made impossible, or a defeat to the killer. Single-sticks or foils could be substituted for real swords with an equally decisive conflict. In fact any non-missile weapon might be substituted. Clubs would probably be considered too vulgar for gentlemen, and while fists might be popular with Anglo-Saxons and Celts, they would never be accepted by the rest of the world; but what about canes or whips? It has always been as common and popular for gentlemen to carry canes and whips as swords,

and it perhaps takes a hardier and rarer courage to face blows from a whip than cuts from steel. The defeated party could then, without metaphor, be properly described as "whipped," "beaten," and "thrashed," and yet there might be but little bloodshed, or serious wounding, and death would be improbable and could be counted against the side inflicting it.

At any rate, here is a method indicated by which war may be made as decisive a test of national and personal hardihood, courage and manliness as now, as decisive of victory or defeat as now, and yet be absolutely honorable and fair; and the way, and the only way, is shown by which it can be touched by a gentleman.

TO RUPERT BROOKE

CHARLES VALE

I KNOW there came to you, so soon to die,
A poignant sense of what must needs befall:
For well they hear, who answer beauty's call;
Though they are deaf, whom beauty passes by.
Now, as you dreamed and told us, you shall lie
Within some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England: sword and shield
Are buried, but beneath an English sky.

In truth your heart, all evil shed away,
(Scant evil you shall answer for to God!)
Is now a pulse in the eternal mind.
And it shall beat through many an English May
And throb through many an English autumn wind:
For you still live, O Dust beneath brown sod!

ENEMY'S CHILD

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD

MAIS, Madame, do not let them write it down "*de père inconnu.*" "Father unknown" is mother dishonored. Say rather "enemy's child."

How, Madame? If I am willing for *le Gouvernement* to take this Thing when it comes? What should I do with it, this Enemy's Brat? It is not mine. A woman bears her children *à son homme à elle*. This child is not mine.

Oui, Madame, last night they brought me here on the road of iron with the wounded. I worked in the fields, I helped with the sick and buried the dead until my time was drawing near.

A little while more and I shall bring forth a monster, half French and half Enemy. Two heads it will have and two hearts, for never those two can make one.

Quel âge, Madame? Ten months ago I was nineteen—nineteen, and betrothed to Mathieu. Now I am old, old, and Mathieu—do you see this, here on the cord around my neck? That is what they gave me when I went for news of Mathieu. A great basketful of them and another and another. A harvest from the Marne. They searched in one and gave me this, Mathieu's number. Mathieu, *un numéro! Voilà tout!* The river has taken him away.

Oui, Madame, *notre village*. It has no need now to be—how do they say?—deleted by M'sieu le Censeur. Shall a heap of rubbish bear a name? There is nothing more. Only ashes and débris and stupid, gaping walls. All, all gone. And of Mathieu,—*rien que ça*.

Que voulez-vous? It is for France.

Dost thou hear that, thou Enemy's Brat?

The church—ah, Madame, you should see. The Holy Virgin in her niche was untouched. They say she hid her face when the first shell struck. She was good to our village. For so many years the crops were good. This year even—but this crop was not in.

Combien, Madame? My father, my mother, I and Charlot. There were two between, but *le bon Dieu* was kind to them. They died before.

Charlot was twelve, Madame. He was a good boy. M'sieu le Curé said he was a good boy. But bold, Madame. We spoiled him, we others. We thought there was no boy like Charlot.

Charlot! Charlot!

My mother laid him in my arms when he was but an hour old. "*V'là ton affaire*," she said.

Ah, Madame, to have a little brother to care for, it is almost better than to have a son. It was only yesterday that I taught him to walk. Yesterday—a thousand years—it is the same.

They came to our village as to the others. They took M'sieu le Maire, and said they would kill him if anyone in the village did not instantly obey.

We were frightened. Had we not seen the poor people? Oh, *les pauv' gens*! Had we not heard the cries and the shooting in the dark? For every shot, a life. We were still.

We kept in our house. The hours went by until we thought we should go mad with the tramping. Was the whole world come to France? At last, Charlot ran out. My father shouted to him, but he leaped through the door and was gone.

"An instant, to see," he called back.

He did not come and he did not come. All three, we went to find him.

And then——

"*Mélie! Mélie!*"

It was Charlot's voice, calling me. I saw him running toward me, and—he had no hands. Charlot had no hands.

At last, we stopped the bleeding. Then They came, demanding to eat. One stood by the bed where Charlot was lying.

"If the Prussians had done this in 1870," he said in French, "there would not be so many *sacré* Frenchmen left to fight now."

They went through our house. They found the gun, old

and rusty, which *mon grandpère* had carried in 1870. We had hidden it, but they found it.

One said, looking at Charlot:

"At least, thou wilt not use it, thou."

And Charlot—ah, Madame—he was but a child, and we had spoiled him—looked at his bloody bandages and smiled.

"*Ma foi, M'sieu l'Ennemi*, I can learn to shoot with the feet."

Madame, they took him out. They held us bound to watch. They stood him up against the house—so little, ah, he looked so little standing there. . . . Once he cried out: "Mélie!" Shall I ever forget? Mélie! It was like when he was *tout petit* and afraid in the dark. Then he sobbed:

"*C'est pour la patrie.*"

Yes, Madame. They shot him.

Charlot! Charlot!

The next day—was it?—I do not know. The days all ran together after that. Some one had fired, they said, fired a shot for France. They overran the village, shooting, burning, and——

Ah, *mon père!*

When they seized me, he hurled a stone.

That time, they used the bayonet.

I did not know any more for a long time. The good sisters found me and kept me in the cellar of the convent till I was well again.

Then first of all I thought of my mother.

I went back to the village,—*non*, Madame, I will be kind. You shall not hear. Such things are not to hear. *Moi, j'ai vu*. I found my mother. With a little stick, she was poking in the ashes where our home had been. She did not know me.

Day by day, I brought her food, the little that I could find. Then, one day, the wall—there was one left standing—fell down and crushed her. I pulled away the stones from her, but she was dead. I set a stone at her head and another at her feet. They came from our fireplace. My little crucifix I laid upon her breast and I made the sign of the cross over her and said my prayers. I pray the Saviour will forgive her

the last sacrament. If not, Seigneur, I swear, those last days, I would take for them a thousand years of purgatory. Jésus, let them pass for hers.

Ah, Madame, when I found that I had conceived!

I ran to the Holy Mother where she stood unharmed in her niche. I knelt down among the stones and broken glass. Before I had never seen her so clearly. Always in the dim light of candles and the colored windows. Now she was all light, sunlight.

Madame, I prayed to her to let me do the forbidden thing. I told her all why, so many reasons why.

"A sign, give me a sign, Holy One," I prayed.

A long time, I waited. The clouds were passing, one by one, away from the sun. It was one clear day in the long wet. Sometimes she was in shadow, sometimes bright. At last, I swear it, she shook her head.

"It is for France," I cried, and waited again.

There was no answer, though I waited long. But she had shaken her head. The Holy Mother had shaken her head.

The Medical Corps found me wandering and starving.

"Thou art strong. Thou canst help."

So I did, Madame. Sometimes I helped with the wounded, sometimes I buried the dead.

Always among the enemy dead and wounded, I kept looking, for I thought:

"If I find him, the ravisher, maybe they will not need to write it down '*de père inconnu.*'"

But I did not know him, Madame. How should I? There was not only one.

So I said to the Hate-Thing within me:

"When I look on him, leap Thou, that I may know."

One day, I saw Them sliding by in the distance, except for their moving, like a piece of the plain behind Them. Only here and there the sun on their helmets.

Then a red hate sprang up between me and Them. I spat toward Them. They marched like one creature. They were one creature—one Devil, the Enemy.

And the Hate-Thing within me gave a great leap!

Then I knew it was not the child of one, but of all—
Enemy's Child.

And I made up a song of rejoicing over their dead which
I buried. When I was alone I sang it aloud. When I was
not alone, it sang itself in me.

“Blood pooling our furrows to-day—
Enemy's blood:
Fair green crops in our fields to-morrow!
Lie there, little Enemy, fatten our fields!”

Was I mad? I do not know. It sang itself in me.

And often I laughed how they thought to conquer. Can
French fields bear alien crops? Not though they are sown
thick with enemy slain!

And the Hate-Thing within me grew and grew, and with
it my hate. But the Holy Mother had shaken her head. Mary,
forgive me that I murdered it many a day in my heart!

Mon Dieu, to have travail for an Enemy's Brat!

Mon Dieu, how the night is long till the morrow!

Oui, Madame, the paper. Bring it and I will sign it. En-
emy's Child shall be *Gouvernement's* Child.

Au revoir, Madame. *Priez pour moi!*

* * * * *

Mais non, Madame, I cannot. He has the eyes of Charlot.
On my arm they laid him, and I look at him for the first time,
and his eyes, they are Charlot's. How can I give him up?

Tell *Gouvernement* I will be French for two.

Can a French field bear an alien crop?

Ah, Madame, love is stronger than hate. My love has
conquered my hate. And something soft and small in the crook
of my arm and the tug of little lips at my breast. . . .

Ah, see, he opens them, the eyes of Charlot. *Mon fils à
moi!*

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

HORACE TRAUBEL

MARCH 4, 1889

W. "You know my personal love for Emerson, and what I assume was his personal love for me, naturally stirs my curiosity—makes me wonder how far I survived in his good graces. He lived up there in a world preëminent for its literariness—for its worship of respectable divinities: it must have made him sick: it drove him back into his shell: he lacked in the capacity for reaction, which becomes the only weapon fitted to cope efficiently with that malign influence." W. said he had for "long years been impelled to run the gauntlet of the vilest lies, slanders, ruffianism." He said: "That stuff must have been dinned into Emerson's ears: the enemy were everywhere—in all the cities: but Boston seemed to be their chief outlet—will probably always have the honor of that: Lowell, probably, being the chief of staff in that army of the devil." He laughed. "But even the devil should have his due: God forbid that I should make light of the devil." I said to W.: "You had aftertalks with Emerson: was nothing ever said that would throw any light on this question?" W. replied: "Nothing in words, but his manners were an affirmation: he always seemed to me to be saying: 'It's all right: we understand each other': that, no more, as if anything more concrete would have been supererogation, as probably it would. It never occurred to me to ask why or whether: it was not my disposition to peek into his consciousness and try to have him say under some prickings from me what he was not ready to say without provocation."

* * *

Bucke asked W. how he took the inauguration. W. said he had been reading about the Cabinet—"especially about Blaine." "I think Harrison a rather conservative, rather quiet, man: he may need such a fellow as Blaine to give sparkle to things. I do not think Harrison regrets the bad day: he has other worries, nervousness: a man placed as he is in a nest of hornets." As to Blaine: "I cannot forget that he contains streaks of the poser, the schemer: he is not big enough for his job: America

is getting very great, very big: needs another kind of butter to spread its bread over with." I said: "Yes: but it's natural: there's no moral issue dividing the nation just now. But don't you think it's time there was?" He readily said: "Time and more than time: but where's the man? Where's the issue?" I asked: "Don't you think that if we can't see them before our faces we should hunt them?" He said: "I suppose you're right: we should hunt them. Presidents, Congresses, won't hunt them."

MARCH 7, 1889

I said: "One of the papers which does not like the President comes out and says his inaugural speech shows signs of the handiwork of James G. Blaine and Walt Whitman!" I thought he would laugh. He didn't. He was grave and vehement in rebuttal. "Ah! I can assure you I consider that no compliment: of all documents ever issued from the presidential office I consider that inaugural address the other day the most gassy, diffused: if I were called on to give Harrison a name I should call him the Gas President: it seems to me the whole affair is nothing but gas—gas ever more gassy." He added: "The address is typical of the man—just like him: there will be a fight: remember that I prophesied it: there will be a fight: I have no doubt the address is Harrison's solely—that Blaine had no hand in it: it's just such a temperance thing as would be written by such a man: he's a Sunday School deacon, a Bible class man: a Presbyterian: one of the fellows who takes up the collection." Why did he feel so sure there was to be a fight? "Well: I'll tell you: Blaine is a man of some power: for instance, he did not write that inaugural because whatever he is not, he is direct: the message is nothing, on the contrary, but vapid generalities, diffusednesses: Blaine is a man disposed to lead: he will not consent to take a back seat—a second place: Harrison, while the deacon—and I am in doubt whether a second rate man (probably a third or even a fourth or fifth rater)—is for his part still convinced that he should lead. He is the actual President: why shouldn't he lead? That will produce the clash. Oh! I haven't the first iota of an expectation: I anticipate nothing from this

narrow gauge Administration. As to John Wanamaker: he is a man naturally repugnant to me: if he gives us a good postal service (it's quite likely he will) I shall not growl." I asked: "Walt, you talk as if you *might* have expected something of this Administration: do you really expect anything of any conventional political President?" He said: "Repeat that." I did so. He then paused. Finally: "Well—when you put it to me so straight as that I'll answer you straight: no, I don't: I don't expect anything essential." I went on: "If that's so, hasn't the time come for another kind of politics or no politics at all?" He said: "You've got that down pat: I have to say yes."

MARCH 11, 1889

I told W. that in a letter to me Stedman called him "laureate." This seemed to amuse him greatly. But Bucke kicked. "It's a hell of a word!" he cried: "It's ill-suited: it's abhorrent: what use have democrats for a laureate? It might go very well on the other side, but here—well, it's wholly foreign, alien, discordant." W. said his view was regulated by the man. "When they offered the title to Carlyle he said no, it was not for him: he refused it: I accept in Tennyson not only the laureate but the baron: I always feel sure of Tennyson. Tennyson and Emerson are very much alike in that one respect: all that they do, say—everything—holds naturally together, needs no adjustment, is automatically harmonic. You remember the Lessing story? It always seemed to me very deep: very, very. Lessing said, the Laocoon in the hands of the sculptor has his mouth half open—and that is right: in the hands of the poet has his mouth wide open and bellows like a bull—and that is right too: so it seems to me, Carlyle was right, Tennyson was right. And then Tennyson has always been such a friend to the Queen—a personal friend: he could not have refused her: more than that, Mrs. Tennyson wanted it." W. here spoke of the Queen: "We are indebted to her and Albert for so much: America, you and I." I shook my head. He said: "I supposed you'd raise your radical eyebrows again as you have before, but I stand by my statement." I told W. a story. Ingersoll was lecturing

in Philadelphia. He made some comparison between Victoria and George Eliot—the one as mock and the other as real queen. An Englishman in the audience got up, mad, and asked: “Do I understand you to cast a slur on Queen Victoria?” Ingersoll at once replied: “Has it come to this, that we cannot compare a woman to a queen?” and so forth. It was a brilliant outburst. The Englishman retired from the hall. W. was delighted with the incident. “It illustrates several types of mind—especially the positive divergence between the democratic and the monarchical spirit.”

MARCH 12, 1889

W. said: “The accounts have not been exaggerated: the truth was worse than the stories of it—far worse.” Were Southern prisons worse than Northern prisons? “Yes, unquestionably.” I said: “For one thing, they plead their poverty.” W. said: “They were poor—but that is no explanation at all: none at all: they starved, maltreated, our men, as such things were never known on this side of the water.” He said that similar stories from Europeans were told of the vendetta—of massacres, etc.—none of them exceeding the barbarism expressed in Southern prisons. What was the cause? I said: “It’s a labor cause.” He said: “Elaborate that.” I said: “Negro slavery was really labor slavery—wage slavery: an upper class attitude towards the laborer generally, white and black.” He said: “Now I see what you mean: yes, I’m afraid that’s likely to be the truth.” I said: “Of course this applies North as well as South, though more South.” W. said: “You know of Mosby’s guerrillas—men who would run a knife through the wounded, the aged, the children, without compunction.” Then: “In the South they have what they call a chivalry: a toplofticality: it is not a real chivalry—not by a damn sight: what men may call the moral toplofticality that belongs to the North: there is a distinct difference: they are behind the North: anyone can see it—behind it at least a generation. They will evolve—but will they ever catch up? We must do them justice—not let this obscure the beautiful traits: but you have no idea, Horace,

how really fiendish the disposition of the South towards a foe is likely to be: it's hard lines there to be anybody's enemy."

* * *

MARCH 14, 1889

He described the "lay-out" of Washington. "It is curious how little is known of that—the reasons why: it is almost lost—the history of it. I have been told the story a number of times by old men—I have a penchant for hunting up the old roosters, having their stories from the farthest back possible. Their stories seemed wonderfully to agree—seemed plausible. It may have been put into print—somewhere probably was—but I have never seen it." He pushed his chair back, took up his cane, indicated the Capitol: then "the radiating avenues—the grand avenues—and they are grand: laid out liberally, wide, starting out so, from the centre like the spokes of a wheel—the initialled streets, A and on, and the numbered streets, crossing the Avenues. The early fellows—Washington, Jefferson—brought over an engineer, a topographical engineer, one of the military engineers, who had been in the rubs between the people and the aristocrats in France." This man had "so set the ways of Washington that troops could be massed at the Capitol, or sent from it, at a moment's notice." It was all so clearly arranged. "Washington is one of the easiest—perhaps the easiest—city in the Union to understand, to learn to get about in." To my description of the first glimpse of the Capitol: "yes, it is grand—vast: it sits so proudly on the top of the hill!"

MARCH 15, 1889

Bucke spoke of something as "a miracle." W. said: "Miracles are dangerous affairs, Maurice." B.: "You may not be a believer in miracles, Walt, but you are a worker of miracles." W. said: "You are a liberal interpreter, Maurice: you construe me far beyond what I am or could be—far beyond what I want to be." Yet he also said: "What greater miracles than the telegraph, telephone—all the wonderful new mechanism of our day?" At the same time he said he always "wanted to be 'quoted against the theological miracles.'" Bucke's insistence that there was a background for it all, W. said, did "not explain the case." W. added: "The whole miracle

dogma business has been swung as a club over the head of the world: it has been a weapon flourished by the tyrannical dynasties of the old world—dynasties murderous, reeking, unscrupulous, barbarous: they have always tried to justify their crimes by an assumed divine grant of some sort. I have often wondered about the Greeks—how much of their mythology they really believed: it looks to me as if their gods, like other gods, were mostly used not for liberation but oppression: the gods intervened, but often in mean, despicable, poisonous, dastardly ways, to blind, to paralyze, to afflict, rather than to bless. Think of Mercury sent forth by Jupiter. It was oftener a bad, unscrupulous angel than a curer of souls—the inflicter rather than the healer of wounds. The people have always suffered: they have always been the victims of their gods.”

MARCH 16, 1889

“I read a story years ago—a French story, by a great humorist, who pictured the return of Christ, his going from one Christian church to another—Catholic, Protestant—everywhere finding his name used, nowhere finding his life lived—the pulpits, pews, ceremonies, all being new to him. That is very profound: it applies as well to one religion as to another.”

* * *

“Ingersoll has become known as the apostle of negation: that damns him in many eyes: there are silly fool people who regard him as a sort of anti-Christ: he has of course never been rightly understood except by the few: but the question after all is whether he does not affirm more than he denies.” I said: “Take his supposed denunciation of religion: people can’t see what he’s driving at: Ingersoll is anti-theological, not anti-moral: his enemies can’t distinguish between the two.” W. nodded. “Every word you say is true: it is indispensable—yes, necessary—to remember this: if he meant religion in the larger sense, as he does not, I should myself object to his conclusion.”

MARCH 19, 1889

I asked W.: “What would you say of the University and Modern Life?” “I wouldn’t say anything: I’d rather be excused.” “But suppose you couldn’t dodge it—had to say some-

thing?" He took my quizzing genially this time. "You know: I have said everything to you before: I have nothing new to announce." "But suppose you had to talk?" "Had to? I never have to: but you know my feeling about the colleges: I do not object to anything they do that will enrich the popular life—emphasize the forces of democracy: the trouble is that so much they do is bent the other way—seems to me simply hopeless scholarship or encourages reaction: is bookishness rather than revelations, God knows how many removes from origins." I said: "Well—I got you to say something, anyhow!" He added: "Yes, you did: I don't take it back: so much of the work we might be warranted in expecting the university to do has to be done outside universities to-day: the university is only contemporary at the best: it is never prophetic: it goes, but not in advance: often, indeed, as dear Sidney used to say here, has its eyes in the back of its head." I asked: "Isn't this all inevitable as long as the university is an aristocratic rather than a democratic institution?" W.: "I do not deny it: in fact, that may be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

MARCH 20, 1889

W. said: "Respectables and non-respectables provide for us, too: non-respectables—that's where we come in. Edward [Carpenter] lectures: that should have been my business, too: if I'd gone direct to the people, read my poems, faced the crowds, got into immediate touch with Tom, Dick and Harry instead of waiting to be interpreted, I'd have had my audience at once." I asked W.: "You feel as if your audience was sure? as if you are bound to have an audience?" "Yes," said he; "I do: I think I can say that without egotism: I am destined to have an audience: there is very little sign of it now—my friends are only a few at best scattered here and there across the globe: that does not make me doubtful: I still see the audience beyond: maybe in the to-morrow or the to-morrow of to-morrow." I asked W.: "Your audience will be——" "Harlots and sinners—discredited persons, criminals: they should be my audience: women, doctors, nurses: those who know the physiological

man—the physiologic spiritual man.” I said: “You say you have got only a foothold and may never get more.” W. answered: “Sometimes I feel that: I am in some moods doubtful whether there’s to be anything beyond: then another mood supervenes: I get life at another angle: there’s more light in the picture.” “And there are people in the picture?” W. dreamily: “Yes—crowds of them, though I do say it myself: stretching out over continents.” He paused. “I have that vision: it’s real: nothing could be more vivid: then—I wake up!” Laughed quietly.

MARCH 26, 1889

Season of Wagner Opera in Philadelphia. W. asked me about it. He said: “Doctor heard one of the operas in New York—the *Götterdämmerung*: is that how you say it? does it mean, the twilight of the gods?” Then: “And Doctor thought it a revelation—was filled with it for days and days.” Then of Wagner: “I am not surprised that he was hissed from Paris: the make-up of the French people explains all that—indeed, explains its necessity: it is remarkable how deeply certain forms, habits, niceties, of civilization enter into the French character—its life: yet it is a thing not to be reckoned without: all that is a part of the cosmos. It is true it is not for us, but it is for somebody—somebody as important as we are.” Paused. “You know I love the French: do not forget that.” I asked: “How about Sarrazin?” W. replied: “It is a never ceasing wonder to me that Sarrazin, who is a Frenchman, with all that back of him, should seem so fundamentally to have entered into the ideals, methods, upon which, if upon anything, we have built, staked our fortunes.” I asked: “Would you speak of the French as a people as being superficial?” W. at once: “Far from it: I am speaking of surfaces—of manners, behavior, gestures, the ephemera of races: underneath all that in the French as in others is the fathomless general stream.”

* * *

He dwelt upon our transplantation of foreign manners. “We catch on to all sorts of things not native to us. Look at our stage: in fact we have no stage at all: a jumble of plays

packed together without logic or connection, made up often to fit an actor, with no unity of design—no Wagnerian identity. Indeed, I often wonder why people go to the theatre at all. It is very hard to explain. It occurs to me we have so far not had one American play—not one. The nearest approach to it is Joaquin Miller's *Danites*, which is pretty fair, but after all only an approach."

* * *

Blake asked some question about Blaine. W. said: "I wonder what he will do? We shall be fortunate indeed if, somehow, somewhere, he does not get us into hot water: Blaine is one of the men—is representative of a big, perhaps dominant, class here—possessed with the idea that he must be doing something, as they say: that otherwise he is a failure: that they must be protecting something, somebody—American rights, for instance: rights of this, rights of that: rights against the pauper labor of Europe: a species of restless do-something-no-matter-what-the-hell-it-is: that's the idea—the Blaine idea."

MARCH 30, 1889

W. asked me: "Have you read much of Shelley or about him? There is a story Mrs. Shelley tells—or a character-study, rather—that makes me think of myself. You know that they were both great believers in signs, portents: so it was Mrs. Shelley who said once: 'We always know when the bad things are about to happen: when we are perfectly well, when all is at peace, then we know that the clouds are gathering—that a blow is preparing.' I have some such superstition—if it may be called that—myself: when I am feeling best I get ready for the worst." "Meeting trouble more than half-way?" I asked. He said, no. "Rather getting ready to stand it off when it gets the whole way." I told W. another Shelley story (new to him) in which Byron figured. He said: "I have always felt the greatest interest in both men: I like to read all I can get about them. I have a weakness for biography anyhow." He asked me if I had any Shelley-Byron books. If so he'd like to see them. I said: "Biography is fundamental romance and fundamental history." He was quick to say: "I'd be willing to say that,

too." I said: "Any book is biographical—even autobiographical." He said: "Under the surface that's true: but what lying things, travesties, most so-called histories, biographies, autobiographies are! They make you sick. I suppose it can be said that the world still waits for its honest historian, biographer, autobiographer. Will he ever come?" I laughed and said: "I'll be the first!" He said, looking at me: "It would be a worthy ambition: it would be revolutionary."

MARCH 31, 1889

Of the German and American fleets at Samoa—three vessels each—four were absolutely wrecked and destroyed and the other two stranded in a typhoon. This was in this morning's papers. W. spoke of it: "It was a dreadful disaster—dreadful!" Then, pursuing the subject: "It is a wonderful and curious spectacle anyhow—the United States having the vessels there at all: for my part I should say, let me go about my own business undisturbed: not a word shall I say or a step take till I am interfered with—till my freedom is invaded: and what I offer for the individual—to me as a person—I should apply to our Government as well: let us stay at home—mind and mend our own affairs." And after further waiting: "I should not interfere by a sign even if a civilized Power should take in tow the barbarous, the savage, far-away tribes, peoples." Alluded to the International Congress of American Governments, once proposed by Blaine, now revived—there is a story in to-day's news—by the new Administration. W. asked: "I wonder if they can do anything without the Congressional sanction?" And he added: "I think there should be some way of referring such movements inviting serious changes of policy to the people." And he said: "We've got a hell of a lot to learn yet before we're a real democracy: we've gone beyond all the others, very far beyond some, but we're far from having yet achieved our dream: we'll do it, often making mistakes, committing crimes: we'll get there in the end: God knows we're not there yet."

IMPOTENCE

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

THE primordial, inclusive and ultimate tragic jest of human life is humanity's capacity to know, coupled with humanity's impotence to do—the power of man to see or to sense, beyond his power to express.

It is vision shackled to inertia, a ghastly grotesquerie at which the gods must laugh immoderately.

The spectacle of a soul encased in clay—man's spirit ensnared in dressmaker's draperies—the eternal in the clutch of the ephemeral—the universal in the net of the casual—life in the trappings of death—these appear to be the final facts of man's existence on the earth.

I do not believe they are the final facts, though we are powerless yet to change their hideous seeming. Our problem is the reconciliation and coördination of the facts of life, and their translation into terms of beauty.

Once that ineffable something—not language—but the spirit of language, perhaps—is found in which the vision of a world may be expressed in terms of light, then will men see that beauty is indivisible, and all pervasive.

Then will it appear that there is no great or small, in a universe which is *all* beauty.

There will be the beauty of the body no less than of the soul, of desire not less than of sacrifice, the equal joys of acceptance and renunciation, ecstasies of pain in which there is no loss—a perfectly compensating universe, because a wholeness and oneness of beauty.

Men attempt the expression of beauty, the perfectly compensating systole and diastole of a universe, in the terms of art and trade and religion—in buying and selling, in dressing and dancing, in the writing of books and the reading of them—in the making of images and the saying of prayers to them.

All is nugatory, negative, inept. It expresses only the lack of expression, only a race's impotence. Man cannot yet express what the soul knows.

THE McNAMARAS: MARTYRS OR CRIMINALS?

THEODORE SCHROEDER

IT is now six years since the McNamara brothers dynamited the *Los Angeles Times* building and the Lewellyn Iron Works. Already they have been about four years in San Quentin penitentiary. In discussions of labor problems, their offences cause more irritation and debate than most of the current crimes, even among newspaper devotees.

No theory can explain this extraordinary vitality without taking into account the relation of their acts to the great industrial struggle, between the blind sympathizers of even the more thoughtless or heartless exploiters, and the more intelligent or desperate ones among the exploited.

It is, of course, infantile to think that this or any other dispute can be finally settled by violence, either legalized or lawless. The great violent dramatizations of industrial issues are but the cry of extreme pain which may guide the social physicians to a more efficient effort toward understanding the remote causes of our social ills.

At the late hearings of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, there appeared from California a witness named Anton Johannsen who is himself under indictment for some dynamiting plot of the workers on the Pacific coast. This witness undertook to furnish what he called the "social background" of the deeds of the McNamaras. This was partly published in *The Masses* for July, 1915. The moralists might call it an attempted justification, though Mr. Johannsen seems not to have thought of his facts in terms of moral judgment. He only sought to induce us to see the "crimes" of the McNamaras in more correct perspective and in relation to the "crimes" against humanity chargeable to exploiters like the Steel Trust. Strange to say, this witness did not appear to have any adverse moral judgment even against the Steel Trust or the Erectors' Association.

One of the Commissioners asked him, and several other witnesses, whether the McNamaras were regarded by them as

martyrs or criminals. Johannsen promptly said they had never committed any crime against the laboring class. Although he seemed not to regard them as martyrs, yet manifestly he had no bitterness in his heart either for them, their dynamiting conspiracies, or even against the Steel Trust or the Erectors' Association. He seemed to have the attitude of the professional soldier who accepts war and its penalties with stoical fortitude. Numerous other witnesses, of course, condemned the McNamaras as extremely malignant types of criminals.

It is this issue as between martyrdom and criminality that I wish to discuss. It appears to me that when put to witnesses of radical sympathies, this question was not asked from any sincere purpose to promote a larger understanding of the behavior of the social forces involved in our industrial conflict, but was prompted by a desire to embarrass and discredit the witnesses, and the cause of those whom they were endeavoring to help.

It also appears to me that it was an unfair method of intensifying the public prejudice. If the labor witness called the McNamaras "criminals," he seemed by the same token to be condemning also all that part of the labor movement which is attempting to intensify and rationalize the laborers' discontent with the condition of their exploitation, because every such intensification and formulation of grievances tends to promote a violent resistance to the forcible imposition of the condemned conditions.

If a radical witness called the McNamaras "martyrs," that answer categorically or dogmatically put before the public without any explanation or justification would stimulate the hatred of all the sentimental worshippers of legal forms and judgments. Again, this would intensify existing prejudices against the open-minded consideration of the charges of economic injustice and tend to preclude all agitators from securing a fair hearing for the understanding of their complaints or remedies.

I believe these questions were always asked with a conscious desire that this unfair result should follow, though the commissioner responsible for this conduct, and most of the public,

probably lack that particular kind of intelligence which is necessary for seeing in what the unfairness consists.

In my view the unfairness of the question consists in the assumption of an alternative not involved in the facts viewed as a whole. In other words, the question is as unintelligent as though the witness had been handed a pig's ear and then had been asked whether he regarded this as a Government bond or a Government mule. Of course, sensible persons would say it is neither. I will indicate why intelligent persons do also refrain from applying to the McNamaras such question-begging, moralistic epithets as "criminal" or "martyr."

When you characterize the McNamaras as "martyrs" or "criminals," you are not describing either their conduct or the behavior of the forces which under their particular circumstances created the psychologic imperative of which dynamiting was the inevitable manifestation. In other words, these epithets furnish no enlightenment upon the subject which is being investigated.

Again, it must be admitted, I think, that by these epithets we are only characterizing the feeling which their conduct has stimulated in us. In so far as these epithets intensify a like feeling in others, so far do they preclude a calm consideration, or clearer understanding, of the many social factors and forces which contributed toward the final, unfortunate, indictable result. In other words, all the feelings which these epithets tend to arouse are but means for preventing you and me from inquiring into our share in producing or maintaining the conditions of which these dynamiting affairs are the inevitable consequence.

I have already said that when a man calls the McNamaras "martyrs," he is not telling us anything about the McNamaras, or their conduct. Let us then inquire what, if anything, he is telling us about himself, or about his feelings, when he applies the word "martyr."

Let us first try to understand as minutely as possible the mental processes involved in designating the McNamaras as "martyrs." Manifestly this is a feeling-judgment, based upon some kind of sympathetic emotion. Psychologically this implies some degree of emotional identification of the speaker with the

McNamaras. Perhaps he has a sympathetic interest in those whom the McNamaras were trying to help. Such an attitude lends charity even to the use of disapproved means. Such a person, at the time of using the epithet, is expressing a feeling attitude, as though the workers, whom he believes to be accepting injustice under the force of economic necessity, were occupying a large, possibly an unduly large, place in the focus of his attention. Perhaps a specially sympathetic or vivid view of their unfortunate wives and children is in his mind, because of some similar tragic situation in his own family history. If neither of these influences affects him, then it may be that his feelings at the moment are determined by a great emotional aversion to some particular employer or generally the beneficiaries of unjust and oppressive exploitation; that is, for those whose greed so often makes the exploiter blindly indifferent to the suffering and wrong by which he profits and to which he contributes.

It is now well known among genetic psychologists that the real source of this sympathetic feeling may be obscured in the remote emotional tones and associations which came into existence during infancy or childhood, and are transferred to present situations by processes of which the individual is wholly unconscious. Whatever the cause, his characterization of the McNamaras as "martyrs" is merely the expression of a feeling-state in the speaker and it imparts no information whatever about the causes, the motives, the character or the "morality" of their conduct. If we imply any of these things, as necessarily contained in the word "martyrdom," we are again expressing only our own equally blind feeling attitude toward something in the situation, and exhibiting our own inefficient psychologic understanding.

If those who judge the McNamaras as martyrs had not been blinded by their feelings, they might have seen that penalized conduct in its broader relation; not only in relation to its causes in the related acts of the Steel Trust, but also in its relation to the causal or sustaining public opinion, which ignores or excuses, and at least impliedly justifies, the provoking conduct of the Steel Trust. If not blinded by sympathetic feeling, such a person might also have seen the dynamiting in relation to the

letter of the law and the evolutionary forces which, at least now, still seem to make some penal law inevitable even though un-ideal and deplorably infantile.

Let us now try similarly to understand also the man who calls the McNamaras "criminals." Of course, the penal statutes were violated, and in this sense there can be no doubt of their status as criminals. The very asking of the question, therefore, implies that it was not a legal but a moral judgment that was desired. Of course, a conviction under our present system of criminal procedure does not at all involve an issue of moral turpitude, because the rules of evidence preclude all inquiry into the inducing causes of that condition which we call the criminal mind or criminal intent. In the absence of such inquiry and evidence as to the causes of the psychologic imperative involved, there can be no adequate understanding, and no excuse for a moral judgment. Even the moralist should not indulge in any judgment as to relative degrees of moral turpitude, as for example between the McNamaras and those who contributed to the motive for dynamiting, without a full inquiry and understanding of both. I repeat that this is impossible under present modes of court procedure.

What, then, is it that we express, if we characterize the McNamaras as moral criminals? Clearly, this also expresses only a feeling attitude in ourselves and gives no illumination to anyone's understanding of the act or of the persons so characterized. The person who designates the McNamaras as moral criminals has the same blurred and incomplete vision which we have seen to be possessed by those who characterize them as martyrs. In both cases the mental mechanism is the same.

In the warfare between the exploited and the exploiter, many belong economically to the exploited, yet emotionally identify themselves with the exploiters. Not having achieved an economic-class-consciousness, such persons of course act in accordance with their *feelings* and not in harmony with any conception of their class interests. All persons who thus *feel* themselves personally outraged by the McNamaras will be possessed by strong aversions, such as tend to preclude them from even trying to understand the forces which made the McNamaras

what they are. Likewise, and quite as unconsciously, these sentimentalists become compelling factors which contribute to the psychologic imperative impelling some one to the next inevitable dynamiting plot.

Persons possessed by such feelings necessarily tend to make two justifications for their moral judgments. One of these is the sentimental relative overvaluation of the lives unintentionally destroyed in the *Times* Building explosion and the other is the sentimental correlative overvaluation of the sacredness of the violated statutes.

That there is a sentimental overvaluation of the particular lost lives will be apparent when we see the moral judgment passed upon the McNamaras, made by ignoring the fact that this loss of life was unintentional. It will be further manifested if the person ignores the larger social and relatively impersonal motive which prompted the use of dynamite. Another confirmation of this prejudice may perhaps be found in the persistent ignoring of the many lives which are annually more or less directly sacrificed, by the Steel Trust and other large exploiters, from the sole motive of increasing dividends. In such matters, relative judgments are the most important, and surely if the steel-mill and mine owners may incidentally take many lives merely to save the expense of safety devices, then the McNamaras should be equally allowed a few killings, as an incident to the warfare in the wage-interests of the producing class.

When our material or emotional interests are promoted by the law, we always acquire an exaggerated estimation of its value and sacredness. Now we glorify it and insist that there is a sort of eternal fitness, if not divine right, that the hangman shall have his prey.

As one hears the emphasis put upon legality by the adherents of the exploiters, a psychologist's suspicions are naturally aroused by the knowledge that in such matters we are prone to announce enthusiastically a general dogma when we are only concealing or intellectualizing a particular desire. Thus the measure of our zeal exhibits the measure of our craving to be the beneficiary of legality. This suspicion is encouraged when upon further obser-

vation we see an indifference, conspicuous by contrast, when the law is violated by those with whom we identify ourselves, at least in phantasy or emotional attitude, because we *feel*, though we may not be fully conscious of it nor even formulate it, that their crimes are committed in the furtherance of impulses which we share, or of which we have a sympathetic understanding and of which we have not yet been made ashamed.

When a law is violated by a class, or in the interests of a class with some aspects of which we even unconsciously crave to be identified, then the letter of the law can be quite ignored without producing any great moral upheavals. The reason is that now we have sympathetic understanding and desire impels us to find extenuating or excusing circumstances. It would speak well for our understanding if we could find them in all cases. Anyway, you have not been fair enough to try to acquire a sympathetic understanding of all concerned, if you are still impelled to utter moral judgments, especially of the absolute sort instead of the relative sort.

My desire thus far has been to induce the checking of a general habitual tendency to express our more intense feeling in terms of moral praise or blame, because such feeling-judgments are always void of understanding, just in the degree that the inducing feelings are intense.

The other aspect of my desire is to divert the energy usually expended in an effort to justify feeling attitudes which are derived from unknown sources, and to induce its expenditure in the enlargement of our understanding of the forces that produce McNamaras. Thus I hope to promote a more adequate and just understanding of these men themselves.

If you really have such fundamental craving for a sense of justice so refined as to require that you shall seek understanding, rather than proofs of your own relative self-righteousness, then you will show this superiority by your future hospitable attitude for men like the McNamaras.

Even more is now required. You must listen, and insist that all others shall also listen, while the McNamaras tell you their story—tell you what *they* think impelled them to act as they did. And then you must not be angered or even impatient if it shall

appear that suffering has made them bitter and that they exhibit intensity of feeling by harshness of language. If your desire really to understand is stronger than your vanity of respectable superiority, you must be absolutely calm under the most vigorous denunciation of things as they are and of those for whom they seem to exist in unfair abundance. Also you must be really anxious to listen to their most "outrageous" alleged remedies for social evils and to estimate their possible value according to objectively derived standards.

But now I come to the most difficult task of all. You must really crave to listen to all this, not merely to find out whether they are criminals or martyrs—whether among the damned or the saints. Leave all moral judgments as to the McNamaras to those infantile minds that have not yet outgrown the child's impulse to pose as a Daniel. But listen—listen to discover as much as possible of your own unconscious contribution to the state of things that makes such relatively intelligent workers as the McNamaras desperate, and that creates violent revolutions when enough of the workers come to feel as the McNamaras felt.

When we see *our* contribution to the final tragedy, then and then only do we have sufficient understanding to entitle us to pass moral judgments—on ourselves, of course. If we have even approximated to the state of development which I have tried to portray and promote, we never would think of passing a moral judgment upon anyone but ourselves.

I have asked you to help to see to it that everybody—that is, the greatest possible number of persons—shall hear and understand the inner meaning of the "crime" of the McNamaras. So long as you are unwilling or unable to do all this, you cannot claim to be superior to, and probably not even the equal of, the McNamaras. So long as you cannot act according to this ideal which I have portrayed, you, too, are among those infantile ones who solve social problems through the methods inspired by prejudice and passions, that is, by violence of the intellectually blind. That places one either into or below the evolutionary class to which the McNamaras belong.

YUCATAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

CARLO DE FORNARO

THIS story is the struggle of an American corporation for the control of one of the richest States in Mexico, financially and commercially. The control of the staple of any country gives the political control as well. A very powerful foreign oil corporation attempted to impose its will through the dictatorship of Diaz. When the foreign corporations cannot impose their conditions with the powers that be in Mexico, they work and plot assiduously to bring about American intervention, which is only a diplomatic expression for war. So far they have not succeeded, but the danger is always latent and imminent.

There is a popular impression outside Mexico that Yucatan is an arid State where nothing grows but cactus and the agave; whereas the contrary is true. The State of Yucatan is only part of the peninsula of that name; now it comprises the territory of Quintana Roo, which has been lately added to it. The State of Campeche was also once a part of the State of Yucatan. Quintana Roo is wonderfully rich in hard woods, chicle plants, sugar cane and an infinite variety of flowers, fruits and plants of incalculable commercial, chemical and industrial value. Yucatan is known chiefly through the cultivation of the agave plant, of which there are several scores of varieties which produce the valuable henequen fibre. Nature through centuries of selection has made the henequen the ideal plant impervious to inclemencies, droughts, to grasshoppers and other destructive insects. This remarkable plant needs practically no cultivation, no irrigation; only twice a year the ground has to be cleared of weeds. When the leaves are cut, within a few hours they are ready to be shipped to the market. It takes six or seven years for the henequen to grow up before the leaves can be cut, and then it continues to bear the leaves for that purpose for almost thirty years. The Yucatecans call it justly the noblest plant on the continent.

The fibre, which is the result of a mechanical process, is a most valuable asset, so much so that it takes the place of gold in financial transactions.

The Spanish-American war doubled the value of henequen because of a shortage of the export of the fibre crop from the Philippines.

The export from Yucatan in 1880 was of 112,921 bales valued at \$886,788.81. In 1904 it was of 606,008 bales valued at \$16,011,281.72; at present the export is almost one million bales valued at twenty-five million dollars.

When the Diaz régime was in power, the American and foreign corporations knew that they could count on the support and favors of the Mexican régime, always in preference to the Mexicans themselves.

As the henequen fibre was needed by the American farmers in the shape of twine to bind their crops, the production, exportation and manufacture of the fibre attracted the attention and interest of the International Harvester Company, which furnished the farming machines to the American husbandmen. The International Harvester Company, besides manufacturing farming implements, began making the fibre into twine, which was formerly done by manufacturers whose sole industry it was.

The Harvester trust began to invade the field of the cordage and twine industry and very soon controlled the output and price of the fibre. The advent of Don Olegario Molina as Governor of the State of Yucatan accelerated the concentration of the output of henequen into a few hands.

Experience has proved that it is not necessary to control fifty per cent. of the total product of a commodity to possess a practical monopoly of its prices. The International Harvester Company absorbed seventy-two per cent. of the export of the henequen from Yucatan.

Yucatan produces about thirty-one per cent. of the world's fibre, but the United States absorbs little of that.

Besides controlling the American market, the International Harvester Company attempted to control the world's market in farming machinery and twine, and created factories in France, Germany, Russia, Sweden. To counteract this monopoly Ger-

many started planting henequen in her colonies in Africa, and until the European war broke out, it had succeeded in producing eight per cent. of the world's product of sisal. The work of monopolizing the henequen market had been going on for almost fifteen years. The influence of the trust was felt everywhere, in the steamship lines, the docks, the railroads and even in the banks in Merida and in New York, through its agents.

About fifteen years ago, Escalante was the greatest exporter of henequen, and one of the greatest planters. Olegario Molina, through his powerful political influence, succeeded in driving Escalante out of Yucatan and almost ruined him. Besides driving this all-powerful Yucatecan from the field, the Porfirista Governor likewise absorbed his plantations and the export business.

When Molina became a member of Diaz's Cabinet, he placed trusted agents to take his place in the firm of Molina and Company. One of the most successful of these agents was a son-in-law of Olegario Molina, a Spaniard named Avelino Montes, who not only was the Minister's factotum, but became the agent of the International Harvester Company.

During Molina's rule, the henequen fibre sold as high as 6 cents, but the peons only received 25 cents a day, being paid mostly in scrip; and they were encouraged to go into debt, a debt which was inherited from father to son. The profits were divided among the planters, the agents and the trust. To offset this exploitation at home and from abroad, when Pino Suarez became Vice-President under Madero, he created in 1912 the "Commission reguladora del mercado de henequen," which means "Regulating commission of the henequen market"; a department which was under the jurisdiction of the executive power of the State of Yucatan. The first director of the Reguladora was Idelfonso Gutierrez.

Yucatan Reguladora may have taken its clue from the Brazilian valorization Company, which regulated the output, export and price of coffee under the jurisdiction of the Brazilian Government. The Brazilians in their turn had copied their methods from the German Kartels, which were combinations or trusts of manu-

facturers which were organized for the purpose of regulating the prices of all commodities.

When Madero became President, he expected to settle all the questions of land peonage, and eliminate all the political oppressions created under Diaz. Madero meant well, but he was powerless, as he was surrounded by the system left over by the Diaz régime. Madero told an American labor leader that he would try to liberate Mexico from the clutches of American and foreign trusts; he died in the attempt.

Huerta's dictatorship had behind it all the foreign and American corporations. When Carranza drove out Huerta, the reaction lifted its head in Yucatan and money was subscribed for a revolt. An ex-federal employee, Abel Ortiz Argumedo, organized the revolt. An agent of the trust subscribed \$575,000 to this movement, besides the sum of two million dollars which Argumedo issued through the treasury of the State of Yucatan. The revolt headed by Argumedo had as its consequence the movement of the ex-Governor of Yucatan, Eleuterio Avila, which failed through the defection of the ex-federal colonel Patricio Mendoza. To quell this movement A. Breceda and H. Barron were sent to Yucatan, but their efforts were unsuccessful and Argumedo took possession of the government of Yucatan and got together about twelve thousand men. Then General Alvarado was sent to Yucatan with about 7,000 men and in a few weeks he had attacked and defeated Argumedo's forces, which were well intrenched near Hecelchakan, in the State of Campeche, on the railroad between Campeche and Merida. Meanwhile the First Chief Carranza closed the port of Progreso so as to prevent the rebels from importing arms and ammunition.

At once a cry went up in the American press that Carranza was interfering with the export of henequen and pressure was brought about to induce the American Granger Associations to protest with the State Department that the closing of Progreso interrupted the export of fibre and interfered with the manufacture of twine necessary for the crops. The First Chief Carranza received an ultimatum from the American Government through Mr. Silliman, whereupon Carranza asked twenty-four hours in which to give an answer. Mr. Silliman demanded an instant

decision, which was given after a few hours' meeting of Carranza's Ministers, R. Zubaran and L. Cabrera, when they decided to open the port, as General Alvarado had been dispatched to Yucatan and would control the port and the State within a few days. The Yucatecan rebels had blown up the Mexican gunboat *Progreso* and would have done the same thing to the Ward line steamer *Morro Castle* had the captain not sailed at once for Vera Cruz.

Argumedo was so sure of success that Huerta was asked to leave Spain and join the revolt in the northern border by uniting with General Angeles while Argumedo would have slowly worked his way to the south of Mexico, thus placing the Constitutionalists between two fires. But the scheme failed and Argumedo and his rebel friends fled to Cuba and the United States with their war booty. A commission of rebels had gone to Washington to propose a secession of Yucatan from Mexico under the protectorate of the United States, but the proposition was rejected.

Avelino Montes and his Alma Mater, the American trust, used all their political influence to bring about intervention and to hamper the suppression of the rebel movement against the Constitutionalists. In spite of their failure they continued their work of undermining and discrediting the work of Carranza and General Alvarado, who had become Governor of Yucatan.

On July 15, another article was published in all the American papers. We reproduce the article as it was printed in *The Journal of Commerce*, July 15, 1915.

PROGRESO OFFICIALS HAMPER AMERICAN BUYERS OF SISAL
SAID TO CONTROL A LARGE STOCK WHICH THEY WANT TO SELL
FIRST

"*Washington*, July 14. Trouble has arisen again in Yucatan over the sisal situation. American purchasers, principally the International Harvester Company, complained to the State department to-day that the Carranza forces have completely cut them off from exporting their products at Progreso. Representatives of the Harvester Company said that dock privileges

at Progreso had been denied to them and therefore they could not ship sisal purchased long ago. Some time ago the Carranza authorities, who are said to control a large stock of sisal which they seek to sell to foreign purchasers, denied cars to the American buyers. Then the Americans got their sisal to the docks by mule teams and other conveyances, but it is now asserted they cannot get the docks for loading.

"An investigation is being made by the Government. The Navy Department received a message from Progreso stating that export duties had been increased and that exports had greatly decreased in the last month."

We will see how far the facts warrant the assertions of the Harvester Company, and what is the real reason behind this protest.

In the month of June, 1915, out of 132,356 bales of henequen, Avelino Montes, as agent for the Harvester Company, exported 64,736 bales as against 67,570 exported by other independent companies. In the first six months of 1915, A. Montes exported fifty-four per cent. of the henequen from Yucatan. If a comparison is made of the exports for other years, say, for example, 1910, it will be seen that in 1910 the henequen exported from Yucatan was 558,897 bales. A. Montes exported of this quantity 422,456 bales, that is to say, seventy-two per cent. of the whole output. The rest was exported between The Plymouth Cordage Company, 131,405; N. Escalante & Company, 4,513; and others 423 bales.

Thus it will be discovered that in 1910 A. Montes exported seventy-two per cent., while in 1915 he only exported fifty-four per cent. of the whole. This means that the monopoly of the henequen has been slowly wrested from the trust and the independent companies have now an even chance in their competitive struggle.

Up to March, 1915, A. Montes controlled and therefore fixed the price of the fibre in Yucatan. As soon as the revolution started under Madero and continued under Huerta, as well as at present, the price of the Mexican dollar continued to depreciate until now it is about ten cents on the dollar. A. Montes

took advantage of the fluctuation of prices to impose his own will until the henequen had reached the low price of 3 cents. When the Reguladora initiated its labors to fix a fair price of henequen, the Harvester Company and its agent fought in every possible manner, sometimes under the pretext of interference in the export, at other times claiming intimidation and monopoly.

The headline in *The Journal of Commerce* opened up another line of attack. The Harvester Company in other words expects the United States to interfere with the local Government in Yucatan because it has been beaten in its monopoly.

In March, 1915, Don Juan Zubaran was appointed director of the Reguladora. The price of henequen was then at 3 cents; he raised it slowly to 6 cents; it may rise again, but it will stay at a reasonable figure.

The peons who under Molina's rule received 25 cents a day now can earn as much as 80 cents gold, which is between six and eight dollars Mexican. The henequen planters receive their fair share of profits and are willing to pay a special contribution to the Reguladora, so that it can keep up an organization to regulate the prices according to the production and the market.

The Reguladora is capitalized at about eight million dollars, which is represented by its equivalent in henequen and is free of all debt.

What the Harvester Company does not relish is the fact that the Government of Yucatan after many years of oppression and exploitation has finally checked the American trust; it has even started to compete with the trust on its own field by manufacturing twine in Yucatan.

The Reguladora believes that its duty lies first with the henequen planters, the workers and the peons; that it is its inherent right to regulate its affairs to the best interests of Yucatan, without the slightest attempt at retaliation towards its former oppressor.

When the Harvester Company controlled the situation in 1910 the henequen sold that year at Progreso for eleven million dollars: that is to say, the whole production for that year sold at the port for that sum. The difference of price between Progreso and the price to the American farmer was twelve million

dollars. Three-fourths of this sum was divided between the agent and the trust.

From the enormous profits gathered in the henequen trade for one year it will be observed that the party which is most interested in keeping a state of affairs as it existed previous to the entrance of the Reguladora is the Spaniard Montes. Perhaps the Harvester Company is not aware of the game which is being enacted behind the scenes, and perhaps the trust knows something about it. This article was written for the purpose of informing the American public, the State Department and the International Harvester Company, of the truth of the matter.

Up to date, the American public has heard only one side of the question. Yucatan is one of the richest States in Mexico. The Governor, General Salvador Alvarado, has proved himself a good, just Executive, a man of action as well as an accomplished diplomat. One of his first acts when he came into power was to pay \$124,000 of the debt of \$4,000,000 on the Yucatan railroads, which is payable in forty years. Yucatan is so rich that it asks no assistance from the central Government; on the contrary it has assisted the Carranza provisional Government to defray general expenses at home and abroad.

General Alvarado encouraged the organization of all the working-men in Yucatan into syndicates and he travelled all over the State and communicated to the peons that they were free from all debts and could work for whom they pleased. In his few months as Governor, he initiated the work of immigration, on new roads and railroads to the east in Quintana Roo and the opening up of Puerto Morelos in the east of Yucatan. Agricultural schools and experimental stations were organized to try to encourage the cultivation of other plants besides the henequen. The henequen is the staple in Yucatan and the Government has decided to encourage and protect its production and exploitation from unjust and arbitrary control. This means that the Reguladora has come to stay for the benefit of Yucatan.

NIGHT IN INDIA

ESTHER HARLAN

INDIA knows no solar year. From the rising of one full moon to the setting of another—from crest to crest, as it were, of the lunar wave—month by month, the twelve are reckoned. And it is always the moon and not the sun that directs the most vital and intimate details of daily life.

Though it is perforce from sunrise to sunset that the mere task-toll of existence is exacted, it is none the less by their long-loved lunar sequence that the people of this land live their own lives when the service of the foreigner ceases. The shadow of those old Chaldæan seers who, back in the beginning of time, worked out their reading of the sun's supremacy, still stretches across the workaday western world; but it was to the insight of India that the laws of the ways of the lesser light were first revealed, and it is India that she still dominates.

In this land of life-long contemplations, where a profound emotional development and refinement is a marked trait of personality; where a life of active service is held as less acceptable to the gods than one of meditation, and a deep thought or vivid perception as a great achievement, distinguishing a day or a year as could no commercial acquisition or even national conquest—it seems indeed not unfitting to find in such a land the reflected light more revered than the direct.

The sun, of course, is not without its quota of recognition—it has its great days, marked, each, by its particular glint of gold on leaves or water, or its own rare bite in the morning air when indeed the mere response of the body to the breath that fires its blood is in itself of the essence of romance. But all the holiest festivals are held at night.

If it is true of other countries that their “sacred years” are born of the wreckage of yet earlier civil years, it is clear that the Hindu cycle is built upon a still more ancient weather-year, moon-marked, moon-governed, throughout. The whole Hindu ritual, indeed, seems one long interweaving, inter-relating of earth-life with soul experience and insight. The hardships of travel in

camp and forest are looked upon as spiritual rigors; the sight of grass and trees, or of the new moon above the mountain peak, is called worship; and the soothing peace that comes from the glimpse of a wide, great river at sunset is held a step on the road to salvation and the freeing of the soul.

For India is a place rather than a people. Her peculiar genius is born of association with her mountains and great streams in all their varying weather-moods; the sole food of her patriotism, the sacred pilgrimages enjoined from end to end of her shrine-strewn plains; something of her spirit is inbreathed with the very air. And the key to the complexities of her peoples may be said to lie, in no small measure, in this age-long, ineradicable preference to live by the light of the moon.

The roof of every Indian house is built flat, for sitting and sleeping under the stars; the centre of every Indian home is an open courtyard—by day a cave of such winds as may blow, by night a tent whose roof is the roof of all the world under which even the most closely cloistered—proud, sensitive women “on whom the sun has never looked”—may yet claim their share of the “culture of the sky.” It is almost as if the life of the land, held in abeyance as it were, while the march of the sun is endured, drew a long breath of relief with the coming of night and emerged at last into the freedom of the lesser light—to live. For then the house-tops fill with groups of soft-voiced men and women, white-clad, bare-footed and bare-armed, moving like spectres here and there in the dimness, or kneeling with folded hands and bowed head. The narrow, unlighted streets below are almost deserted—they are but the thoroughfares of necessity at best—while these, the clean, cool roofs and quiet courtyards, are the theatre of the people’s true life.

Thus the mere structure of an Indian dwelling forces upon even the stranger within its gates an unwonted intimacy with the ways of night.

The change from daylight to darkness is strangely swift—the sun seems to plunge from his dominance of a cloudless sky, over the purple rim of the world—and one is alone with the deep shadows of the dead day and the searching eyes of the stars. Then the chanting of some old prayer breaks out from a nearby

house-top, a draped figure steals to the riverside to send out a little ship of prayer "for all whose footsteps at nightfall lead not to their own door"—a tiny vessel of green leaves pinned together with bits of their own stem and filled with yellow blossoms—a beggar chants the name of Allah in some distant lane, a cow lows from the marshes, a temple bell sounds, perhaps a jackal cries the quarters of the night across the plains. . . .

The Indian night in itself is a thing not easily to be forgotten—akin to the "great throbbing silence" of Maeterlinck's naming, that is "like a hand laid softly on the soul," when consciousness, descending plummet-wise into the deeps of being, seems to leave even thought behind and touch the shores of the Great Unknown—the very centre of gravity shifts as it were for the moment, and one sees indeed the first as last and the least of all as among the mighty. . . .

Vast and black the night arches over the hushed world. There is no wind. Giant palm-trees throw ink-black shadows across the earth. A mighty Motherhood seems brooding over this land of treasured memories and a peerless past—brooding and questioning of the future of these people that live their lives by the light of the moon and stars. . . .

“ K ”

[“*Schola Novi Castellī: Nunquam Non Nova*”]

CHARLES VALE

SO you have trodden the familiar way—
How many men have trodden it before!—
That leads from dream to dream. And now no more
You wonder whether you shall go, or stay
A little longer. You have lived your day.
Sleep well, O Master, through the quiet night,
How vast or brief soever, till the light
Shall touch again the brow of shadowed clay!

Here, from a strange and distant land, I send
Farewell and greeting. Crowded years have passed
Since boyhood times and ways; but always new—
Nunquam non nova—is our love of you,
Set deep within our hearts. Good-bye, dear friend.
You must be glad, I think, to rest at last.

THE POETIC THEME IN THE MODERN PAGEANT

ANNE THROOP CRAIG

IN our employment of dramatic forms, it seems that we have come to a parting of the ways. Social and industrial problems in their effect on the theatre proper have produced a tendency to make our plays more and more serious,—mirrors of our faults, remedial agents,—and, to this purpose, to present them in increasingly austere and succinct forms. Where beauty has emerged, it has been in cameo forms, bearing, in subdued tones, metaphysical and mystical suggestion, but representing, in fact, only another, but more soothing and sublimated, form of the austere medicinal play. We do not have to go beyond Wedekind for the most pertinent of examples.

Between these extreme types of the modern legitimate drama and the theatre of commonplace miscellany, there have been for long almost no offerings of any vitality; and beyond a certain point in a course marked by too didactic realism, or by ephemera grown too exquisite and attenuate, any robust human instinct must revolt, and counteractive forces set in.

It is such a sturdy revolt, such a movement for romance, for a less timid companionship with beauty, which is becoming apparent, is awakening us now,—giving its sign of the parting of the ways.

It is said that “noble races love bright colors,” and it is true that, as a people emerges from morbid restraints of any sort, or recovers from any degenerate social condition, it rebels against the remedies which were at first necessary to its recovery and is no longer satisfied with insipid convalescent foods. With health returns a primitive exuberance which is noble because it is triumphant, sane and strong.

This exuberance expresses itself in more and more brilliant activities and convincing achievements, and with it correspondingly, the æsthetic impulses are revived and make the demands of health and joy, which are for splendor and delight in social intercourse and in the forms of recreation incident to it.

Naturally, in actually primitive peoples not yet subjected to

the processes of civilization, with the struggles and restraints which are its chastening influences, the expression of this exuberance is crude and even gross. But in nations representing an emergence from the chastening process, and with the primitive condition long left behind, the return to primitive health is plus experience and more highly developed sensibilities. The delight and splendor they demand they will wish tempered with graces, with multiplied shadings and refinement of detail.

To some such emergence as this from certain forms of stress in our modern society, is undoubtedly due the recent sweeping desire for recreation, for greater brilliance and freedom in life, of which the revival of pageantry is peculiarly representative. Perhaps this condition is more marked, easier to define, both as to cause and effect, in America than anywhere else. We have been through a long industrial stress,—the stress of building a new nation; we have disposed of our primary difficulties, at least from within, and a time of natural respite comes to us,—a time to breathe freely, to enjoy the fruit of our labors, so far, and through such relaxation and enjoyment to recreate ourselves, learn our own forces and be ready for more brilliant use of them at future call. It is a kind of social coming of age, and manifests the same signs as has every previous renaissance in social history.

The pageant, as a distinct force in this awakening, more comprehensively than is any other form, is the exponent, in the field of art, of the response to the desire for what is robust and beautiful, rather than remedial and didactic, or even soothing. We are ready to be positive in our activities, in the arts now, as we have so long been in our other fields of endeavor. We have recovered æsthetically, and do not need longer passively to be soothed!

This latter condition, especially, of positive social animation, pageantry may meet as the professional theatre does not, but as a communal recreational force, as the ancient festivals and the mediæval guild plays and community plays met it. For in the forms of pageantry, the new social pageantry which is developing among us, the community itself participates; it may itself create, and not only look on. And to create beauty consciously, to have an actual personal part in its creation, is as much an education, and joy to a community as to the individual.

From its nature, the dramatic pageant, of all dramatic forms, gives most scope for the employment of every art properly contributory to drama and for the elaboration of the poetic theme. This is not understood of pageantry, yet it could hardly be questioned if definitions of the modern forms in which pageantry has developed were not so vague in the minds of people in general. At present, everything from a procession to a pantomime is named, without challenge, a "pageant." Yet this is not to be left long unchallenged. Those dealing with the subject at first hand, being left to invent their own terminology, have brought it to a point where controversy sets in, and each worker in the pageantry field mentions his own definitions with some diffidence. Yet there are some definitions that can hardly be called in question, and these must supply a basis for discussion of the subject.

If pageantry literally means a "show," or series of "shows," a procession is pageantry as well as a dramatic pageant, and we may make all sorts of intermediate classifications, exchanging the places of nouns and adjectives in our terms according to the predominant form; for instance, a pageant-drama might be a concrete form of play, with elaborations in the nature of pageantry, as *vice versa*, we mean by a dramatic pageant a form of production with emphasis on the principles of elaboration, of breadth of action proper to pageantry, but with, nevertheless, a definite dramatic unity. A more professional, looser arrangement of episodes, or exhibits, with little or no dramatic focus, might well go under the name of panoramic pageant. But this suffices, for argument.

It is these points of similarity between the extreme types, and at the same time, the lack of knowledge of the possible relation between the new pageantry and the accepted dramatic forms, that make a discussion of the place of poetry in pageantry pertinent.

While we can imagine a procession pure and simple, planned with such unity as to convey a poetic idea, just as pantomime or tableaux may do, obviously, as a mere procession, it cannot do so in any complete dramatic manner. But this the pageant, with the unity and method of drama, can do, and with a more splendid and varied use of all the elements of drama,—spectacle, action and poetic language,—than is appropriate to any other form of

dramatic presentation. For this form, which those who are developing it have well named the "dramatic pageant," may be accepted as properly conveying a theme more than heroic in proportions because involving the development of social masses and epochs rather than of personal and special events. It constitutes an art by which to express community history,—the character of a people,—the national or racial note,—more fully than any other one form can do, and becomes a more complete vehicle for a great world poetry than we have yet had.

Considering this ultra-heroic form of the drama of racial or universal human sentiment or development, in which the individual and particular are wholly subordinate to a theme, the essential elements of which are gathered in flights from century to century, and even from folk group to folk group, it is clear that the vehicle of language assigned to it must be cast upon a like scale; it must indeed be poetry, and more, poetry of a grand order.

Poetry in the larger sense being essentially an abstraction, and its vehicle of expression not necessarily to be confined to one art more than another, an interpretation of subject on such a scale as is possible to the dramatic pageant, constitutes of itself, as a whole, a poetry visualized and complete in sense and sound, so that one element can hardly be rapt from it, and remain complete in itself.

But since language in so large a measure conveys the informing spirit, it is useful to consider poetry in its special sense as a verbal art, with relation to the dramatic pageant, and to see what effect a dramatic conception on this scale must have upon its modes.

First of all, the language of pageantry will be largely figurative, which is a distinctive characteristic of poetic language; it will demand an epic sweep not only in mould of phrase but in substance; and in addition there is technical necessity for either sweeping or lyrical phrasing, in the great spaces demanded for the broad group-action and general movement of effective pageantry: here are two qualities necessary to pageantry, which are at the same time proper to poetry,—and poetry in its noblest forms. As to further effects of pageantry upon poetic language-

forms used, the progression of plot by massed effects, for the most part, demands emotional as well as narrative expressions by groups rather than by individuals. Where in the more succinctly personal drama, such expression would focus in an individual's interpretation, in pageantry it will become the lyric joy or the threnody of *groups*: it will be developed decoratively in the massed pantomime or dance with recitative,—modes which further the effect of submergence of the individual in the flood of centuries which are to hew out the greater runes of a race.

Plainly, the language proper to such modes is perpetually broad, majestic and essentially lyrical. It could never descend into intimate prose, and be true to scale. Where lesser, more intimate touches are introduced in pageantry, they must be in the nature of accessories, by-play, to accent some point, but never to carry the main points of the central theme.

A general principle of structure in dramatic pageantry is that the theme is to be carried by the more realistic dramatic episodes, and periodically symbolized by lyrical interludes of dance, lyric pantomime, and song,—these interludes acting in the nature of a "chorus."

Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens has employed the single personal "chorus," presenting, in recitative, narrative to link the elements of the pageant which are to convey the theme, and, as he says, this personal chorus may assume many forms, such as "a prophet, a town-crier, the Spirit of Art, or any character in keeping with the pageant as a whole."

But although both the lyric interlude with symbolic dance or pantomime, and the individual, as chorus, serve to maintain the poetic element of the form, and to define the points of thematic development, it would seem that the group-dance, or pantomime, is after all the more in keeping with a form which should properly present its main points decoratively, so to speak, by means of masses, rather than by the punier means of even idealized individual action or utterance. Still, variations in this respect are admissible, even in one composition, and may be more effective than one method adhered to throughout. This, however, depends on cases, and the method which a subject itself demands for its best interpretation. The relative use of individuals and groups, there-

fore, follows the general rule already indicated for pageant structure: that the part of the smaller,—the individual, the special,—is always to contribute to the main theme in some accessory way, of accent, or color, but not to carry the theme, which is left to mass action to do, this mass action being epochal and by groups.

It is easy to see, in considering this form of *grand drama*, what peculiar opportunities it offers for the combined use of the contributory arts: of language, of action, of color, of music. And since the art of pageant creation offers such brilliant opportunities, it must attract many to undertake it,—which is well, provided those who wish to enter the field realize what its standard of excellence has grown to mean, in the matter of technical knowledge as well as native artistic and poetic gift.

The dramatic pageant is not any more than the more succinct drama, language alone, or spectacle alone, or action alone; and, as is fundamentally necessary in the preparation of any other dramatic composition, it is necessary to be adept in the combination of effects of speech, action and spectacle. One cannot merely be a *littérateur*, or an artist in visual effects, or simply adept in the mechanics of stage direction,—and successfully create dramatic pageantry. Various people may execute the parts, but one person must project all and understand the technique of all.

Those who have already given years to the development of this richer pageant form have, by so doing, created at least an initial standard and one of a high order, which will be maintained by the Pageant Association of America, a form open always to further beauties of development, but not to be encroached upon by inexperience, or the results of inadequate preparation. This is decidedly as it should be, for this type of pageant could not maintain its standard, any more than could the legitimate drama, if it were to be represented by compositions prepared and produced by any who had never respected the dramatist's art enough to study the theatre itself, the personal technique of acting, the relation of accessory effects of color, music, to the central unity,—and not alone the craft of words, as vehicles for the theme,—before they plunged in with the idea that "anyone can write a play."

It is in such matters as this of re-creating and maintaining a

standard, that the Drama Leagues under their various names, as well as the more recently instituted Pageant Association, may, if they will, effectually serve this new art of pageantry, so easily demonstrated as a marked force in social culture,—as it has been heretofore the object of literary and dramatic societies to serve the intimate drama.

The full development of the dramatic pageant is not yet, but those best examples we have had of the form illustrate literally and in spirit the points just presented, and worthily forecast further developments for this most splendid drama of the future.

Finally it is to be noted that not alone either in its form as an interpretation or presentation of a grand idea does the dramatic pageant represent poetry,—for the present using the word again in its abstract sense,—but also through its opportunity for making those who participate in it such people as shall benefit socially and humanly by the experiment. This is a phase of the subject requiring consideration by itself, since it is not, technically speaking, an inevitable necessity to pageant production. It is, nevertheless, a most important element of its usefulness, and inseparable, too, from certain aims in its production, as has been demonstrated through a number of our best pageants, notably those of Peterboro' and of Thetford. Especially, Mr. William Chauncy Langdon's emphasis on this social element is well known, as is his important work in demonstrating it. It is this social element which is the current epic, and which must bear after all the living poetry, the story of human relations, their development from the past, their promise for the ideals of the future.

MUSIC AFTER THE GREAT WAR

CARL VAN VECHTEN

WHEN the great war was declared, Leo Stein, in Florence at the time, asserted that the day of the cubists, the futurists, and their ilk was at an end. "After the war," he said, "there will be no more of this nonsense. Matisse may survive, and Picasso in his 'early manner,' but Renoir and Cézanne are the last of the great painters, and it is on their work that the new art, whatever it may be, will be founded." Leo Stein belongs to a family which, in a sense, has stood sponsor for the new painters, but his remarks can scarcely be called disinterested, as his Villa di Doccia in Florence contains no paintings at present but those of Renoir and Cézanne. There are mostly Renoirs.

Of course a general remark like this in regard to painting is based on an idea that there is no connection—at least no legitimate connection—between the painting of Duchamp-Villon, Gleizes, Derain, Picabia, and the later work of Picasso and the painters (completely legitimized by now) who came before them. Without arguing this misconception, it may be stated that a similar misconception exists in relation to "modern" music. There are those who feel that the steady line of progression from Bach, through Beethoven and Brahms, has broken off somewhere. The exact point of departure is not agreed upon. Some say that music as an art ended with Richard Wagner's death. There are only a few, however, who do not include Brahms and Tschaiowsky in the list of those graced with the crown of genius. There are many who are generous enough to believe that Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy have carried on the divine torch. But there are only a few discerning enough to perceive that Strawinsky and Schoenberg have gone only a step further than the so-called impressionists in music.

Since the beginnings of music, as an art-form, there has always been a complaint that contemporary composers could not compose melody. Beethoven suffered from this complaint; Wagner suffered from it; we have only recently gone through the period

when Strauss and Debussy suffered from it. The reason is an obvious one. Each new composer has made his own rules of composition. Each has progressed a step further in his use of harmony. Now it is evident that in this way novelty lies, for an entirely new unaccompanied melody would be difficult to devise. It is in the combination of melody and harmony that a composer may show his talent at invention. It is but natural that any advance in this direction should at first startle unaccustomed ears, and it is by no means uncertain that this first thrill is not the most delicious sensation to be derived from hearing music. In time harmony is exhausted—combinations of notes in ordered forms—but there is still the pursuit of disharmony to be made. We are all quite accustomed to occasional discords, even in the music of Beethoven, where they occur very frequently. Strauss utilizes discords skilfully in his tonal painting; in such works as *Elektra* and *Heldenleben* they abound. The newer composers have almost founded a school on disharmony.

To me it seems certain that it is the men who have given the new impetus to tonal art in the past five years who will make the opening for whatever art-music we are to hear after the war, and I am referring even to occasional pieces after the manner of Tschaikowsky's overture, *1812*, in which the Russian National Anthem puts to rout the *Marseillaise*. . . . Perhaps it will be Karol Szymanowski of Poland (if he is still alive) or a new César Franck in Belgium who will rise to write of the intensity of suffering through which his country has struggled. But it seems to me beyond a doubt that music after the great war will be "newer" (I mean, of course, more primitive) than it was in the last days of July, 1914. There will be plenty of disharmonies, foreshadowed by Schoenberg and Strawinsky, let loose on our ears, but, in spite of the protests of Mr. Runciman, I submit that these disharmonies are a steady progression from Wagner, and not a freakish whim of an abnormal devil. I do not predict a return to Mozart as one result of the war.

There are always those prone to believe that such a war as is now in progress has been brought about by an anarchic condition among the artists, as foolish a theory as one could well promulgate, and keep one's mental balance. It is this group which

steadfastly maintains that, after the war, things will not merely be as they were immediately before the war broke out, but as they were *fifty* years before. Now it should be apparent to anyone but the oldest inhabitant that the music dramas of Richard Wagner are aging rapidly. Public interest in them is on the decline, thanks to an absurd recognition, in some degree or other, everywhere from Bayreuth to Paris, from Madrid to New York, of what is known as the "Master's tradition." Some of this tradition has been invented by Frau Cosima Liszt von Bülow Wagner and all of it is guaranteed to put the Wagner plays rapidly in a class with the operas of Donizetti and Bellini, stalking horses for prima donnas trained in a certain school. Without going into particulars which would clog this issue, it may be stated that the tradition includes matters pertaining to scenery, staging, lighting, acting, singing, and even *tempi* in the orchestra. It is all-inclusive.

It must have been quite evident to even the casual concert-goer that German music has passed its zenith. It has had its day and it is not likely that post-bellum music will be Germanic. In an article in a recent number of *The Musical Quarterly*, Edgar Istel reviews German opera since Wagner with a consistent tone of depreciation. The subject, of course, does not admit of enthusiasm. He calls Edmund Kretzschmer and Karl Goldmark "the compromise composers." There are probably not many Americans who have heard of the former or his "most successful opera," *Die Folkunger*. Goldmark is better known to us, but we do not exaggerate the importance of *Die Königen von Saba*, the *Sakuntala* overture, or *Die ländliche Hochzeit* symphony. Nor do we foreigners to the *Vaterland* know much about Victor Nessler's *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, although we hear one air from it frequently at Sunday night concerts in the opera house. August Bungert tried to outdo Wagner with a six-day opera cycle, *Homerische Welt*, produced in 1898-1903 and already forgotten. Max Schillings, whose name has occasionally figured on symphony orchestra programmes in America, is thus dismissed by Istel: "Schilling's last work, *Der Moloch* (1906), proves his total inability as a dramatic composer." Hans Pfitzner is another name on which we need not linger. Engelbert Humper-

dinck, of course, wrote the one German opera which has had a world-wide and continuous success since *Parsifal*, *Hänsel und Gretel*. But the music he has composed since then has not awakened much enthusiasm. *Hänsel und Gretel* is, after all, folk-music with Wagnerian orchestration. It assuredly is not from Humperdinck that we can look for post-bellum music. We have heard Keinzl's very mediocre *Der Kuhreigen* and this season we are promised *Evangelimann*. The name of Siegfried Wagner signifies nothing. Ludwig Thuille wrote some very interesting music in the last act of *Lobetanz*, but that opera could not hold the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House. W. von Waltershausen's *Oberst Chabert* has been given in London, not, however, with conspicuous success. D'Albert has written many German operas in spite of his Scotch birth. Of these the best is *Tiefland*, negligible in regarding the future. Leo Blech's unimportant *Versiegelt* gave pleasure in Berlin for a time. Wolf-Ferrari, one of the most gifted of the German composers, is half-Italian. His work, of course, is not notable for originality of treatment. *Suzannen's Geheimniss* is very like an old Italian or Mozart opera. So is *Le Donne Curiose*. His cantata, *Vita Nuova*, is archaic in tone, a musical Cimabue or Giotto. *I Gioielli della Madonna* is an attempt at Italian *verismo*. Richard Strauss! the most considerable German musical figure of his time. His operas will still be given after the war and his tone-poems will be heard, but he has done his part in furthering the progress of art music. He has nothing more to say. In *The Legend of Joseph*, the ballet which the Russians gave in Paris last summer, it was to be observed that the Strauss idiom exploited therein had fully expressed itself in the earlier works of this composer. *Salome* and *Elektra* represent Strauss's best dramatic work and *Don Juan* and *Til Eulenspiegel* are perhaps his best tone poems. Richard Strauss, however, is assuredly not post-bellum. His music is a part of the riches of the past. One can easily pass rapidly by the names of Bruckner, Weingartner and Gustav Mahler. Max Reger, I think, is not a great composer. But there are two Austrian names on which we must linger.

One of them is Erich Korngold, the boy composer, who is now eighteen years old. His earlier work, such as the ballet,

Der Schneemann, sounds like Puccini with false notes. It is pretty music. Later, Korngold developed a fancy for writing Strauss and Reger with false notes. And he is still in process of development. What he may do cannot be entirely foreseen.

Arnold Schoenberg is another matter. He is still using as propaganda music which he wrote many years ago. No public has yet caught up with his present output. That is an excellent sign that his music is of the future. The string sextet, *Verklärte Nacht*, which the Kneisel Quartet played more than once in the season just past, dates from 1899. The string quartets were written in 1905 and 1908. The five orchestral pieces, the six piano pieces, and *Pierrot Lunaire*, other music of his on which what fame he possesses outside of Austria rests, are all over two years old. Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra has only recently deemed it fitting to play the five orchestral pieces, and I believe the piano pieces received their first public performance in New York at one of the concerts given by Leo Ornstein, although several pianists, notably Charles Henry Cooper and Mrs. Arensberg, had played them in private.

In 1911 Schoenberg issued his quite extraordinary *Handbuch der Harmonielehre*, which is one of the best evidences that, even though the composer dies in the war, others will follow to carry on the torch from the point where he dropped it. Yes, Schoenberg, no less than Henri Matisse, is a torch-bearer in the art race. He is a stone in the architecture of music—and not an accidental decoration.

May I quote a few passages from the *Handbuch*?

“The artist does not do what others find beautiful, but what he finds himself bound to do.”

“If anyone feels dissatisfied with his time, let it not be because that time is no longer the good old time, but because it is not yet the new and better time, the future.”

“Though I refrain from overprizing originality, I cannot help valuing novelty at its full worth. Novelty is the improvement toward which we are drawn as irresistibly, as unwittingly, as towards the future. It may prove to be a splendid betterment, or to be death—but also the certainty of a higher life after death. Yes, the future brings with it the novel and the unknown;

and therefore, not without excuse, we often hold what is novel to be identical with what is good and beautiful."

With the single exception just noted it is not from the German countries that the musical invention of the past two decades has come. It is from France. Whether Debussy or Erik Satie or Fanelli first developed the use of the whole-toned scale is unimportant; they have all been writing in Paris.

Erik Satie is one of the precursors of a movement—not important in himself, but of immense importance as an indication. He is not a genius, and therefore his work has received little attention and has had no great influence. But it must be remembered that he was born in 1860 and that his *Gymnopedies* and *Gnossiennes*, composed respectively in 1888 and 1890, make a free use of the whole-toned scale and other harmonic innovations ordinarily attributed to Debussy. A *Sarabande*, written in 1887, should be tried on your piano. It will certainly startle you. Satie has recently achieved a little notoriety, thanks to Debussy and Ravel, who have dragged his music into the light. The more dramatic resurrection of Fanelli by Gabriel Pierné has been related too often to need retelling here.

Debussy, beyond question, is one of the high-water marks in the history of music. *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* is certainly post-Wagnerian in a sense that *Salome* is not. Maurice Ravel, Paul Dukas, Roger-Ducasse, Florent Schmitt, Chausson, Chabrier, and Charpentier are all revolutionists in a greater or less degree, and all of them are direct descendants of the great French composers who came before them. But what has been accomplished in France in the last few years? Dukas has written nothing important since *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue*. Debussy's recent works are not epoch-making: a makeshift ballet, *Jeux*, a few piano pieces; what else? Ravel's ballet, *Daphnis et Chloë*, is lovely music. Some people profess to find pleasure in listening to Schmitt's *Salome*. It is unbearable to me, danced or undanced. Vincent d'Indy—has he written a vibrant note since *Istar*? Charpentier's *Julien*—a rehash of *Louise*. It sounds some fifty years older, except the carnival scene. There is live futurist music in that last act. When Charpentier painted street noises on his tonal canvas, were they of night or morning, he knew his

business. But certainly not a post-bellum composer, this. Charpentier will never compose another stirring phrase; that is written in the stars. Since *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue*, is there one French opera which can be called great? There are two very good ones, Raoul Laparra's *La Habanera* and Maurice Ravel's *l'Heure Espagnole*, and very many bad ones, such as Massenet's *Don Quichotte*, the unbelievable *Quo Vadis?* of Jean Nougès, and the imitative and meaningless *Monna Vanna* of Février. I do not think it is from France that we may expect the post-bellum music.

Italy, long the land of opera, has held her place in the singing theatres. Verdi and Puccini still dominate the opera houses. But Puccini's work is accomplished. His popularity is waning, as the comparative failure of *The Girl of the Golden West* will testify. You will find the germ of all that is best in Puccini in *Manon Lescaut*, an early work. After that there is repetition and misdirection of energy, gradually diffused talent. It does not seem necessary to speak of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. They have both tried for so long a time to repeat their two successes and tried in vain. Cilea, Franchetti, Catalani, and Giordano—these names are almost forgotten already. Is Sgambatti dead? Does anyone know whether he is or not? Zandonai—ah, there's a name to linger on! Watch out for Zandonai in the vanguard of the post-bellum composers. Save him from the war-maw. His *Conchita* disclosed a great talent; that opera shimmered with the hot atmosphere of Spain, a bestial, lazy Spain. This work I place with Debussy's *Iberia* as one of the great tonal pictures of Spain. I have not heard Zandonai's opera, *Francesca di Rimini*, which was produced at Covent Garden Opera House last summer, but I have been told that its beauties are many. I hope we may hear it in New York. It is announced for production this fall at the Metropolitan Opera House. Pratella is one of Marinetti's group of futurists, one of the noise-makers. I am not so sure of Pratella as I am sure that many of his theories will be more successfully exploited by some one else. Gordon Craig has met a similar fate in a different line of work.

Spain has been heard from recently—Spain, which has lacked a composer of "art music." Albeniz and others have been writ-

ing piano music and now we are promised a one-act opera by Granados. Perhaps in time Spain may lift her head high and tinkle her castanets to some purpose, on programmes devoted to her own composers. But now it is Bizet, Chabrier, Debussy, Laparra, and Zandonai who have perverted these castanets and tambourines to their own uses.

I am no admirer of modern English music. I take less pleasure in hearing a piece by Sir Edward Elgar than I do in a mediocre performance of *Le Prophète* and I assure you that Meyerbeer is not my favorite composer. A meaner skill than Sir Edward's, perhaps, lies in Irving Berlin's fingers, but a greater genius. I once spent a most frightful afternoon—at least nearly all of an afternoon—listening to Elgar's violin concerto, and I remember a dreadfully dull symphony, that sounded as if it were played on a throbbing organ at vespers in a dark church on a hot Sunday afternoon. The *Cockaigne* overture is more to my taste, although I think it no great achievement. Has there been a real composer in Britannia since Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose works one rehears with a pleasure akin to ecstasy? I do not think so. Cyril Scott is interesting. Holbrooke, Delius, Grainger, Wallace, and that crowd write much complex music for the orchestra, to say nothing of piano pieces, songs, and operas. (Holbrooke supplements his labors in this direction with the writing of articles for *The English Review* and other periodicals, in which he complains bitterly that the English composer is without honor in his own country.) I find Scott's piano pieces better. But since *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* there have been but few comic scores comparable to *Patience*. You will hear the Sullivan operas many times after the war, but one cannot think of founding a school upon them.

I shall not hesitate on the music of America, because in a country that has no ante-bellum music—one cannot speak with too great enthusiasm of Ethelbert Nevin and Edward MacDowell—there is no immediate promise of important development. However, in a digression, I should like to make a few remarks on the subject of the oft-repeated charge, re-echoed by Holbrooke in relation to British musicians, that American composers are neglected and have no chance for a hearing in their

own country. Has ever a piano piece been played more times or sold more copies than MacDowell's *To a Wild Rose*, unless it be Nevin's *Narcissus*? Probably *The Rosary* has been sung more times in more quarters of the globe than *Rule Britannia*. Other American songs which have achieved an international success and a huge sale are *At Parting*, *A Maid Sings Light*, *From the Land of the Sky-blue Water*, and *The Year's at the Spring*. Orchestral works by Paine, Hadley, Converse, and others, are heard almost as soon as they are composed, and many of them are heard more than once, played by more than one orchestra. Of late years it has been the custom to produce an American work each season at the Metropolitan Opera House, a custom fortunately abandoned during the season just past. No, it cannot be said that the American composer has been neglected.

Finland has presented us with Sibelius, whose latest works indicate that Helsingfors may have something to say about the trend of tone after the war, and from Poland Karol Szymanowski has sent forth some strange and appealing songs.

But it is to Russia, after all, I think, that we must turn for the inspiration, and a great deal of the execution, of our post-bellum music. Fortunately for us, we have not yet delved very deeply into the past of Russian music, in spite of reports to the contrary. Mr. Gatti-Casazza once assured me that *Boris Godunow* was the only Russian opera which stood any chance of success in America. He has doubtless revised his feeling on the subject since he has announced *Prince Igor* for production this season, an opera which should be greeted with very warm enthusiasm, if the producers give any decent amount of attention to the very important ballet.

It is interesting, in turning to Russian literature, to discover that Turgenev in the middle of the nineteenth century was writing a masterpiece like *A Sportsman's Sketches*, a work full of reserve and primitive force, and a strange charm. And Turgenev was born and bred a gentleman in the sense that Thackeray was born and bred a gentleman. In English literature we have travelled completely around the circle, through the artificial, the effete, and the sentimental, to the natural, the forceful, the primitive. Art like that of D. H. Lawrence, George Moore, and Theodore

Dreiser, is very much abroad in the lands. Russia began her circle only in the last century with her splendidly barbaric school of writers who touch the soil at every point, the soil and the soul: Turgenev, Gogol, Pushkin, Dostoievsky, Andreyev, Tolstoy, Tchekhov, Gorky, and Artzybachev, a noble group of names. We find in Russia a situation very akin to that of Ireland, a people commercially under-developed, in a large measure born to suffering, keenly alive to artistic impulse.

In Ireland this impulse has expressed itself almost entirely through the written word, but in Russia it has found an outlet in a thousand channels. (The arts have grouped themselves together in the glowing splendor of the Russian Ballet productions.) Music, like literature, sprang into being in Russia, fed on the rich folk-songs of the Slavic races, during the nineteenth century; and again like Russian literature, its first baby notes were wild, appealing, barbaric, forceful, and sincere—the music of the steppes and the people, rather than the music of the drawing-room and the nobility. Let us remember that about the time Richard Wagner was writing *Tristan und Isolde*, Moussorgsky was putting on paper, with infinite pain, the notes of the scores of the poignant *Boris Godunow* and the intense *La Khovanchina*. Since then the Russian music world has been occupied by men who have given their lives to the foundation of a national school. Their work has been largely overshadowed in America by the facile genius of Tschaikowsky, who wrote the most popular symphony of the nineteenth century, but who is less Russian and less important than many of his confrères.

If for a time after the war one must turn to the past for operatic novelties, one can do no better than to go to Russia. It is my firm conviction that several of the Russian operas would have a real success here. *La Khovanchina* to many musicians is more beautiful than *Boris*. It is indeed a serious work of genius. The chorus with which the first act closes has power enough to entice me to the theatre at any time. I do not know of a death-scene in all the field of opera as strong in its effect as that of the Prince Ivan Khovansky. He is stabbed and he falls dead. He does not sing again, he does not move; there are no throbs of

the violins, no drum beats. There is a pause. The orchestra is silent. The people on the stage are still. It is tremendous!

Rimsky-Korsakow's music is pretty well-known in America. His *Scheherezade* and *Antar* suites are played very often; but his operas remain unsung here. Why? He wrote some sixteen of them before he died. Even so early a work as *A Night in May* contains many lovely pages. It is a folk-song opera built along the old lines of set numbers. It reminds one of *The Bartered Bride*. First produced in 1880, it does not show its age. *The Snow Maiden* contains the *Song of the Shepherd Lehl* and one or two other airs familiar in the concert repertoire. *Sadko*, if given in the Russian manner, would fill any opera house for two performances a week for the season; and *Ivan the Terrible* is a masterpiece of its kind. But the greatest of them all is the last lyric drama of the composer, *The Golden Cock*, in which this great tone colorist bent his ear further towards the future than he had ever done before.

The death of Alexander Scriabine recently in Petrograd created little comment, although the papers had been filled a few weeks before with descriptions of the very bad performance of his *Prometheus* by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. Scriabine, another Gordon Craig, was too great a theorist, too concerned with the perfect in his art, ever to arrive at anything approximating the actual. As an influence, he can already be felt. His synchronism of music, light, and perfumes was never realized in his own music, although the Russian Ballet has completely realized it. (How cleverly that organization—or is it a movement?—has seized everybody's good ideas, from Wagner's to Gordon Craig's!) As for Scriabine's strange scales and disharmonies, Igor Strawinsky has made the best use of them—Igor Strawinsky, perhaps the greatest of the musicians of the immediate future. I hope Americans may hear his wonderfully beautiful opera, *The Nightingale*; and if all the music of the future is like that I stand with bowed and reverent head before the music of the future (with the mental reservation, however, that I may spurn it when it is no longer music of the future). His three ballets are also works of genius.

It is indeed to Strawinsky, whose strange harmonies evoked

new fairy worlds in *The Nightingale* and whose barbaric rhythms stirred the angry pulses of a Paris audience threatened with the shame of an emotion in the theatre, to whom we may turn, perhaps, for still new thrills after the war. Strawinsky has so far showed his growth in every new work he has vouchsafed the public. From Schoenberg, and Korngold in a lesser degree, we may hope for messages in tone, disharmonic by nature, and with a complexity of rhythm so complex that it becomes simple. (In this connection I would like to say that there are scarcely two consecutive bars in Strawinsky's ballet, *Sacre de Printemps*, written in the same time-signature, and yet I know of no music—I do not even except *Alexander's Ragtime Band*—more dance-compelling.) We may pray to Karol Szymanowski for futurist wails from ruined Poland; a rearranged, disharmonic version of the national airs of the warring countries may spring from France or Italy; but for the new composers, the new names, the strong new blood of the immediate future in music, we must turn to Russia. The new music will not come from England, certainly not from America, not from France, nor from Germany, but from the land of the steppes—a gradual return to that orientalism in style which may be one of the gifts of culture, which an invasion from the far east may impose on us some time in the next century.

CORRESPONDENCE

German and British Opinion

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Claims and counterclaims have been made by both sides in regard to the issues raised by the war. One point, raised by Mr. G. G. Coulton, in his recent book *Pacifist Illusions*, seems to me worth special consideration. Mr. Coulton, speaking as an Englishman, says: "Neutrals have pointed out clearly enough that the German White Book, both in what it says and in what it leaves unsaid, betrays a very different state of mind to ours. The German people, again, know at the bottom of their hearts that they lack both a free press and freedom of public speech; therefore it is as untrue to call the German and English convictions equal, as it would be to assert that a scholar, citing an author at random, has the same conviction that he would have had if he had carefully verified his references first."

To those familiar with both British and German institutions and with the power exercised even in normal times by the German Government over public opinion, this quotation is very pertinent.

J. H. MUNRO

QUEBEC

War Literature

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In view of the large part that your magazine played in the reading which is reported in the enclosure, I am sending you a copy of the report, as you may be glad to know some of the things in THE FORUM that have especially appealed to one interested in the technique as well as in the content of the material.

CAREY C. D. BRIGGS

NEW YORK

DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN WAR-LITERATURE

Yesterday afternoon at four, in the auditorium of New York University on University Heights, Mr. Carey C. D. Briggs of the Departments of English and of Public Speaking, read selections from distinctive American literature published since the outbreak of the war. The programme consisted of the following selections:

If, by Bartholomew F. Griffin

From the 1914 *Anthology of Magazine Verse*.

The Drum, by E. Sutton

From *Scribner's Magazine*.

Europe—A Vision of Heinrich, Fiddler, by Karl Remer

From THE FORUM.

The Twilight of the Gods, by Josephine Daskam Bacon

From THE FORUM.

The Bugle

From *The New York Times*.

Evening, by Charlotte Wilson

From *The Yale Review*.

Mr. Briggs prefaced his readings with a brief explanation of the touchstone he had applied, amid a wealth of raw material, to the selection of his programme. In a few words, he sketched the difference between the commonplace in this material and the distinctive. "The distinctive in literature," he said, "as the term is here employed, indicates the somewhat intangible, but none the less real, difference between two large classes of war literature: the story, poem, or drama that, at the best, can be said to rise no higher than the obvious; and the literature that, although based on the same material, attains the height of becoming interpretive."

Effective as were *The Drum* and *Europe—A Vision of Heinrich, Fiddler*, by far the most compelling selection rendered by Mr. Briggs was *The Twilight of the Gods*, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. The programme, as a whole, was very moving and left the audience deeply stirred.

Rational Pacifists

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I like the phrase "rational pacifist" in Mr. Vale's article in the August number. We need not quarrel with those who see visions and are willing to martyrize themselves and their nations in the pursuit of an ideal. But *festina lente* is not a bad motto, and those of us who believe in the final triumph of reason, but in the present necessity for care and precaution, might well adopt the title of rational pacifists. We are willing to do all that we can to further conditions that may lead to enduring peace, but we are not willing to ignore the difficulties of the task or the advantages of quiet common sense.

JAMES E. WORTH

SAN FRANCISCO

EDITORIAL NOTES

Since August, Last Year

MORE than a year has passed since the inexcusable war began. It is probable that every one of the belligerents would gladly turn the clock back and resume the *status quo ante*, if such a reversal of tragedies were possible. But the moving finger has written, and the writing is irrevocable. Millions have gone to death and mutilation because a few men, steeped in ludicrous traditions, were unable to agree publicly upon a course of action which could have been arranged, between private individuals of decent training, in a few minutes.

Much has been done—far too much—that the civilized world (when the world becomes civilized) will not easily forget. Much has been done in the way of heroism, by all the nations, that a civilized world would never be willing to forget. But it is not necessary to establish a universal slaughterhouse in order to give the heroic an opportunity to express themselves. The victories of peace are not less honorable, and do not require less virility, than the triumphs of war, usually so ephemeral and futile. For the work of war seems never ended. The foes of yesterday are the friends of to-day: the friends of to-day will be fighting each other to-morrow. It is absurd that the human race should still tolerate methods that every individual, whose proper habitat is not a lunatic asylum, condemns without reservations.

Yet voices are still lifted in favor of war—not merely as a final, deplorable means to assert fundamental rights; but as a natural method, to be adopted impulsively and joyously, for avoiding reasonable discussion and fairness. The crudity of irrational self-assertion that still shows itself among children at a certain point in their development, shows itself also among childish adults who have been badly taught, badly trained and stupidly influenced. Naturally, while the masses of the world are floundering toward the minimum degree of comprehension, any loud-voiced, negligible egotist will secure a hearing and may even be acclaimed as a national hero. But not of such common clay are real leaders made. They have the power, like President

Wilson, to go beyond the tumult and the shouting, and to see that the verdict of history will be far different from the verdict of one war-maddened generation.

No man need throw stones at any of those whose viewpoint has been affected by the actual conditions of war, in which their countries are involved. It is almost impossible for a citizen of a belligerent State to escape from the innumerable big and little influences which warp judgment and produce the curious phenomenon of nations flung as units against other nations—though the individuals in each and every country may have reasonable ideas and an earnest desire to avoid aggression and intolerance. But, in a neutral country, even those of alien extraction and sympathies may well learn to adopt a wiser and broader attitude. So many nations, with the utmost sincerity, have taken the wrong path. It seemed to them that no other path could be taken. But why was such a conclusion made possible by apparent facts? Because the world, so far from being in its dotage, has as yet scarcely emerged from its cradle. Because the ridiculous perversions of historians—since so-called historical times—have been received as verities. Because the self-assertion and dominance of the casuists and the egotists have been accepted by the uninformed millions as natural and desirable.

Consider the wars of the world. They have been almost incessantly in progress. What have they achieved, in any way commensurate with the enormous losses involved? Some memorable changes have indeed resulted: but in the vast majority of cases, the past conflicts of humanity are as important to the world now as the battles of insects. Empires, nations, peoples, fanatics, have fought for dominance, have won or lost temporarily, and have gone at last to their own place in the crowded storehouse of oblivion, or of semi-oblivion. And such results as have been proved by time to be worth while, could have been secured without slaughter, if men had learnt the methods of reason, instead of clinging in each age to the old and indefensible argument of arms.

But the present war will go on. It is perhaps now right that it should go on: for an inconclusive peace would be a poor result for so many horrors and so many sacrifices. Let it then indeed

be the Great War, great in its terrors, its slaughter, its infamies, its heroism: but greater in what may well be its ultimate effect—the revolt of mankind from such crudity and savagery, and the reconciliation of all nations through the recognition of the meaning and the inalienable rights of a world-democracy.

France

Vergniaud, in the Convention, 1792, uttered the sentence: “Périsset notre mémoire, pourvu que la France soit libre!”

To-day, the sons of France—of silent, heroic France—are expressing again in their deeds the immortal phrase.

They rest—so many of them—in unmarked graves. Their names are not recorded. But when shall they be forgotten—that host of nameless ones—who were willing indeed that their memory should perish, so that France should be kept free!

Mr. Bryan and the Philippines

A thoughtful correspondent makes a suggestion which may at first seem scarcely practicable. Yet the idea is worth consideration, even if it must be dismissed finally.

The communication begins with the recognition that Mr. Bryan has hurt himself by his recent actions and has been much misunderstood by many of his warmest supporters in the South, so that it may be some years before he recovers his influence. Could not an opportunity be given to him to reveal more clearly his character, so difficult for those who run to read? In such an office of honor and dignity as that of Governor-General of the Philippines, he would have wide range for the exercise of his great gifts. He is peculiarly *persona grata* to the warm-hearted Filipinos and his appointment would be received with pleasure by them. In this new environment, the ex-Secretary of State could exert a powerful influence over the trend of events in Asia and over the movements which are becoming increasingly momentous, while such views as he made public could be accepted here without being attributed to unworthy or personal motives.

It is certainly true that Mr. Bryan has been attacked persistently by a large part of the press and that his endeavors have been condemned by those who were incapable of realizing their full significance. Acute racial controversies have given an added bitterness to the attacks upon him, and his work of steadily influencing public opinion in the direction of peace as opposed to war has been complicated by the perplexities of the time. Mr. Bryan, so far as the public is entitled to judge from the information available, has preferred to adhere, for better or worse, to his ideals in their completeness, without making any of those concessions to temporary needs and changing conditions that other men, equally sincere, consider justifiable or indeed necessary. But it would be a matter for general congratulation if a statesman who has loomed so largely in the history of the country could be given an opportunity to serve the nation without being involved in the pro-Teutonic or anti-Teutonic controversy, which will be difficult enough to settle without the adventitious inclusion of Mr. Bryan's name as a stimulus to further acrimony.

Peace Rumors

Naturally at the end of more than a year of the most devastating and damnable war that the world has known, rumors of peace negotiations began to circulate. The extraordinary successes of the German armies against the Russian forces gave some appearance of credibility to the suggestions. For even the superb efficiency of the Germans can scarcely prevent the ultimate result of the wearing-down process that seems to be the keynote of the operations of the Allies; and it would have been natural for the Kaiser, after the dramatic coup of the occupation of Warsaw, to attempt to detach Russia from the Entente or even to make a proposal to the whole of the Allies. In the moment of victory, concessions may be made gracefully that would be grudged indeed after fatal defeat.

But, whatever may be the outcome of the Russian disasters, whether the retreat will be turned into a rout or whether with new munitions and new levies the Russian tradition of "coming

back " will again be asserted, Great Britain, France and Italy will assuredly continue the struggle. France and Italy are approaching the maximum of their power: Great Britain, in spite of her phenomenal recruiting since the beginning of the war, has not yet tapped twenty per cent. of her available resources, while the other countries engaged have probably worked up to an eighty per cent. mobilization. As the additional British strength is made available, as it may have to be, the mere process of attrition will wear the Teutonic forces down until the disparity makes further conflict suicidal.

It may be assumed that the leaders of the Allies have, by this time at least, a matured plan and a coherent system, with naval and military developments foreseen and correlated. Even apart from the contingency of the intervention of the Balkan States, or the success of the Dardanelles operations, the victory of the Allies, though it may be delayed, cannot be averted. Organization and persistence alone are necessary, and it is incredible that they should not be forthcoming.

In view of the obvious facts, no suggestions for peace will be entertained unless they include a revolutionary proposal that will eliminate in the future the conditions that have kept the nations of Europe in a state of unnatural hostility during recent decades. It remains to be seen whether there is any man big enough even now to prevent the slaughter of more millions by a suggestion which will merely anticipate the future reorganization of the world on a basis of un-antagonistic democracies. There has been a good deal of talking and a good deal of action, though neither the talking nor the action has exactly corresponded with previous expectations. It would be a welcome gift to the world now if some unexpected effort of brilliant diplomacy should make the further business of monotonous murdering unnecessary.

Prudery at the Beaches

Each bathing season brings a revival, at most of the bathing resorts, of the officious stupidity of those who, dressed in a little brief authority, insist that bathers shall be dressed in a certain minimum of wool, cotton, silk and so forth. A few inches, apparently, may make all the difference between decency

and indecency: so far may the leg be shown, but no further; to such and such a point must the dress descend, or the vials of the law's wrath shall be broken and the offender shall be instructed through the medium of severe penalties that there is a fatal difference between one inch and another inch of human flesh.

There are many useful conventions which reasonable human beings, assembling together publicly, naturally adopt. The clothing, or lack of clothing, appropriate for a beach would not be welcomed by the discerning on Fifth Avenue; rowing costume would seem out of place in a ball-room, and the filmy environments of a chorus girl on the stage would provoke comment in a jitney bus. But in any individual instance, the police are not the most reliable arbiters of what is suitable or unsuitable. The general common sense of ordinary people is far more effective, and less irritating. Any limit of freedom to which a sensible bather would wish to go need not be feared as an insidious attack upon morals. The police would do far better to confine their attentions to the few obvious rowdies and imbeciles, and refrain from annoying those with courage enough to claim for a legitimate portion of their bodies the place in the sun which is good for body and soul, when the right is exercised with due discretion at the proper place.

To anyone familiar with the atrocities of a Turkish bath—the distorted forms, the obtruding paunches—it would seem clear that the more the human body is made clear to air and sun, the better for the human race. For the sartorial art too often disguises abnormalities that could and would be avoided if they had to be exhibited publicly. Perhaps a compromise might be adopted: those with bodies which would pass a reasonable test of fitness should be allowed, if they desired, to exhibit as much of them in suitable places as a sensible authority might determine; while the ungainly and self-deformed should be compelled to wear garments most sombre and voluminous, thus publicly expiating their offences against true decency.

Thomas Mott Osborne

At the time of writing, the results of the attempts to discredit Mr. Osborne have not been made clear. But it is perfectly

evident that the new régime at Sing Sing has many bitter enemies and that there still exist men with political influence who regard a prisoner in the old fashion, as a creature with a body to be damned but no soul to be saved.

This attitude would be less nauseating in a Society based on just principles and capable of continuously just practices. But the Society of extremes, of tenements and multi-millionaires, is not entitled to be vindictive toward the victims of its own faults. The pregnant young women, future mothers of criminals and prostitutes, working at eleven or twelve at night pulling trucks or tending looms in the mills, are as significant of our time as the demi-mondaine in her limousine or the million-dollar débutante at Newport.

Innate viciousness, even if it were frequent, should scarcely be regarded as a personal accomplishment. Viciousness of all kinds is the result of a complex of conditions; and the methods of dealing with it are equally complex, and scarcely within the range of the average local politician. Mr. Osborne has made a strong, and so far justified, effort to solve the problem. He recognizes that it is far better for Society that its derelicts should come at last from their cells with some degree of self-respect and ability to earn an honest livelihood, rather than as hopeless and embittered outcasts.

The gentle humorists who complain daily that a prison should not be a palace, that a convict should not be treated as an honored guest, may be invited to undergo a few years' incarceration in the "palace" of their merry imagination. Surely no man who has lost the supreme right of liberty, who from month to month and year to year passes from cell to workshop and from workshop to locked cell, can be called pampered if he is allowed some measure of cleanliness, with reasonable decency of treatment by the officials, and an occasional hour of change and relaxation!

It is possible that Mr. Osborne may have gone a little too far, or a little too fast. But, as THE FORUM has said before, it would be scandalous if the State should deprive itself of his services until his experiment, conducted with the increasing efficiency of experience, has been tested for a sufficient number of

years, without interference from well-meaning or ill-meaning politicians or newspaper reporters. The press campaign against Mr. Osborne has been peculiarly discreditable, and it is extraordinary that such papers as *The New York Tribune* should have adopted the attitude that has disgusted the fair-minded.

Criticism and Contributions

A large number of contributors send with their manuscripts a request for special criticism and advice. In the majority of cases, the only comment that could justly be returned would be disappointing to the recipient; for however eagerly the immature may press for utterly candid remarks, their real and natural desire is for some measure of praise; and when this is not forthcoming, few can take the incident calmly. Whatever their former faith in the editorial judgment, inexperienced contributors often feel that a serious mistake has been made in their own case, even if sheer malignancy cannot be alleged. Budding genius has been discouraged; the midnight oil or the modern Mazda has been overworked in vain; and one more unfortunate has found how stony are the hearts of those who sit temporarily in high places.

There is a little that is amusing, and much that is far from amusing, in such circumstances. However helpful an editor may desire to be, he has usually numerous duties and only a certain amount of energy. That he should be expected to reply each day to the importunities of unknown correspondents is scarcely fair: for the task would be thankless at the best, and if more than an indifferent word or two were offered in each instance, time would be consumed that a stranger has no right to demand. For, of course, it is almost invariably the inexperienced and unproved who make such requests. Those who have fitted themselves for their work, and whose work is therefore valuable, know too much of the exigencies and chances of literary life to be concerned about one man's personal opinion, hurriedly expressed.

For those who have little confidence in themselves, or, having confidence, are perplexed that others apparently do not share it,

the fate of their manuscripts should be a fair indication. There may be many reasons for the return of a contribution, apart from the question of literary merit; but the article or story which comes back repeatedly carries its own message to the author, though there have been striking exceptions, and every aspirant may properly hope that his own case is thus exceptional.

For the true but neglected genius who may need a kindly word, the breath of recognition that will sustain his smouldering fires, a fairly keen watch is kept by most editors and their colleagues. Even so, mere accident or the pressure of work may result in oversights: but the writer is not confined to a single opportunity. He may try again, without unduly tempting fate.

If there is any unusual promise in work that is still not quite satisfactory, the author may receive a little personal note that would not have been written if he had applied for it. For editors are human, in addition to their other faults; and they prefer a certain freedom of choice and action. To be expected, a dozen times a day, to compose an elaborate criticism of the work of a tyro, does not seem reasonable. To send a message of encouragement or advice to one who is quietly working on, without heroics or hysterics, is quite another matter.

But the whole question of criticism—of the critics and the criticised—is interesting and perplexing. Most of us remember the case of the newly appointed Colonial judge, who was advised to give his judgments boldly, for they would probably be correct; but in no case to state his reasons, for they would almost invariably be wrong. So, sometimes, it may happen in editorial offices; though the majority of editors can give reasons for their decisions, and just reasons, if the occasional act of pleasure is not transformed by importunity into a distasteful task.

Becker

So Becker has gone at last and the long delay that ingenuity secured is over.

A sordid case occupied public attention to an extraordinary degree. Such criminal procrastination should be impossible, and the execution of a sentence—while capital punishment is still

maintained—should follow within three months after the verdict of the jury has been delivered. Any proper appeal could be dealt with in that time.

It seems strange that while so many men were dying violent deaths in the trenches and on the battlefields of Europe, millions of people found their attention almost fascinated by the picture of the condemned man in his cell, waiting for the passing of the last few hours, after all hope had been abandoned. Yet drama, even of the death house, has its natural appeal—and not merely to morbid instincts. Waiting for the inevitable, when the inevitable means speedy extinction and an enduring stigma, requires courage that need not be dismissed with a sneer. So far as can be gathered, Becker showed that courage, when all his desperate attempts to secure further delay had failed. Let him at least be credited with that courage; for it was not bravado of the blatant type.

“Father, I am ready to go.” The words might have come from a hero, and not from a convict. With the right influence at the beginning of his career, Becker might have brought credit, and not further shame, to the police department. If the force had not had many black sheep, Becker would scarcely have been original enough to be the first.

Well, as a former police lieutenant, he has given an ironic meaning to the trite phrase “vindicating the majesty of the law.” But that vindication occupied almost three years longer than it should have done.

An Episcopal View of America and Wilson

Bishop Crossley, preaching at Newport, Monmouth, Wales, recently, said that in his opinion the greatest personality in the world to-day was President Wilson.

“I hold,” he continued, “that there is no nation in the world with such a supreme sensitive conscience as America. We have awaited with almost bated breath the action of that great, loved and honored people. I have seen in many papers strong condemnation of Mr. Bryan’s conduct in leaving the Administration at the critical moment and declining to sign the Second Note

to Germany. Pause before you too lightly condemn such an action, which may be hard to understand. There are a hundred reasons why you might like America to be on our side, and, perhaps, the greatest of all is that when the readjustment of Europe has to be undertaken, we should like America, with her sanity, foresight, and alacrity of mind, to share our counsels.

“But it may be that America will present a picture of Christianity which it has been impossible for us to present. It may be that, having been smitten, she may turn the other cheek, and stand before the world as the harbinger of peace. It will be an enormous asset to the world if one nation can endure irritation, pin-pricks of an acute nature, and disrespect of her august position, in order that she may hold aloft a torch which is greater than these things—the lamp of peace.”

There are some who will consider that this country does not deserve to be so regarded; there are many who will resent such a viewpoint. Yet it represents in essentials what the most far-seeing and self-sacrificing men and women of the nation have deliberately tried to make possible, and probable. Where all the old methods have failed so completely, a new method—the method of Jesus of Nazareth, never before put into practical operation between nations—might well be given a trial: for most of us believe that the great teacher knew more than the majority of modern publicists. But if the sequence of events should make it impossible for us to follow much further the policy of unwillingness to take offence, of reluctance to adopt methods that are repugnant to us, we have still done much to encourage the hope that true dignity and utter justice shall finally be dominant in the councils of the world.

Umpire-Baiting

One of the most annoying features of professional baseball is the constant quarrelling with the umpires' decisions, often by those who are nominally taking no active part in the game. The indomitable McGraw, for example, has been a frequent offender.

Umpires, being mortal—though sometimes not sufficiently

mortal, at the moment, to appease irate fans—naturally make mistakes. But these mistakes are quite fairly distributed during the course of a season, and it shows a serious lack both of self-control and of logic on the part of players and officials when they protest so offensively that they have to be ordered out of the game. Some of the exhibitions recently have been disgusting; and the press is largely to blame for taking a very petty attitude, in the majority of cases.

Quiet protest against the decision of an umpire is permissible, in certain cases; but violent and absurd criticism should be penalized far more heavily, in the interests of the game and of all sportsmanship. In this connection, a word may well be said against the taunting which is so prevalent—the attempt to put any player “off his game” by pointed remarks, humorous or vitriolic. At the least, no one except the players should be allowed to interfere directly in the game after it has once been started. The captain of the side should be sufficiently competent to give all the advice and exhortation necessary when his men are in the field. The intervals at the bench should surely afford the manager every reasonable opportunity for a little gentle counsel.

Creation and Mosquitoes

To those who complacently assume that all creation was planned for the sole benefit and happiness, here and hereafter, of human beings, the question may be suggested: Why did Providence invent vermin? The precise value, æsthetic and practical, of vermin to the human race is not easily discernible.

Perhaps, if the whole scheme of Providence were understood, a certain relativity of values would be made obvious; and we should see that everything that is—stone, flower, insect, animal—has its own inalienable right to a place in the sun, or a place in the shadows.

It is good for humanity sometimes to realize that it may occupy a lower plane than the plane of all-sufficiency.

But no theorizing can account adequately for mosquitoes.

Lord Haldane on the War

Lord Haldane, who has had some experience of preparation for war and of preparation for peace, recently said:

"This is a struggle for existence, but in any situations that may arise we shall not violate the dictates of humanity or turn back the clock of civilization. . . . As a result of the war, secret diplomacy will disappear and everywhere there will be a great democratic advance. . . . This is democracy's fight. Freedom for all nationalities is the ideal. If the Allies win, no nation will in future be likely to pin its faith to armaments. The world will get rid of a part, at least, of this burden. . . . I believe that the world is going so to organize itself that no nation, out of ambition or fear, or because of any other influence or motive, will be permitted to go to war."

When responsible statesmen can make such public utterances, the idea of ultimate rationality in the world may not be so chimerical as some of our jingoists would fain believe.

Another Version of a Nursery Classic

The following contrast, quoted from the *London Spectator*, is amusing. The more scintillating version is supposed to have been the work of a Harrow boy, many years ago.

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom your nature specific,
Loftily poised in the ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

When torrid Phœbus removeth his presence,
Ceasing to lamp us with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the regions supernal,
Scintillate, scintillate, sempi-nocturnal.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
And he nothing shines upon,

Then you show your little light—
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

The victim of lustreless peregrination

Gratefully hails your minute coruscation.

He could not determine his journey's direction

But for your scintillitative protection."

Then the traveller in the dark

Thanks you for your tiny spark.

He could not tell which way to go

If you did not twinkle so."

Bills, Clean and Unclean

So many filthy bills are in circulation, that some measures should be taken promptly to remedy an insanitary and dangerous condition. Some of the local banks in the State are particularly careless in this connection and seem to resent the natural desire of a customer for clean money. It would be perfectly easy for them to remove from circulation all the bills that carry with them indisputable evidence that they have given longer service, as tainted paper, than is good for the community.

Yet even some of our metropolitan banks are far from impeccable, and far from sensible, in their attitude toward the condition of the bills that they keep in circulation. The present writer remembers being told by an impudent and ignorant cashier that he would one day repent his penchant for entirely clean bills, when he found that he had inadvertently paid away two tens, where one would have sufficed: for new bills have a habit of adhering to one another rather closely. The rejoinder that such a dire calamity would not be too great a price to pay for the privilege of reasonable cleanliness was not entirely appreciated. But there are some cashiers who are as particular as their most exacting customers; and this peculiarity, as a commercial and national asset, should be fittingly recorded in letters of gold at the entrance to the establishments which such men adorn. Indeed, the domestic, social, political, theological, mental and moral characteristics of a cashier may be deduced with confidence from his habits with regard to paying out new or unclean bills.

The Knowledge of the Very Ignorant

Providence in its wisdom has decreed that some men shall know much, and some men shall know more, and some men shall

know less. But the most amusing of all men are those who know the least, but believe, in the language of slang, that they know it all. Some of us have met the village ignoramus, expounding the real principles of the Governor's latest, or next, action; dwelling reconditely upon the initial causes and ultimate conclusion of the Great War; explaining what Roosevelt actually means to the community, and why weakfish are not biting. It is good for him to take an interest in public affairs and to develop that interest: but it is not good for him to imagine that he knows everything about all things.

Similarly, the grocer's clerk who can perform elementary feats in arithmetic with some facility, will cheerfully assume that he has compassed the alpha and omega of mathematics, and that nothing remains undiscovered or discoverable. If a mild degree of malicious curiosity moves you to mention such a detail as the binomial theorem, he is not moved. The differential calculus still leaves him cold, and spherical trigonometry is mere pettiness to his assurance.

So with the scientist and the philosopher. They have learnt a little, vaguely; perhaps they have some glimmering of other knowledge still available. But the less they really know, the more they seem to imagine that they have scaled the higher heights unscaled by other men.

Perhaps Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has tempered the wind to lambs shorn of opportunity, so that the fool or the laggard may count himself the equal of a Darwin and a Kant. Verily, the fool, if he would confine himself to the wisdom of small things within the range of his understanding, might be justified entirely. But the ripeness and humility of the scholar seem finer than the conceit of the very ignorant.

THE FORUM

FOR OCTOBER 1915

THE CITY

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

IT was unbearably hot, with no breeze stirring. I sat at my garret window, fanning myself with an old newspaper, and cursing the fate which kept me where I was. I thought bitterly of the cool and purple mountains, with the red-roofed houses nestling beside flashing cascades. The trees swayed gently in the soft wind and seemed to summon me.

Then my mind roved away to stately buildings, buried amid foliage less wild but more beautiful than before. People, quiet, and orderly and clean, were entering a place like a temple, and presently the sound of music reached me, such music as I had not heard for years.

I passed on reluctantly. Suddenly scenes lay before me that for a moment struck me dumb with horror. Smoking ruins and the bodies of young men lay everywhere. Like the discord of divine music rose the ceaseless wailing of women. Thick, sulphurous clouds brooded over the desolation. But the horror passed. The blood and the destruction suddenly seemed terribly beautiful; for in it all I saw a mighty sacrifice to the ideal God. Noble buildings would rise again, and the soft green grass would cover the graves tenderly. But the glory of the sacrifice would rise forever.

I sighed heavily. About me there were no mountains, no noble buildings, no worship in the temples of art, no offering up of life and treasure to the ideal. Instead, the jangling crash of street-cars smote my ears, the rumble of trucks on the cobblestones, the raucous cries of the people. Decrepit buildings, blatant advertisements, hid the pure blue of the sky, and a fetid steam of self-seeking seemed to rise like the hot miasma from

the pavements. I dwelt in a place of ugliness, spiritual and physical. I could not leave it. I was a part of it. I cursed again, weakly, because it was very hot.

Suddenly I became conscious that I was not alone. I looked up quickly. A stranger had entered my room.

"Well," I said harshly, "what do you want?"

"You sent for me," said the stranger pleasantly. There was something about his face, particularly his eyes, which interested me, and the gesture of dismissal was checked.

"I sent for you?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Yes," he said. "You wanted to see the city. I will show it to you, if you like."

There was something oddly compelling in the stranger's demeanor, and scarcely master of myself, I followed him out and down the steep, broken, odorous stairs of my tenement, to the street.

We walked for a little while in silence. Watching my guide, I paid no heed to the streets we traversed. Suddenly he raised his hand. I became conscious that we were in a great open space.

"This," he said in a voice which thrilled me unaccountably, "is the place of the builders. Here the food and the raiment, the sin and the glory of nations come in and go out. This is where the life blood of the world circulates. It is quite marvellous, is it not?"

"Yes," I said truthfully, "it is quite marvellous."

What I saw was not new. I had seen it many times before. But then I had seen only endless lines of dirty freight cars, and a vast dreary expanse of bare land, its edges dim in the smoke which never left it. Never before had I thought of what was in those freight cars, or where they were going, or from where they had come.

"It is the heart of life," said the stranger. "It is a live thing. You thought it ugly because you thought it dead. Let us pass on."

It seemed only a moment before an odor which was strange and yet curiously familiar assailed me, and I sickened. The stranger noted my reluctance, and he smiled.

"This is death you smell," he said softly, "and again, it is life."

We passed into a great building from which sounds came like the screams of the dying and the groans of the wounded. On a long runway, lines of sheep, live, protesting creatures, seemingly conscious of what would meet them at the end, were moving slowly upward. On a trolley, myriads of hogs sped toward a figure which had been white but now was red, wielding a knife as keen as the shears of the fates. From great gates, announced by the sickening blows of a mallet, mighty steers, once kings of the range, tumbled out, in a few moments to be reduced almost to the dust from which they sprang. Over the scene hung the pungent odor of blood. It was ghastly. I made as if to leave.

"Here the fires are fed," said the stranger. "Here begins the chain which ends in noble buildings and great music. Here, in death, begins life. This is the place of rebirth. In blood and pain the hogs and the sheep and the cattle are slaughtered that the Beethovens of the world may live. It is a place of miracles."

I felt oddly shamed. The great creature in the red which had once been white, with the gleaming knife which slit the throats of hogs, served the world of man more than I, with my empty pratings of beauty. Even I lived by his labors. I followed my guide humbly.

He led the way into a narrow, dingy building, and up several flights of stairs. It seemed to have become much hotter, and the air was stagnant. A moment later I stood in a long, low-ceilinged room, hotter, more fetid, even, than the stairs. All about me, crowded one against the other, were sewing machines. At each one was a pallid, flat-breasted female, bodice thrown open, the sweat pouring down her hollow cheeks. Above the protesting clatter of the machines came the raucous voice of the foreman, urging speed, and yet more speed, from the misshapen creatures under him.

"Surely this," I said, "is ugliness? There are no miracles here?"

"Yes," said the stranger sadly, "this is ugliness, as what

we have seen was not ugliness. But . . .” He picked up a garment from one of the machines, “look at this. It is unfinished. It is ugly. Perhaps, when it is all complete, it will be ugly still. But there will be other garments made after this one. Look yonder.”

I followed his outstretched finger. In a room beyond, a man, in his shirt-sleeves, was bent over a table.

“There works a designer. To-morrow—the next day—he will bring forth a better garment than this. And out beyond—” The stranger’s arm seemed to sweep a distant horizon “—labor designers who will bring forth more than garments. Some day what you see here will pass away. It is passing now. Nowhere will it pass more quickly than here. But the designers of the new day need such as you to seek them out and make their work known to the world. You yearn for beauty, and so do they. But I tell you, their beauty will be incomparably greater than yours.”

He paused and turned abruptly from me. I felt rebuked, and followed him with my head down. What he had said I knew suddenly to be true. My beauty had been as sordid and material as the tracks and the slaughterhouses, appealing to the eye as they appealed to the pocket-book. The beauty of which the stranger spoke would be the beauty of the spirit, the beauty of that peace which passeth all understanding.

In a few moments we were in a neighborhood of mean streets and meaner dwellings. Strange odors and stranger tongues assailed my ears. I could not read the signs on the shops and the passers-by were very foreign. But I heard the sound of familiar music, and presently down the street marched a little band of boys, garbed in khaki, with knee pants, and carrying at the front the flag I called my own.

“Among them are Czechs and Poles and Slovaks and Lithuanians, and boys whose blood goes back to far countries you know not of,” said the stranger. “They dwell in these mean streets, and their fathers and mothers are your slaves. Let us follow them.”

The boys in khaki entered a crude old building of time-stained brick, and we entered with them. There were many

more boys inside, and girls too, and in the balconies above were the fathers and mothers who were my slaves.

"The father of the boy who is carrying the flag is the man you saw slitting the throats of hogs," said the stranger.

Presently music of familiar strain caught my ear. I realized that everyone about me was singing, the boys and the girls, even the fathers and the mothers. I alone was silent. I did not know the words.

"You knew them once," said the stranger, reading my thought. "You forgot them because they had no meaning. But they are very real to these people. They have given much that they might sing them. This is America. Here the people look neither to the right nor to the left, nor behind, but to the front. To-morrow is their day. They have found a happiness and a hope in the hot streets and the clamorous strife of the city that they never knew in the purple mountains and the flashing streams from which they came."

My guide turned, and again I followed him, rebuked. As we walked, the mean streets gave way to better, and in a little while we were on that broad thoroughfare which skirts the Lake. It was quieter there, and much cleaner, but it did not make my heart leap as it had leaped in the hot filth of the slum.

"Look up," said the stranger sharply. "You have walked this street with your eyes on the ground. Look up. There is noble building above you, honest, beautiful building. These homes of commerce are temples neither of art nor of religion. They serve otherwise. But they serve. There is no greater merit. It is for you to look humbly."

As he spoke he was leading me into a different kind of structure, which was filled with pictures and sculpture. It was very familiar to me, and I turned to ascend the broad staircase. But my guide checked me.

"Not there this time. You know that too well. The beauty there is the kind you know. I have something else to show you. Come."

Obediently I followed him to a room I had never seen before, a place filled with shabby coats and hats and umbrellas. We paused there for a moment, the stranger with an inscrutable

smile on his face. Then he led the way to the terrace. A group of students were working busily there, each with his easel before him.

"That lad with the brown cap," said the stranger, "is the son of the woman you saw making garments. He earns his bread at night, that he may have a few hours of daylight for this. He is putting aside all else that he may pursue beauty. And what beauty does he find? Look at the picture he is painting."

I looked over the lad's shoulder. It was a picture of a puff of smoke from a locomotive.

"You see," continued the stranger with a smile. "I showed you the *meaning* in the freight yards. This young man could show you the *beauty*, too. They are not very different. Upstairs, in the rooms you know so well, he sees how men of other times saw beauty, and how they expressed what they saw. But he expresses his own time and place. He is an artist, because he interprets what seems to dullards like you, mere ugliness. And there are many more like him in this place," he finished dreamily.

Dusk had fallen as he was speaking, and as he led the way to the street, lights were beginning to twinkle in the great buildings, and the automobiles flying by flashed like fireflies on a summer evening.

"One thing more will I show you," said the stranger, "and then I am done for the day."

We walked in silence for a moment, with the darkness slowly deepening. Suddenly he stopped. We were on a bridge over the river.

"Now look," he said. "Is this not beauty?"

In the twilight the smoke clouds rolled in opalescent splendor. The reflections of the lights sparkled red and green and yellow in the slow-moving waters underneath. Against the purpling skies the edges of the warehouses stood out like battlements, gilded for an instant by the last rays of the setting sun. To the west, behind the black outline of the city, the end of the day reposed a moment in orange, in scarlet, in magenta, in violet, and then slipped off into memory in an indigo mysteriousness.

The waters of the river were a velvet black now, and the lights glowed more vividly. The gaunt masts of the shipping rose starkly, like the spears of knights, and the stars twinkled in a haze of no longer visible smoke. As darkness fell, blotting out the harsh ugliness of the day, a sense of peace seemed to fall with it. The roar of industry was stilled, and quiet brooded over the haunts of man.

"I shall leave you now," said the stranger quietly.

"Ah, but wait!" I cried. "Before you go, tell me the key with which you have unlocked these things to me. Give it to me, that I may see them for myself."

The stranger smiled. "The key is yours when you wish it. It was with you when I came into your garret this afternoon."

"I do not know its name," I pleaded. "Tell me that, so I may find it again."

"Its name is Imagination," said the stranger softly.

"And yours?" I cried.

He smiled gently. "The ancient Greeks called me Poetry, but in these days there are many impostors who use my name," he whispered. The sound of a bell, near at hand, caught my ear, and I turned momentarily. When I looked back the stranger was gone.

For a long time I stood on the bridge watching the lights, red and green and yellow. They sparkled as if alive.

THE IDEALISM OF WAR

JAMES BISSETT PRATT

“**A**S human life is now constituted,” writes General von Bernhardi, “it is political idealism which calls for war, while materialism—in theory at least—repudiates it. . . . All petty and private interests shrink into insignificance before the grave decision which a war involves. The common danger unites all in a common effort, and the man who shirks this duty to the community is deservedly spurned. . . . The brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result. . . . Strength, truth, and honor come to the front and are put into play.”

In the same passage Bernhardi quotes from Frederick the Great as follows: “War opens the most fruitful field to all virtues, for at every moment constancy, pity, magnanimity, heroism, and mercy shine forth in it.” And from Treitschke: “War is elevating because the individual disappears before the great conception of the State. The devotion of the members of a community to each other is nowhere so splendidly conspicuous as in war. . . . What a perversion of morality to wish to abolish heroism among men!”

Nor is this idealizing of war confined to German writers. The English historian, Professor Cramb, finds in war not only an idealistic but a mystical element. “Let me remind you,” he writes, “that in human life as a whole there are always elements and forces, there are always motives and ideals, which defy the analysis of reason—mysterious and dark forces. Man shall not live by bread alone! And in war this element constantly tends to assert itself. It assumes forms that sometimes are dazzling in their beauty: sometimes are wrapt up in a kind of transcendental wonder. . . . But all alike have this quality of defying reason. . . . In war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts; in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal. In all life at its height, in thought,

art, and action, there is a tendency to become transcendental; and if we examine the wars of England or of Germany in the past we find governing these wars throughout this higher power of heroism, or of something, at least, which transcends reason."

After analyzing the past wars of England, Professor Cramb becomes more definite as to what this transcendental element is. "For what have these wars been fought?" he asks: "Can one detect underneath them any governing idea controlling them from first to last? I answer at once. There is such an idea and that is the idea of Empire. . . . And if we turn from England to Germany, we find the same element which transcends reason governing the wars of Germany."

In all these sentiments many Americans join, and with General Homer Lea of our army they sing enthusiastically the glory of war and point out in no sparing language the shameful condition of a non-militant people. A nation of shop-keepers (like England and still more America) can have no really lofty ideals. And in a passage which is evidently meant to apply to the United States, General Lea says: "When a country makes industrialism the end it becomes a glutton among nations, vulgar, swinish, arrogant. . . . Commercialism [which seems to be synonymous with anti-militarism] is only a protoplasmic gourmandizing and retching that vanishes utterly when the element that sustains it is no more." And Bernhardt speaks for all the members of his school, of whatever land, when he says: "All petty and personal interests force their way to the front during a long period of peace. Selfishness and intrigue run riot, and luxury obliterates ideals. Money acquires an excessive and unjustifiable power, and character does not obtain due respect."

One might continue quotations of this sort indefinitely. As Norman Angell has pointed out, the opponents of pacifism have notably shifted their emphasis in recent years: no longer content with calling the pacifists "idealists," they insist that idealism, truly seen, is on the side of war, and that compared with what war has to offer the ideals and accomplishments of peace are, on the whole, decidedly materialistic. Perpetual peace is not only a dream; it is not even a beautiful dream.

Assertions of this sort deserve an unprejudiced hearing and

a close scrutiny from everyone who is interested in the great question of peace and war. And in the first place it is plain that in every war in which a people defends its homes and its ideals from an unprovoked attack, there is a splendid idealism which has always thrilled and ought always to inspire the hearts of men. The idealism of such wars, however, is to be found in the sacrifice of safety and life in defence of certain very great and very definite human values which are realized to the full only in peace. Such wars are for the sake of peace and their lofty idealism is based ultimately on the values of peace. This kind of idealism is extolled by most pacifists quite as enthusiastically as by their opponents. The idealism of war for which the anti-pacifists stand is of a quite different sort,—as, in fact, the quotations at the beginning of this essay abundantly show. It arises not from the values of peace, but directly from the nature of war and from effects which only war can produce, and in comparison with which the ideals of peace are considered selfish, sordid, degenerate. It is of no little importance for an understanding of what is perhaps the greatest problem of humanity to-day, that we should analyze this view, and see as clearly as we may what are the real ideals of peace and the real ideals of war as such.

The ideals of peace are many, though there is room here to enumerate only a few. In part they are decidedly “materialistic,” in the sense that they have to do with material things, and many of them are “pecuniary,” since financial considerations in modern life are so important a factor in most efforts at improvement. They include such aims as better economic conditions and better hygienic conditions for all classes and especially for the poor; better homes to live in, more nourishing food, the upbuilding of a physically sturdier race; the abolition of poverty, the abolition of disease, the abolition of all unnecessary suffering (there will always be suffering enough necessarily so long as the human body remains the human body); the development of better political and social conditions, of liberty, equality, and fraternity; the spread of education, both literary, scientific, political, and practical; the education not only of individuals but of races, till every people shall be self-governing and every

individual self-controlled, rational, aspiring; the development of the moral life; the suppression of crime, not chiefly by violent means but by eradicating its causes, by doing away with the economic and social conditions that produce it, and by disseminating among men a more sensitive conscience and a more rational understanding of the fact that the interests of the individual are bound up with the interests of society; the elevation of man's ideals and aspirations, and the spread of universal good will and of the recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. These are some of the ideals of peace. It may be said, if you like, that these ideals are visionary; it can hardly be maintained that they are sordid.

Let us now analyze as exactly as we can the ideals of war. The upholders of the glory of war, as I understand them, have two sets of ideals,—first the State as the supreme ideal, and second the various human virtues that spring from war or the pursuit of arms. We shall take up each in turn and in some detail. And first of all what is this ideal of the State?—In man's earliest days the State (or what corresponded to it) meant the social group and its interests as opposed to the selfish interests of the individual. Devotion to it was his chief duty and out of it sprang most of his virtues. From this point of view we might almost say that patriotism is the parent of the virtues. And patriotism, in one sense of the word at least, has retained down to the present time much of the same significance. It means, for one thing, loyalty to a large social group as opposed to selfishness, and loyalty to certain great ideals of peace which one nation has as a nation adopted and made part of its tradition. So far as this is what is meant by the State as an ideal, the lovers of war have no monopoly in their admiration for it. And this very ideal, if held consistently and followed faithfully, inevitably leads us out beyond itself and forces us to hail as brothers all those who under other flags are living for the same great objects. This at any rate is what the pacifist means by the State, and loyalty to it is what he means by patriotism; and the only war that these ideals lead to or come from is the war

of reason against unreason, whether carried on by arms or arguments.

So the war advocate will insist that he means something more by the State as an ideal than the pacifist does. And I think this is true. He means that the State is somehow an ideal apart from the ideals and traditions for which it stands. Just what is this? Is it the interests of the people which make up the State? Obviously not, for their interests are the ideals of peace—the “materialistic” interests which we have already examined and at which your true and warlike patriot scoffs. No, this ideal of the State is something “above religion, above industry, above social comfort,” something different from progress, education, liberty, benevolence, and Christian charity. The ideal, as Professor Cramb so well says, has “a quality of defying reason” and “a tendency to become transcendental.” Is the ideal of the State then, perhaps, to be identified with the Government? Again obviously, no. The Government may be a pacifist Government, in which case no denunciations of it are deep or loud enough to suit the good patriot—*vide* the attitude of our patriots toward the Wilson-Bryan Administration. No, the State to which we should be loyal is neither the Government, the people, their interests, nor their ideals. It is something else—something “transcendental”—a “something-I-know-not-what.” It is the “flag,” the Republic with the large R. It is “Rule Britannia.” It is “*Deutschland über alles*.” It is “our country right or wrong.” It is the “idea of Empire” as such, which, though nearly always vain, we find governing most of the wars of the past by its “transcendental element.” It is, in short, an ideal which utterly “defies the analysis of reason,” an ideal absolutely without content or meaning; a pseudo-ideal, a spurious ideal, a great roaring humbug, a kind of “wind-egg,” as Socrates would have called it, a swindling jingo investment, a bogus mine, that has led us to this almost hopeless Bedlam.

But the upholder of war, as I have said, means to include under the “idealism of war” not only the State as an Ideal, but also the various human virtues, of individual and society, which war produces. The martial idealists paint for us a picture of materialistic England before the war,—everyone after the

main chance, all the shop-keepers covetous and hustling, no one caring for anything but self, courage and the manly virtues altogether hidden by commercial greed, the nation rent into fragments by political quarrels. Then war is declared and a scene of transformation follows. Commercialism and selfishness vanish, military ardor and devotion take their place, charitable organizations are formed, hospitals furnished, quarrels are patched up or forgotten, and England presents a united front to the foe. And the same magical transformation takes place in France, Germany, Austria, Russia,—not to mention little Belgium—at the first flare of the trumpets.

There is no doubt that the scene is a very stirring one and that the outbreak of this war—as of almost every war—brought to the surface many of the finest qualities of human nature. The pacifist would not deny them. But he would analyze them. And he will find, I think, that the virtues which war is said to create or restore may be classed under three general heads, namely (1) the “manly virtues” (2) self-sacrifice and helpfulness, and (3) national unity.

No one, so far as I know, has ever denied that the manly qualities—courage, endurance, and their like—are genuine and noble virtues. The pacifist certainly will not deny it. In fact, so enthusiastic is he in his admiration for them that he will not go behind his opponent in their praise, but rather claims them as part of the ideals of peace. He admits also that war brings forth these qualities. But he will not for a moment admit that war alone brings them forth. There never has been a time that did not demand these virtues, nor will the time ever come when human beings will not be called upon, in the midst of the profoundest political peace, to endure suffering, to be brave amid dangers, to be loyal to great causes, to take risk of loss against desperate odds for the sake of ideals. Old age, sickness, and death, the pains of childbirth and the drudgery of labor, are here to stay. The fight with the dead inertia of the planet, with the increasing niggardliness of nature—a fight in which the race is doomed to ultimate defeat and death—will give future generations ample opportunity for all the courage and heroism and self-sacrifice they can muster. The ring of our encircling ene-

mies, ever tightening around us, does not need to be reinforced by defection in our ranks or strengthened by discord in our garrison.

It is absurd to say that the manly virtues will perish without war and that we cannot be brave or loyal unless we give part of our time to killing each other. Until August last year, few members of any of the great nations of the earth had ever been in a battle. Most of the present generation were born and have grown up in times of peace. Are they therefore cowards and traitors?—Every day's newspaper gives the lie to such a view. Nor did we have to wait for the war to test this fact. In all conscience there is test enough in times of peace. Or does anyone seriously question whether an American can be brave?

The pacifist and the warrior agree in praising courage, endurance, and the rest. But the pacifist goes on to point out that the only kind of courage and endurance which is really admirable is the kind which is displayed for the sake of something else. And this something else must be ultimately included under the very general term *human value*—the sort of thing, in short, that peace best nourishes. The warlike virtues, therefore, are valuable only because and when they lead to the ideals of peace. So far as they are admirable they are dependent upon the peaceful ideals. And if those ideals can be realized without the danger and suffering that call out courage and endurance, the latter, being gratuitous, are not only "transcendental" but silly. Unless you admit that the ideals and values of peace are primary and that the warlike virtues are only for their sake; unless (in other words) you admit that war is justifiable and desirable only when it is the sole means of securing the values of peace, you make suffering and danger valuable in themselves, and frankly adopt the extremest form of the philosophy of asceticism. Simon Stylites on his pillar, the Indian ascetic on his bed of spikes, and the soldier dying of his wounds become, in that case, equally admirable—and equally absurd. No, they do not; for the Christian monk and the Indian ascetic are torturing their bodies for the good of their souls; the soldier who loves war because of the manly virtues aside from the good they can do, and who dies merely because war is glorious, is dying for no better reason

than the love of suffering and endurance in themselves. Professor Cramb paints a most touching picture of Captain Scott freezing to death at the South Pole—dying for “the greatness of England—my nation!” and the Professor continues:

“Here surely we have a kind of heroism which would daunt the courage of any pacifist, of any *doctrinaire*, to explain by the profit and loss theory, or to analyze by the ordinary processes of reason at all. Now I suggest to you that one explanation of this extraordinary paradox in human history—the persistence of war in spite of what seems its unreason—is that there is something in war, after all, that is analogous to this heroism there in the Antarctic zone, something that transcends reason: that in war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comforts; that in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the Ideal.”

At the risk of being a *doctrinaire*, I venture to suggest that only by reference to perfectly real human values—that is by a recurrence to what may be stigmatized as the “profit and loss theory,” if anyone wishes so to name it—can Captain Scott’s sacrifice be shown to have been really noble. It was, let us hope, more than a “stunt.” I have too much respect for that gallant Englishman to suppose that his only aim in starting for the Pole was to be the first man there: if that was his sole purpose and inspiration, then his sacrifice is at best on a par with that of the half-back who is killed in the football scrimmage and gives his life “for God, for country, and for Yale.” No, Captain Scott went to the Antarctic not merely to take the chance of freezing to death for England’s sake, but to increase the knowledge of the race and thus add to the intellectual values of humanity. “All men by nature desire knowledge,” as Aristotle pointed out long ago in that “immortal sentence.” Mankind wanted to know and ought to know the nature of their planet, and Captain Scott was willing to risk his life to satisfy that inherent human demand: and let us add, the dangers in the way quite rightly added a zest to the undertaking. But if the dangers only had been present without the values, Scott’s name

would not be remembered as it is. A man must die *for something* if he is to be a hero or a martyr. Abstracted from these real values, Captain Scott's sacrifice loses all its lustre. If Professor Cramb would have a case of pure transcendental idealism unmixed with any profit and loss theory—something that quite “defies the analysis of reason”—let him picture his hero, not going to the Pole, but staying at home, and, some good frosty January night, camping out in his backyard clad in his pajamas, and there bravely freezing to death “for the greatness of England—my nation!”—And the soldier who is not fighting for anything in particular, but merely for the “greatness of England—my nation!”—not for its welfare or progress or ideals but just for its abstract “greatness” and for the excitement of killing other men and devastating their lands—how much more worthy is he of our admiration than is the figure in the backyard freezing to death for glory?

But does anyone really mean this “manly virtue” argument seriously? How many of those who love war because it produces the manly virtues would preach that war ought to be made for its own sake—that America, for instance, ought to attack Great Britain in order to renew the fast oozing courage of her young men? How many would seriously urge that thousands of our citizens should give their life-blood, in order that an addition might be made to the red corpuscles in the veins of the survivors? It is an interesting fact that of all the Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans who, these many years, have been preaching the value of war for its own sake, not one since the present war began has been willing to admit that it was *his* country that was responsible for it. Why do not the Bernhardis or the Blatchfords come out triumphantly and say, “Thank God it was my country that conferred the mighty blessing of this war upon mankind”?

But there are other qualities beside courage and endurance which war arouses; and of them I need say little. The less said of them, in fact, the better. They are plain enough. And I do not mean here physical and economic evils, or the breaking hearts and empty homes and brimming graveyards: but the moral evils of this and every war. It has been said, Scratch the

Russian and you'll find the Tartar; it might almost as truly be said, Scratch the soldier and you'll find the savage. Atrocities are a part of war. War is hell; and when the soldier gets well into it, it is five to one he will be for a time a devil. Consider the picture: Murder, pillage, unimaginable cruelty, lust; a Christian Government which calls daily upon Jehovah for assistance announcing officially that for every village burned by its enemy, it will burn three; directing its submarines to sink mercantile and passenger ships without warning and drown all the crew and passengers, men, women, and children; and issuing orders to its generals to attack their foes not only with shot and shell but with poisonous gases. This, I suppose, is the "courage" which war produces. Look at Belgium and Serbia and Poland and North-East Prussia, and think of the glories of war. Villages burned out of mere delight in destruction; men and women and children burned to death in their homes; and thousands of French and Belgian girls and women this very day carrying in their innocent bodies unborn children whom they loathe and perhaps will some day strangle because the fathers of those children were brutes who wore a soldier's uniform.

That war normally and inevitably produces things like these cannot be denied and is not denied. But, we are told, to counterbalance these cruel deeds, war also brings to blossom some of the sweetest flowers of human benevolence and self-sacrifice. And beyond question it is true that war—and especially a war like the present one—turns the interests of thousands of people from their ordinary pursuits to the alleviation of suffering and to general helpfulness even to the extent of considerable sacrifice. But it must be remembered that this does not necessarily imply, as in militant literature it is usually made to imply, that the occupations of peace consist of "mere money-getting." Nine-tenths of the occupations of peace can be described only by the general term *mutual helpfulness*. The grocer, the baker, the banker, the physician, the day laborer, the typist, the school teacher, the cook, the scrub woman and most of the rest of us are busy during all the working hours of the day in helping each other to live and to live happily, in making the world a better or at least a more endurable place to live in. Each of us indeed gets paid

for it—i. e., each gets some of the advantages that come from the service of the others. And ought we not to be paid? Does the anti-pacifist object? Nor is it true (as he will probably reply) that the spirit with which each of us serves the others is one of selfish gain only. Such an assertion is an altogether unpardonable libel on human nature, and proves nothing except that the speaker is so blinded by prejudice or by cynicism that he cannot recognize good will when it stares him in the face.

What, then, is the difference that war brings? The differences are chiefly two. Service is performed with increased gusto, and the kinds of service performed are in large part changed. Many of the day laborers lose their jobs. Part of them get new positions in armament and ammunition factories, and the rest march off, together with the banker and the grocer and the school teacher and the student, to kill men whom they have never seen and with whom personally they have no quarrel, or to be killed by them. And the typist and her friends study to be trained nurses, or make bandages or do something else for the mangled bodies of the grocer and the baker and the school teacher when they are shipped home. There is undoubtedly an increase of self-sacrifice and of kind helpfulness in war time, but this is true in any time of calamity. It is a fine trait in human nature that when hospitals are needed hospitals are promptly built and supplied; but is there therefore anything glorious about the thing that fills those hospitals with agonizing human flesh? War brings out human kindness: so does the earthquake and the pestilence. Has anyone ever praised the famine because it gave an opportunity for devotion? Has anyone sung the glories of the bubonic plague or cholera or leprosy? War is considered romantic and glorious; the pestilence is merely loathsome. But strip off the uniform and the gilt trappings, and war and leprosy are very much alike. In fact, as Dr. Fried of Vienna has abundantly shown, cholera has all the advantages of war as a civilizer and moralizer, and does its business much more thoroughly. Little can be said in praise of war that cannot be said with greater truth of cholera. If war is a blessing, then is cholera doubly so: and the advocates of the one ought to advocate the other and its systematic dissemination.

But our warlike friends do not like to talk about cholera; and prefer to single out the much less brilliant glories of war. War, they tell us, unites a nation, causes political quarrels to cease, and welds the citizens together in mutual support and good will. This is true. But it is not a discovery of the present generation of war-lovers. As a discovery it goes back to the dawn of history, and has been the property of every clever despot who wished to throttle in his dominions anything like free thought, social and political evolution, and the growth of civil liberty. This argument, so enthusiastically set forth by the opponents of peace, that war is desirable because it unites a nation, is based upon the assumption that political and social disagreement and discussion are evils. It is quite comprehensible therefore that it should appeal forcibly to the upholders of the Romanof, Habsburg, and Hohenzollern dynasties with their theory of the Divine Right of Kings. But there is little chance of its influencing very deeply the Anglo-Saxon mind. For the lovers of civil liberty know that social and political progress are dependent exactly upon constant discussion, which means never-ending disagreement of opinion on various changing points of political creed. When disagreement on political matters is no longer found it means that political interest is dead and progress impossible.

Yes, there is no doubt that the advent of this war united all the great nations that have taken part in it and drew the attention of their citizens from interest in all internal political and social conditions and movements. The threatened revolt in Ulster is indefinitely postponed; as is also the final settling of Irish home rule just when it had come nearer a final settlement than ever it had in a whole century of agitation. The question of the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, the question of election reform, and all the other questions involved in the social legislation which was up for discussion last year,—all these are indefinitely side-tracked. France last spring and early summer was filled with discussion of various constitutional changes, which the ill-working of her Constitution since 1871 had shown to be needed. These all were forgotten at the first flare of the trumpet. The Russian Government last August was greatly embar-

rassed by labor troubles. A large number of the working classes were demanding something more like their share of the good things of the land from a paternal Czar. But when the war began, the Government's embarrassments ended. The Czar has a united Russia behind him, with no vexatious talk of rights and liberties. *That* sort of thing is quashed for years to come. And Germany? Yes, even in the Fatherland there were democratic tendencies, and thinking men were crying out for some form of Constitution a little less mediæval and Prussianized than they were then enjoying, for something in short more like real popular self-government. But war was declared and the Socialists closed their mouths—and apparently their minds—and lined up with the Kaiser and his Junkers; and to-day the Vaterland is gloriously united, presenting intellectually as well as strategically the unity of a locomotive which starts going when the engineer turns the crank. Seventy million minds with but a single thought—surely a mental consummation devoutly to be wished! Everyone in the land, from university professor to coal-heaver, thinking exactly alike—a kind of well-drilled intellectual army, all doing the goose-step together. It is an inspiring spectacle!

And there was one other country in which questions of social and economic progress were being discussed zealously and intelligently a few months ago, and to which the war has brought a quite unique unity of sentiment and opinion. There are no more discussions of this sort in Belgium to-day.

But we are not yet done with this unity of thought and sentiment. What produced it? The war, no doubt: but how does war manage to do this? It does it by means of two of its effects. One is the destruction or the threatened destruction of all those things men love and live for. That is one of its ways of bringing unity. But the pestilence might do that; yet it would fail to produce the enthusiastic sort of unity one finds in war time. There is needed the other influence which war distils into men's minds: namely, Hate. A people becomes united through war, because it learns to hate in unison another people. This dissemination of hate is one of the most powerful means by which war produces its glorious results, and one of the most long-enduring and most characteristic of its effects. The political

history of the world is in one sense a long history of senseless human hate resulting from past wars and producing future wars, a circle that is not only vicious but bloody and devilish. The Italians are still hating the Austrians for what happened before '59. The Franco-Prussian war was over more than forty years ago: but last August the vanquished were still sore from defeat, and the mutual hatred of the two races was only beginning to die out. And now this new war has come, which will probably mean that Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians and Italians will hate Austrians and Germans and be hated by them for more than half a century. No one living to-day will ever see it fully effaced. "Whatever may be the terms of peace," writes one who knows France well, "all human relations of Frenchmen with Germans have ceased indefinitely." "The shadow of the German death is too dark over the threshold of every French family; and every French consciousness, erroneously or not, is filled with too keen a sense of intolerable wrong for human intercourse, until Time the Healer has passed."

If this is what France feels, what must be in the heart of the Belgians? And was there ever in the history of Hell's victories and Christ's defeats a more terrible picture than that of a nation of 70,000,000 calling on God for victory and lashing themselves into a frenzied unity by the *Hassgesang*:

"You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forgo our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of head and hate of hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the Crown,
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
England!"

No! Let the lovers of war tell us if they will that war is advantageous, lucrative, inevitable, and we may perhaps be persuaded. But the nobility of war, the glory of war, the idealism of war, we've heard enough of it!

THE DEAD

DAVID MORTON

THINK you the dead are lonely in that place?
They are companioned by the leaves and grass,
By many a beautiful and vanished face,
By all the strange and lovely things that pass.
Sunsets and dawnings and the starry vast,
The swimming moon, the tracery of trees—
These they shall know more perfectly at last,
They shall be intimate with such as these.
'Tis only for the living Beauty dies,
Fades and drifts from us with too brief a grace,
Beyond the changing tapestry of skies
Where dwells her perfect and immortal face.
For us the passage brief:—the happy dead
Are ever by great beauty visited.

II

All Souls' Night! Forth from their dwelling places
They cross the aching and uneasy night,
Seeking old doors and dear remembered faces,
Peering unseen in windows where a light
Falls on some book they loved or on some chair
Where they had rested many a night ago;
And well for them if one dear face be there
Whose unforgetting eyes they knew—and know.
Ah, well for them if in the quiet speech
That passes round the low-burned candle flame,
Some old familiar tale the listeners reach,
And silence fall about a spoken name.—
Better their sleep in those dim dwelling places,
For finding remembered and remembering faces.

HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE COMING SLAVERY"

WITH COMMENTS BY

HENRY CABOT LODGE

[As explained in Mr. Truxtun Beale's article on "The State v. the Man in America," in the August number of THE FORUM, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive governmental activity are being reprinted, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among future contributors will be Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Augustus P. Gardner and William Howard Taft.—EDITOR]

SENATOR LODGE'S COMMENTS

MR. CALHOUN on one occasion urged his fellow-members of the House of Representatives to "raise their minds" to certain truths. It was an exhortation which might well be addressed every year to every Congress and to the constituents who elect Congressmen and Senators as well, for the truths which Mr. Calhoun pointed out were general in their nature. They were ultimate truths as distinct from half truths or proximate truths, upon which alone almost all legislation is predicated. There has never been a time when it was more desirable for legislatures and people alike to look beyond the proximate truths or the half truths upon which we are acting and to consider the ultimate truth to which their actions lead. Mr. Birrell remarked in one of his essays that "a gloomy truth is a better companion through life than a cheerful falsehood," and this is quite as applicable to nations as it is to the individual man. At this time the movement to enlarge in every direction the powers and activities of government,—State, municipal and national,—is very strong and of late years has gone forward with startling rapidity. For those who think and try to think honestly about the future well-being of their country it is well to consider whither this movement is leading us. No one perhaps has pointed out the ultimate truths in-

volved in this expansion of governmental functions better than Herbert Spencer in the essays collectively entitled *The Man v. the State*.

Spencer's philosophy or philosophical system, which involves the great mass of his work, need not concern us here. However much we may differ as to the value of that system or as to Spencer's mental attitude, there can be, I think, little dispute over the force and clearness with which he has discussed the relations of man to government. William James in his review of Spencer's autobiography says: "His attack on over-administration and criticisms of the inferiority of great centralized systems are worthy to be the text-books of individualists the world over." The words "individualist" and "individualism" of late years have been treated in our current political discussions as if what they signified was little short of criminal. "Individualism" has been cursed as amply as the jackdaw of Rheims in *The Ingoldsby Legends* when he stole the Cardinal's ring. None the less in these times it is a good thing to read the individualist argument, never better put than by Herbert Spencer, although the destruction of individualism since his day has gone to extremes which he probably did not contemplate, even if they were among the possibilities he depicted.

There is no single one of Spencer's essays perhaps which deals more effectively with the results of over-administration than the one entitled *The Coming Slavery*. It is directed against what is now known as State socialism. A single sentence from this essay, which ought to be carefully studied and read in its entirety, will show the proposition toward which it is directed. Speaking of the individual, Spencer says: "If, without option, he has to labor for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and toward such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us." It may be said in reply to this assertion, and probably will be said, that an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States are against State socialism and that Socialists have never been able in any election to poll one-fifteenth of the vote

of the United States. This is quite true and thousands upon thousands of people who do not believe in the establishment of State socialism, and thousands upon thousands of others who are actively opposed to it, support more or less actively, or at least regard with indifference, measures which one by one are carrying us to that precise result. In other words, people are opposed to State socialism as a whole but accept with complaisance the rapidly multiplying steps which lead directly to it.

As Spencer says in another essay, society politically organized is based either upon compulsory or voluntary coöperation. The long established form of compulsory coöperation was the old military autocratic state of which Germany to-day offers a perfect example. The movement which began with the revolt of the American Colonies and the French Revolution shattered the old organizations of this type and during the first half of the nineteenth century restriction of the powers of government and the development of individualism and voluntary coöperation were dominant ideas. This movement was strongest in the freest countries like England and the United States, and in England it took the practical form of free trade and of a refusal to interfere with voluntary coöperation. In the United States, individualism was perhaps stronger than in any other country. The Democratic party at the outset was devoted to the principle of strict construction of the Constitution, of the least government and the most restricted administration possible. The Federalists, Whigs and Republicans favored a liberal construction of the Constitution and what seemed to them a reasonable exercise of the powers of government as in their belief essential to prosperity. One hundred years later we find the Democratic party at the other extreme and advocating in every direction the extension of governmental powers, while the Republican party, which has consistently supported a due exercise of these powers, is now in an attitude of resistance on many points to what it believes to be an undue extension.

The change in the relative attitudes of political parties is not, however, important; for the exercise of governmental powers supported by Federalists and Whigs and denounced by Democrats during the early nineteenth century would now be consid-

ered little better than rank individualism by the mass of people in both parties. The only point to which it is desirable to call attention as a preliminary to a study of Spencer's essays is the vast growth of governmental activities which has taken place in the United States and more particularly since the twentieth century began. It is not necessary to enumerate the long list of measures which have conferred new powers upon the Government and which have received general support from men of all parties. It is only necessary to call attention to one fact which shows the extension of administrative functions and that is the enormous increase of the office-holding class made necessary by these new measures. In every department of the Government there has been an increase in the number of offices, and in the Treasury Department alone there has been an increase of nine hundred and thirty-eight offices within the last two years. That the same holds true of other executive departments is shown by the fact that the number of Government employees in the classified service, appointed as the result of competitive examinations, has increased from 222,278 in the year 1910 to 292,460 in the year 1914, while the total number of Government employees has increased from 384,088 to 482,721 in the same period. These increases are enough to give us pause, but when we reflect that there is an active movement on foot to have the Government take over the telegraphs and telephones, the railroads and the steamships of the country, we can see that these hundreds of thousands of offices now existent will be raised, if Government ownership prevails, to several millions. If this comes to pass we shall soon be governed by the office-holders of the classified service, just as Russia has been controlled by her bureaucracy. Apart from the general question of socialism it is well to consider whether we wish to substitute an office-holders' Government for that we now have, because it is certain that a highly organized body of office-holders, even if only a comparatively small minority of the people, will rule the large and incoherent masses of the general public.

There is also another ultimate result which will come if we continue along the path we are now treading, and which is peculiar in our system of government, and that is the destruction of

the States or their reduction to a condition of inanition through the absorption of Government functions by the central Government at Washington. This movement is proceeding with great rapidity and it is well to remember that the State Governments embody the principle of local self-government which has always been justly regarded as one of the corner stones of the republic. With issues so important presented to us by the movements of the present day, it is surely worth while to try at least to clear our minds of cant and consider some of the ultimate truths set forth by Herbert Spencer, even if he was an individualist in principle. Our forefathers founded a limited Government. The movement of to-day and the various measures of a socialistic kind extending governmental activities are breaking down those constitutional limitations and are intended to do so. It is well for us to stop and consider whether it is wise to destroy the Government which Washington founded and which Lincoln saved.

THE COMING SLAVERY

THE kinship of pity to love is shown among other ways in this, that it idealizes its object. Sympathy with one in suffering suppresses, for the time being, remembrance of his transgressions. The feeling which vents itself in "poor fellow!" on seeing one in agony, excludes the thought of "bad fellow," which might at another time arise. Naturally, then, if the wretched are unknown or but vaguely known, all the demerits they may have are ignored; and thus it happens that when the miseries of the poor are dilated upon, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, instead of being thought of as the miseries of the undeserving poor, which in large measure they should be. Those whose hardships are set forth in pamphlets and proclaimed in sermons and speeches which echo throughout society, are assumed to be all worthy souls, grievously wronged; and none of them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their misdeeds.

On hailing a cab in a London street, it is surprising how frequently the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern-doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street-performance, or procession, draws from neighboring slums and stable-yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London.

"They have no work," you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.

Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such? or is it natural that they should bring unhappiness on themselves and those connected with them? Is it not manifest that there must exist in our midst an immense amount of misery which is a normal result of misconduct, and ought not to be dissociated from it? There is a notion, always more or less prevalent and just now vociferously expressed, that all social suffering is removable, and that it is the duty of somebody or other to remove it. Both these beliefs are false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of dissolute living, eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. I suppose a dictum on which the current creed and the creed of science are at one, may be considered to have as high an authority as can be found. Well, the command "if any would not work neither should he eat," is simply a Christian enunciation of that universal law of Nature under which life has reached its present height—the law that a creature not energetic enough to maintain itself must die: the sole difference being that the law which in the one case is to be artificially enforced, is, in the other case, a natural necessity. And yet this particular tenet of their religion which science so manifestly justifies, is the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept. The current assumption is that there should be no suffering, and that society is to blame for that which exists.

"But surely we are not without responsibilities, even when the suffering is that of the unworthy?"

If the meaning of the word "we" be so expanded as to include with ourselves our ancestors, and especially our ancestral legislators, I agree. I admit that those who made, and modified, and administered, the old Poor Law, were responsible for producing an appalling amount of demoralization, which it will take more than one generation to remove. I admit, too, the partial responsibility of recent and present law-makers for regulations which have brought into being a permanent body of tramps, who ramble from union to union; and also their responsibility for maintaining a constant supply of felons by sending back convicts into society under such conditions that they are almost compelled again to commit crimes. Moreover, I admit that the philanthropic are not without their share of responsibility; since, that they may aid the offspring of the unworthy, they disadvantage the offspring of the worthy through burdening their parents

by increased local rates. Nay, I even admit that these swarms of good-for-nothings, fostered and multiplied by public and private agencies, have, by sundry mischievous meddlings, been made to suffer more than they would otherwise have suffered. Are these the responsibilities meant? I suspect not.

But now, leaving the question of responsibilities, however conceived, and considering only the evil itself, what shall we say of its treatment? Let me begin with a fact.

A late uncle of mine, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, for some twenty years incumbent of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, no sooner entered on his parish duties than he proved himself anxious for the welfare of the poor, by establishing a school, a library, a clothing club, and land-allotments, besides building some model cottages. Moreover, up to 1833 he was a pauper's friend—always for the pauper against the overseer.

There presently came, however, the debates on the Poor Law, which impressed him with the evils of the system then in force. Though an ardent philanthropist he was not a timid sentimentalist. The result was that, immediately the New Poor Law was passed, he proceeded to carry out its provisions in his parish. Almost universal opposition was encountered by him: not the poor only being his opponents, but even the farmers on whom came the burden of heavy poor-rates. For, strange to say, their interests had become apparently identified with the maintenance of this system which taxed them so largely. The explanation is that there had grown up the practice of paying out of the rates a part of the wages of each farm-servant—"make-wages," as the sum was called. And though the farmers contributed most of the fund from which "make-wages" were paid, yet, since all other ratepayers contributed, the farmers seemed to gain by the arrangement. My uncle, however, not easily deterred, faced all this opposition and enforced the law. The result was that in two years the rates were reduced from £700 a year to £200 a year; while the condition of the parish was greatly improved. "Those who had hitherto loitered at the corners of the streets, or at the doors of the beer-shops, had something else to do, and one after another they obtained employment"; so that out of a population of 800, only 15 had to be sent as incapable paupers to the Bath Union (when that was formed), in place of the 100 who received out-door relief a short time before. If it be said that the £25 telescope which, a few years after, his parishioners presented to my uncle, marked the gratitude of the ratepayers only; then my reply is the fact that when, some years later still, having killed himself by overwork in pursuit of popular welfare, he was taken to Hinton to be buried, the procession which followed him to the grave included not the well-to-do only but the poor.

Several motives have prompted this brief narrative. One is the wish to prove that sympathy with the people and self-sacrificing efforts on their

behalf, do not necessarily imply approval of gratuitous aids. Another is the desire to show that benefit may result, not from multiplication of artificial appliances to mitigate distress, but, contrariwise, from diminution of them. And a further purpose I have in view is that of preparing the way for an analogy.

Under another form and in a different sphere, we are now yearly extending a system which is identical in nature with the system of "make-wages" under the old Poor Law. Little as politicians recognize the fact, it is nevertheless demonstrable that these various public appliances for working-class comfort, which they are supplying at the cost of ratepayers, are intrinsically of the same nature as those which, in past times, treated the farmer's man as half-labourer and half-pauper. In either case the worker receives in return for what he does, money wherewith to buy certain of the things he wants; while, to procure the rest of them for him, money is furnished out of a common fund raised by taxes. What matters it whether the things supplied by ratepayers for nothing, instead of by the employer in payment, are of this kind or that kind? the principle is the same. For sums received let us substitute the commodities and benefits purchased; and then see how the matter stands. In old Poor-Law times, the farmer gave for work done the equivalent, say of house-rent, bread, clothes, and fire; while the ratepayers practically supplied the man and his family with their shoes, tea, sugar, candles, a little bacon, &c. The division is, of course, arbitrary; but unquestionably the farmer and the ratepayers furnished these things between them. At the present time the artisan receives from his employer in wages, the equivalent of the consumable commodities he wants; while from the public comes satisfaction for others of his needs and desires. At the cost of ratepayers he has in some cases, and will presently have in more, a house at less than its commercial value; for of course when, as in Liverpool, a municipality spends nearly £200,000 in pulling down and reconstructing low-class dwellings, and is about to spend as much again, the implication is that in some way the ratepayers supply the poor with more accommodation than the rents they pay would otherwise have brought. The artisan further receives from them, in schooling for his children, much more than he pays for; and there is every probability that he will presently receive it from them gratis. The ratepayers also satisfy what desire he may have for books and newspapers, and comfortable places to read them in. In some cases too, as in Manchester, gymnasias for his children of both sexes, as well as recreation grounds, are provided. That is to say, he obtains from a fund raised by local taxes, certain benefits beyond those which the sum received for his labour enables him to purchase. The sole difference, then, between this system and the old system of "make-wages," is between the kinds of satisfactions obtained; and this difference does not in the least affect the nature of the arrangement.

Moreover, the two are pervaded by substantially the same illusion. In the one case, as in the other, what looks like a gratis benefit is not a gratis benefit. The amount which, under the old Poor Law, the half-pauperized labourer received from the parish to eke out his weekly income, was not really, as it appeared, a bonus; for it was accompanied by a substantially-equivalent decrease of his wages, as was quickly proved when the system was abolished and the wages rose. Just so is it with these seeming boons received by working people in towns. I do not refer only to the fact that they unawares pay in part through the raised rents of their dwellings (when they are not actual ratepayers); but I refer to the fact that the wages received by them are, like the wages of the farm-labourer, diminished by these public burdens falling on employers. Read the accounts coming of late from Lancashire concerning the cotton-strike, containing proofs, given by artisans themselves, that the margin of profit is so narrow that the less skilful manufacturers, as well as those with deficient capital, fail, and that the companies of co-operators who compete with them can rarely hold their own; and then consider what is the implication respecting wages. Among the costs of production have to be reckoned taxes, general and local. If, as in our large towns, the local rates now amount to one-third of the rental or more—if the employer has to pay this, not on his private dwelling only, but on his business-premises, factories, warehouses, or the like; it results that the interest on his capital must be diminished by that amount, or the amount must be taken from the wages-fund, or partly one and partly the other. And if competition among capitalists in the same business, and in other businesses, has the effect of so keeping down interest that while some gain others lose, and not a few are ruined—if capital, not getting adequate interest, flows elsewhere and leaves labour unemployed; then it is manifest that the choice for the artisan under such conditions, lies between diminished amount of work and diminished rate of payment for it. Moreover, for kindred reasons these local burdens raise the costs of the things he consumes. The charges made by distributors are, on the average, determined by the current rates of interest on capital used in distributing businesses; and the extra costs of carrying on such businesses have to be paid for by extra prices. So that as in the past the rural worker lost in one way what he gained in another, so in the present does the urban worker: there being, too, in both cases, the loss entailed on him by the cost of administration and the waste accompanying it.

"But what has all this to do with 'the coming slavery'?" will perhaps be asked. Nothing directly, but a good deal indirectly, as we shall see after yet another preliminary section.

It is said that when railways were first opened in Spain, peasants standing on the tracks were not unfrequently run over; and that the blame fell on the engine-drivers for not stopping: rural experiences having yielded

no conception of the momentum of a large mass moving at a high velocity.

The incident is recalled to me on contemplating the ideas of the so-called "practical" politician, into whose mind there enters no thought of such a thing as political momentum, still less of a political momentum which, instead of diminishing or remaining constant, increases. The theory on which he daily proceeds is that the change caused by his measure will stop where he intends it to stop. He contemplates intently the things his act will achieve, but thinks little of the remoter issues of the movement his act sets up, and still less its collateral issues. When, in war-times, "food for powder" was to be provided by encouraging population—when Mr. Pitt said, "Let us make relief in cases where there are a number of children a matter of right and honour, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt"; it was not expected that the poor-rates would be quadrupled in fifty years, that women with many bastards would be preferred as wives to modest women, because of their incomes from the parish, and that hosts of ratepayers would be pulled down into the ranks of pauperism. Legislators who in 1833 voted £30,000 a year to aid in building school-houses, never supposed that the step they then took would lead to forced contributions, local and general, now amounting to £6,000,000; they did not intend to establish the principle that A should be made responsible for educating B's offspring; they did not dream of a compulsion which would deprive poor widows of the help of their elder children; and still less did they dream that their successors, by requiring impoverished parents to apply to Boards of Guardians to pay the fees which School Boards would not remit, would initiate a habit of applying to Boards of Guardians and so cause pauperization. Neither did those who in 1834 passed an Act regulating the labour of women and children in certain factories, imagine that the system they were beginning would end in the restriction and inspection of labour in all kinds of producing establishments where more than fifty people are employed; nor did they conceive that the inspection provided would grow to the extent of requiring that before a "young person" is employed in a factory, authority must be given by a certifying surgeon, who, by personal examination (to which no limit is placed) has satisfied himself that there is no incapacitating disease or bodily infirmity: his verdict determining whether the "young person" shall earn wages or not.* Even less, as I say, does the politician who plumes himself on the practicalness of his aims, conceive the indirect results which will follow the direct results of his measures. Thus, to take a case connected with one named above, it was not intended through the system of "payment by results," to do anything more than give teachers an efficient stimulus: it was not supposed that in numerous cases their health would give way under the stimulus; it was not expected that they would be led to adopt a cramming system and to put undue pressure on dull and weak children, often to

* Factories and Workshops Act, 41 and 42 Vic., cap. 16.

their great injury; it was not foreseen that in many cases a bodily enfeeblement would be caused which no amount of grammar and geography can compensate for. The licensing of public-houses was simply for maintaining public order: those who devised it never imagined that there would result an organized interest powerfully influencing elections in an unwholesome way. Nor did it occur to the "practical" politicians who provided a compulsory load-line for merchant vessels, that the pressure of ship-owners' interests would habitually cause the putting of the load-line at the very highest limit, and that from precedent to precedent, tending ever in the same direction, the load-line would gradually rise in the better class of ships; as from good authority I learn that it has already done. Legislators who, some forty years ago, by Act of Parliament compelled railway-companies to supply cheap locomotion, would have ridiculed the belief, had it been expressed, that eventually their Act would punish the companies which improved the supply; and yet this was the result to companies which began to carry third-class passengers by fast trains; since a penalty to the amount of the passenger-duty was inflicted on them for every third-class passenger so carried. To which instance concerning railways, add a far more striking one disclosed by comparing the railway policies of England and France. The law-makers who provided for the ultimate lapsing of French railways to the State, never conceived the possibility that inferior travelling facilities would result—did not foresee that reluctance to depreciate the value of property eventually coming to the State, would negative the authorization of competing lines, and that in the absence of competing lines locomotion would be relatively costly, slow, and infrequent; for, as Sir Thomas Farrer has lately shown, the traveller in England has great advantages over the French traveller in the economy, swiftness, and frequency with which his journeys can be made.

But the "practical" politician who, in spite of such experiences repeated generation after generation, goes on thinking only of proximate results, naturally never thinks of results still more remote, still more general, and still more important than those just exemplified. To repeat the metaphor used above—he never asks whether the political momentum set up by his measure, in some cases decreasing but in other cases greatly increasing, will or will not have the same general direction with other like momenta; and whether it may not join them in presently producing an aggregate energy working changes never thought of. Dwelling only on the effects of his particular stream of legislation, and not observing how such other streams already existing, and still other streams which will follow his initiative, pursue the same average course, it never occurs to him that they may presently unite into a voluminous flood utterly changing the face of things. Or to leave figures for a more literal statement, he is unconscious of the truth that he is helping to form a certain type of social

organization, and that kindred measures, effecting kindred changes of organization, tend with ever-increasing force to make that type general; until, passing a certain point, the proclivity towards it becomes irresistible. Just as each society aims when possible to produce in other societies a structure akin to its own—just as among the Greeks, the Spartans and the Athenians struggled to spread their respective political institutions, or as, at the time of the French Revolution, the European absolute monarchies aimed to re-establish absolute monarchy in France while the Republic encouraged the formation of other republics; so within every society, each species of structure tends to propagate itself. Just as the system of voluntary co-operation by companies, associations, unions, to achieve business ends and other ends, spreads throughout a community; so does the antagonistic system of compulsory co-operation under State-agencies spread; and the larger becomes its extension the more power of spreading it gets. The question of questions for the politician should ever be—“What type of social structure am I tending to produce?” But this is a question he never entertains.

Here we will entertain it for him. Let us now observe the general course of recent changes, with the accompanying current of ideas, and see whither they are carrying us.

The blank form of an inquiry daily made is—“We have already done this; why should we not do that?” And the regard for precedent suggested by it, is ever pushing on regulative legislation. Having had brought within their sphere of operation more and more numerous businesses, the Acts restricting hours of employment and dictating the treatment of workers are now to be made applicable to shops. From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions, we have passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses. The buying and working of telegraphs by the State is made a reason for urging that the State should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply, now proposed to be made gratis in the one case, will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other: the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens, being logically urged as a reason for the extension.* And then,

* Verification comes more promptly than I expected. This article has been standing in type since January 30, and in the interval, namely on March 13 [the article was published on April 1], the London School Board resolved to apply for authority to use local charitable funds for supplying gratis meals and clothing to indigent children. Presently the definition of “indigent” will be widened; more children will be included, and more funds asked for.

avowedly proceeding on the precedents furnished by the church, the school, and the reading-room, all publicly provided, it is contended that "pleasure, in the sense it is now generally admitted, needs legislating for and organizing at least as much as work."

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity which arises for supplementing ineffective measures, and for dealing with the artificial evils continually caused. Failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agencies or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, not having done what was expected, there come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal. All the many appliances for "stamping out" epidemic diseases not having succeeded in preventing outbreaks of small-pox, fevers, and the like, a further remedy is applied for in the shape of police-power to search houses for diseased persons, and authority for medical officers to examine any one they think fit, to see whether he or she is suffering from an infectious or contagious malady. Habits of improvidence having for generations been cultivated by the Poor-Law, and the improvident enabled to multiply, the evils produced by compulsory charity are now proposed to be met by compulsory insurance.

The extension of this policy, causing extension of corresponding ideas, fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in whenever anything is not going right. "Surely you would not have this misery continue!" exclaims some one, if you hint a demurrer to much that is now being said and done. Observe what is implied by this exclamation. It takes for granted, first, that all suffering ought to be prevented, which is not true: much of the suffering is curative and prevention of it is prevention of a remedy. In the second place, it takes for granted that every evil can be removed: the truth being that, with the existing defects of human nature, many evils can only be thrust out of one place or form into another place or form—often being increased by the change. The exclamation also implies the unhesitating belief, here especially concerning us, that evils of all kinds should be dealt with by the State. There does not occur the inquiry whether there are at work other agencies capable of dealing with evils, and whether the evils in question may not be among those which are best dealt with by these other agencies. And obviously, the more numerous governmental interventions become, the more confirmed does this habit of thought grow, and the more loud and perpetual the demands for intervention.

Every extension of the regulative policy involves an addition to the regulative agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many

shot in the one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance; and if you go on, the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relative change of numbers. A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the Continent.

Not only does the power of resistance of the regulated part decrease in a geometrical ratio as the regulating part increases, but the private interests of many in the regulated part itself, make the change of ratio still more rapid. In every circle conversations show that now, when the passing of competitive examinations renders them eligible for the public service, youths are being educated in such ways that they may pass them and get employment under Government. One consequence is that men who might otherwise reprobate further growth of officialism, are led to look on it with tolerance, if not favourably, as offering possible careers for those dependent on them and those related to them. Any one who remembers the numbers of upper-class and middle-class families anxious to place their children, will see that no small encouragement to the spread of legislative control is now coming from those who, but for the personal interests thus arising, would be hostile to it.

This pressing desire for careers is enforced by the preference for careers which are thought respectable. "Even should his salary be small, his occupation will be that of a gentleman," thinks the father, who wants to get a Government-clerkship for his son. And this relative dignity of State-servants as compared with those occupied in business increases as the administrative organization becomes a larger and more powerful element in society, and tends more and more to fix the standard of honour. The prevalent ambition with a young Frenchman is to get some small official post in his locality, to rise thence to a place in the local centre of government, and finally to reach some head-office in Paris. And in Russia, where that universality of State-regulation which characterizes the militant type of society has been carried furthest, we see this ambition pushed to its extreme. Says Mr. Wallace, quoting a passage from a play:—"All men, even shopkeepers and cobblers, aim at becoming officers, and the man who

has passed his whole life without official rank seems to be not a human being."

These various influences working from above downwards, meet with an increasing response of expectations and solicitations proceeding from below upwards. The hard-worked and over-burdened who form the great majority, and still more the incapables perpetually helped who are ever led to look for more help, are ready supporters of schemes which promise them this or the other benefit by State-agency, and ready believers of those who tell them that such benefits can be given, and ought to be given. They listen with eager faith to all builders of political air-castles, from Oxford graduates down to Irish irreconcilables; and every additional tax-supported appliance for their welfare raises hopes of further ones. Indeed the more numerous public instrumentalities become, the more is there generated in citizens the notion that everything is to be done for them, and nothing by them. Each generation is made less familiar with the attainment of desired ends by individual actions or private combinations, and more familiar with the attainment of them by governmental agencies; until, eventually, governmental agencies come to be thought of as the only available agencies. This result was well shown in the recent Trades-Unions Congress at Paris. The English delegates, reporting to their constituents, said that between themselves and their foreign colleagues "the point of difference was the extent to which the State should be asked to protect labour"; reference being thus made to the fact, conspicuous in the reports of the proceedings, that the French delegates always invoked governmental power as the only means of satisfying their wishes.

The diffusion of education has worked, and will work still more, in the same direction. "We must educate our masters," is the well-known saying of a Liberal who opposed the last extension of the franchise. Yes, if the education were worthy to be so called, and were relevant to the political enlightenment needed, much might be hoped from it. But knowing rules of syntax, being able to add up correctly, having geographical information, and a memory stocked with the dates of kings' accessions and generals' victories, no more implies fitness to form political conclusions than acquirement of skill in drawing implies expertness in telegraphing, or than ability to play cricket implies proficiency on the violin. "Surely," rejoins some one, "facility in reading opens the way to political knowledge." Doubtless; but will the way be followed? Table-talk proves that nine out of ten people read what amuses them rather than what instructs them; and proves, also, that the last thing they read is something which tells them disagreeable truths or dispels groundless hopes. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions rather than of those which insist on hard realities, is beyond question. Says "A Mechanic," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 3, 1883:—

"Improved education instils the desire for culture—culture instils the desire for many things as yet quite beyond working men's reach . . . in the furious competition to which the present age is given up they are utterly impossible to the poorer classes; hence they are discontented with things as they are, and the more educated the more discontented. Hence, too, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Morris are regarded as true prophets by many of us."

And that the connexion of cause and effect here alleged is a real one, we may see clearly enough in the present state of Germany.

Being possessed of electoral power, as are now the mass of those who are thus led to nurture sanguine anticipations of benefits to be obtained by social reorganization, it results that whoever seeks their votes must at least refrain from exposing their mistaken beliefs; even if he does not yield to the temptation to express agreement with them. Every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose or support some new piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Nay, even the chiefs of parties—these anxious to retain office and those to wrest it from them—severally aim to get adherents by outbidding one another. Each seeks popularity by promising more than his opponent has promised, as we have lately seen. And then, as divisions in Parliament show us, the traditional loyalty to leaders overrides questions concerning the intrinsic propriety of proposed measures. Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for Bills which they believe to be wrong in principle, because party-needs and regard for the next election demand it. And thus a vicious policy is strengthened even by those who see its viciousness.

Meanwhile there goes on out-of-doors an active propaganda to which all these influences are ancillary. Communistic theories, partially indorsed by one Act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favoured by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. There is the movement for land-nationalization which, aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract, is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than half-way to State-socialism. And then there is the thorough-going Democratic Federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that "the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong." They exclaim against "the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands upon (!) our great railway communications." They condemn "above all, the active capitalist class, the loan-mongers, the farmers, the mine exploiters, the contractors, the middlemen, the factory-lords—these, the modern slave drivers" who exact "more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom

they employ." And they think it "high time" that trade should be "removed from the control of individual greed." *

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed, are being strengthened by press advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislative meddlings which they would once have condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laissez-faire* as an exploded doctrine. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. On another day, a town which does not adopt the Free Libraries Act is sneered at as being alarmed by a measure so moderately communistic. And then, along with editorial assertions that this economic evolution is coming and must be accepted, there is prominence given to the contributions of its advocates. Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication.

See, then, the many concurrent causes which threaten continually to accelerate the transformation now going on. There is that spread of regulation caused by following precedents, which become the more authoritative the further the policy is carried. There is that increasing need for administrative compulsions and restraints, which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints. Moreover, every additional State-interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the State to deal with all evils and secure all benefits. Increasing power of a growing administrative organization is accompanied by decreasing power of the rest of the society to resist its further growth and control. The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy, tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favour its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general. Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice, to augment their chances of success; and leading statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favour by countenancing them. Getting repeated justifications from new laws harmonizing with their doctrines, political enthusiasts and unwise philanthropists push their agitations with growing confidence and success. Journalism, ever responsive to popular opinion, daily strengthens

* *Socialism Made Plain*. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street.

it by giving it voice; while counter-opinion, more and more discouraged, finds little utterance.

Thus influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action. And the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet plan and not at all of the general reorganization which his plan, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here, an analogous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous socialistic changes made by Act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by-and-by be all merged in State-socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised.

“But why is this change described as ‘the coming slavery’?” is a question which many will still ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labours under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to his owner each year a fixed amount of labour or produce, or both: retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia before serfdom was abolished, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labour is for his owner the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies, and his estate with its slaves comes into the hands of trustees; or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of

his compulsory labour remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labour for other benefit than his own, and how much can he labour for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labour for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and towards such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects.

The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. Where municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided, diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labour and many losses—already subject to troubles of inspection and interference, and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment, is prompted to sell; and as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. And now these still-multiplying regulations, ending, it may be, as Lord Grey proposes, in one requiring the owner to maintain the salubrity of his houses by evicting dirty tenants, and thus adding to his other responsibilities that of inspector of nuisances, must further prompt sales and further deter purchasers: so necessitating greater depreciation. What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsaleable to private persons in the way shown—houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. Nay, this process must work in a double way; since every entailed increase of local taxation still further depreciates property.* And then when in towns this process

* If anyone thinks such fears are groundless, let him contemplate the fact that from 1867-8 to 1880-1, our annual local expenditure for the United Kingdom has grown from £36,132,834 to £63,276,283; and that during the same 13 years, the municipal expenditure in England and Wales alone, has grown from 13 millions to 30 millions a year! How the increase of public burdens will join with other causes in bringing about public ownership, is shown by a statement made by Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., to which my attention has been drawn since the

has gone so far as to make the local authority the chief owner of houses, there will be a good precedent for publicly providing houses for the rural population, as proposed in the Radical programme, and as urged by the Democratic Federation; which insists on "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural labourers' dwellings in proportion to the population." Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house-proprietor.

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily-growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, to be achieved by more numerous public agencies, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land; until, as the depreciation in value becomes greater and greater, the resistance to change of tenure becomes less and less. Already, as everyone knows, there is in many places difficulty in obtaining tenants, even at greatly reduced rents; and land of inferior fertility in some cases lies idle, or when farmed by the owner is often farmed at a loss. Clearly the profit on capital invested in land is not such that taxes, local and general, can be greatly raised to support extended public administrations, without an absorption of it which will prompt owners to sell, and make the best of what reduced price they can get by emigrating and buying land not subject to heavy burdens; as, indeed, some are now doing. This process, carried far, must have the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr. Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and, contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productive for the public benefit, said "he should like the present Government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation Bill"; an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productive, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the Government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the programme of the Democratic Federation, is to follow nationalization of the land—the "organization of agricultural and industrial armies under State control on co-operative principles."

To one who doubts whether such a revolution may be so reached, facts may be cited showing its likelihood. In Gaul, during the decline of the Roman Empire, "so numerous were the receivers in comparison with the

above paragraph was in type. He says, "within my own experience, local taxation in New York has risen from 12*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to £2 12*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on the capital of its citizens—a charge which would more than absorb the whole income of an average English landlord."—*Nineteenth Century*, February, 1883.

payers, and so enormous the weight of taxation, that the labourer broke down, the plains became deserts, and woods grew where the plough had been." * In like manner, when the French Revolution was approaching, the public burdens had become such, that many farms remained uncultivated and many were deserted: one-quarter of the soil was absolutely lying waste; and in some provinces one-half was in heath. † Nor have we been without incidents of a kindred nature at home. Besides the facts that under the old Poor Law the rates had in some parishes risen to half the rental, and that in various places farms were lying idle, there is the fact that in one case the rates had absorbed the whole proceeds of the soil.

At Cholesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in 1832, the poor rate "suddenly ceased in consequence of the impossibility to continue its collection, the landlords have given up their rents, the farmers their tenancies, and the clergyman his glebe and his tithes. The clergyman, Mr. Jeston, states that in October, 1832, the parish officers threw up their books, and the poor assembled in a body before his door while he was in bed, asking for advice and food. Partly from his own small means, partly from the charity of neighbours, and partly by rates in aid, imposed on the neighbouring parishes, they were for some time supported." ‡

And the Commissioners add that "the benevolent rector recommends that the whole of the land should be divided among the able-bodied paupers": hoping that after help afforded for two years they might be able to maintain themselves. These facts, giving colour to the prophecy made in Parliament that continuance of the old Poor Law for another thirty years would throw the land out of cultivation, clearly show that increase of public burdens may end in forced cultivation under public control.

Then, again, comes State-ownership of railways. Already this exists to a large extent on the Continent. Already we have had here a few years ago loud advocacy of it. And now the cry, which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists, is taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation; which proposes "State-appropriation of railways, with or without compensation." Evidently pressure from above joined by pressure from below, is likely to effect this change dictated by the policy everywhere spreading; and with it must come many attendant changes. For railway-proprietors, at first owners and workers of railways only, have become masters of numerous businesses directly or indirectly connected with railways; and these will have to be purchased by Government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusive letter-carrier, exclusive transmitter of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusive carrier of parcels, the State will not only be exclusive carrier of passengers, goods, and minerals,

* Lactant. *De M. Persecut.*, cc. 7, 23.

† Taine, *L'Ancien Régime*, pp. 337-8 (in the English Translation).

‡ *Report of Commissioners for Inquiry into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor Laws*, p. 37. February 20, 1874.

but will add to its present various trades many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments and building harbours, docks, break-waters, &c., it does the work of ship-builder, cannon-founder, small-arms maker, manufacturer of ammunition, army-clothier and boot-maker; and when the railways have been appropriated "with or without compensation," as the Democratic Federationists say, it will have to become locomotive-engine-builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger-vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus proprietor, &c. Meanwhile its local lieutenants, the municipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of tramways, proprietors of baths, will doubtless have undertaken various other businesses. And when the State, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established, numerous concerns for wholesale production and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its function to retail distribution: following such an example, say, as is offered by the French Government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

Evidently then, the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, will carry us not only towards State-ownership of land and dwellings and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by State-agents, but towards State-usurpation of all industries: the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the State, which can arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away; just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of Board-schools. And so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists.

And now when there has been compassed this desired ideal, which "practical" politicians are helping socialists to reach, and which is so tempting on that bright side which socialists contemplate, what must be the accompanying shady side which they do not contemplate? It is a matter of common remark, often made when a marriage is impending, that those possessed by strong hopes habitually dwell on the promised pleasures and think nothing of the accompanying pains. A further exemplification of this truth is supplied by these political enthusiasts and fanatical revolutionists. Impressed with the miseries existing under our present social arrangements, and not regarding these miseries as caused by the ill-working of a human nature but partially adapted to the social state, they imagine them to be forthwith curable by this or that rearrangement. Yet, even did their plans succeed it could only be by substituting one kind of evil for another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements, their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even

one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields them proof. It is compelled to have its councils, its local and general officers, its authoritative leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a Government, shows that even in private voluntarily-formed societies, the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible: often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades-unions which carry on a kind of industrial war in defence of workers' interests *versus* employers' interests, find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of co-operators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency gains such supremacy that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization." Judge then what must happen when, instead of relatively small combinations, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the despotism of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order. Well may Prince Bismarck display leanings towards State-socialism.

And then after recognizing, as they must if they think out their scheme, the power possessed by the regulative agency in the new social system so temptingly pictured, let its advocates ask themselves to what end this power must be used. Not dwelling exclusively, as they habitually do, on the material well-being and the mental gratifications to be provided for them by a beneficent administration, let them dwell a little on the price to be paid. The officials cannot create the needful supplies: they can but distribute among individuals that which the individuals have joined to produce. If the public agency is required to provide for them, it must reciprocally require them to furnish the means. There cannot be, as under our existing system, agreement between employer and employed—this the scheme excludes. There must in place of it be command by local authorities over workers, and acceptance by the workers of that which the authorities assign to them. And this, indeed, is the arrangement distinctly, but as it would seem inadvertently, pointed to by the members of the Democratic Federation. For they propose that production should be carried on by "agricultural and industrial *armies* under State-control": apparently not remembering that armies pre-suppose grades of officers, by whom obedience would have to be insisted upon; since otherwise neither order nor

efficient work could be ensured. So that each would stand toward the governing agency in the relation of slave to master.

"But the governing agency would be a master which he and others made and kept constantly in check; and one which therefore would not control him or others more than was needful for the benefit of each and all."

To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole. Such a relation has habitually existed in militant communities, even under quasi-popular forms of government. In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrine which socialism unawares re-introduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services, such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild, must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since, vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated, must become irresistible. And if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French Government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject at short intervals to popular judgment, nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late Trades Unions Congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a Republican nation."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, gives supreme power to its head—a power which has often led to usurpation, as in mediæval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbours, within our own times. The recent confessions of M. de Maupas have shown how readily a constitutional head, elected and trusted by the whole people, may,

with the aid of a few unscrupulous confederates, paralyze the representative body and make himself autocrat. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders who, sometimes gaining but often losing, have made that railway-system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the State should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation," we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired, would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful: a policy which would always be one identified with their own supremacy. It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, laboured for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *régime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism, and towards which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulative measures, or communists with their schemes for re-organizing labour, their reply is ever the same:—"It is true that plans of kindred nature have, from unforeseen causes or adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.*

* *The Coming Slavery* is reprinted by the courtesy of D. Appleton and Company.

THE UNNAMED DEAD

CHARLES VALE

EACH day, each night, so many heroes die,
Unheralded. Theirs is no roll of fame.
Their final resting place must bear no name
That would reveal them to one passing by.
Summer or winter, under an alien sky,
They sleep alone, or stacked in some vast mound.
No more shall they be known above the ground,
Beneath which they contentedly will lie.

Others, who gladly died, have won at least
Some symbol, great or small, of reverence.
We know the manner of their going hence,
And give them glory. But, till life has ceased,
With toast and wine, with prayer and with bowed head,
We shall remember you, our Unnamed Dead!

NIETZSCHE'S JEWISH OBSESSION

ABRAM LIPSKY

THE ancient literary sport of God-baiting, exemplified in such poems as the Prometheus of Æschylus, in Job and in Faust, has considerably declined. The delicious thrill of defying God is denied to those who no longer believe in Him. A more fearful sensation has, however, been invented. It is that of defying Morals.

It was in the name of Morals that formerly God was challenged. He was charged with not being as just, as true, as kind as He should be. He was summoned to the bar of abstract Justice; He was confronted with Truth; He was reproached by Love. Morals, in a word, were enthroned higher than God, and those who might be charged with disloyalty to God took refuge in the consciousness of unflinching loyalty to Morals. "In England," writes Nietzsche, "every man who indulges in any trifling emancipation from theology must retrieve his honor in the most terrifying manner by becoming a moral fanatic."

Nietzsche gloried in being free from the reproach he cast upon English philosophers. His aim was nothing less than to shake the firmest thing in the world. "I went down into the deepest depths; I tunnelled to the very bottom; I started to investigate and unearth an old *faith* which for thousands of years we philosophers used to build on as the safest of all foundations—which we built on again and again although every previous structure fell in: I began to undermine our faith in morals." A thrill of horror runs through the innocent reader as he comes to these words. Did Nietzsche then propose robbery, murder, adultery, and all the other sins in the decalogue? Did he carry his immoralism into practice? If so, how did he keep out of prison? And suppose one yielded to the horrible fascination of his pen, how is one to set about this "immoral" life with success?

Disappointment awaits our naïve reader. Like Shaw, like Anatole France—two other famed "immoralists" of our day—Nietzsche was a model citizen, a gentle, affectionate creature who could not hurt a fly. The sight of wounds and bloodshed made

him physically ill. Where then was his terribleness? What was his unparalleled wrathfulness stirred about? It was all about motives, about remote, very remote ideals. It was about the goal of humanity, and the spirit in which we should act.

One thought one had at last a real philosophy of being wicked. One reads: "I should not of course deny—unless I were a fool—that many actions which are called immoral should be avoided and resisted; and in the same way that many which are called moral should be performed and encouraged; but I hold that in both cases these actions should be performed from motives other than those which have prevailed up to the present time. We must learn anew in order that at last, perhaps very late, we may be able to do something more: feel anew."

It is characteristic of much aimless, endless commentary upon philosophers to assume that the first step in the evolution of a philosophic system is a stroke of pure intellect. The philosopher's mind is supposed to have soared in an empyrean of pure thought whence it descended to earth with the new truth. This having been elaborated became a system of philosophy. In reality all philosophies, as William James has so variously pointed out, are but the deliberately adopted reactions of human characters upon the universe. The "universe," however, is a large affair. Very often that which is reacted upon is a very small fragment indeed of the universe. Especially is this true in the case of philosophers with an excess of poetic temperament. The roots of a philosophy may be buried in a love affair. The government under which he lives may bulk inordinately large in the philosopher's vision. Nietzsche's philosophy is a reaction upon the Jews. The Jews are essential to it. Without the Jews there could have been no Nietzsche.

The one outstanding fact in Nietzsche's writings is the fury with which he lets drive at the things he does not like. He is always personal. He "calls names" with absolute abandon. When he wishes to attack Christian morality he lashes the Christians, especially the early Christians, and the most deadly bolt he chooses for hurling at them is just the name "Jews."

The Jews have played many a fantastic rôle in popular legend, in theology, in the ravings of sociologists, but never one more

fantastic than that which they play in Nietzsche's thinking. If we examine his ideas concerning the Jews we shall find an epitome of his entire philosophy. One meets there all his most characteristic ideas, excepting one or two grotesque conceptions like that of eternal recurrence. In what he wrote of the Jews we may note the virtues that he commends and the traits that are damnable in his eyes. One sees the strains and warpings of his temperament. One catches a glimpse of the heart as well as of the mind of the man.

In undertaking to upset the system of moral valuations prevailing in the world about him, Nietzsche meant only to restore the natural system that had been, as he maintained, falsified by the Jews. It was they who were guilty of the "slave morality" that had all but conquered the world. "The Jews—a people 'born for slavery' as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them, 'the chosen people among the nations' as they themselves say and believe—the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions 'rich,' 'godless,' 'wicked,' 'violent,' 'sensual,' and for the first time coined the word 'world' as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word 'poor' as synonymous with 'saint' and 'friend') the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with *them* that the *slave insurrection in morals* commences."

An insurrection against whom? Who represented the "natural," the aristocratic system that the insurrection of the Jews aimed to overthrow? Nietzsche's answer is, the Romans; of whom he goes on to say: "A nation stronger and more aristocratic has never existed in the world, has never even been dreamed of." This is the well-known conflict between the Græco-Roman and Hebrew spirits often referred to in the terms of Heine and Matthew Arnold as the conflict between Hebraism and Hellenism. "Which of them has been provisionally victorious, Rome or Judea?" continues Nietzsche. "But there is not a shadow of a doubt; just consider to whom in Rome itself nowadays you bow down, as though before the quintessence of all the highest

values—and not only in Rome but almost over half the world, everywhere where man has been tamed or is about to be tamed—to *three Jews*, as we know, and *one Jewess* (to Jesus of Nazareth, to Peter the fisher, to Paul the tent-maker and to the mother of the aforesaid Jesus, named Mary). This is very remarkable; Rome is undoubtedly defeated.”

Judea defeated Rome in the guise of Christianity. But the morals of Christianity are substantially the morals of Judaism. “Christianity,” Nietzsche insists, “is not a counter-movement against the Jewish instinct; it is the rational outcome of the latter, one step further in its appalling logic.” And now having identified Christians with Jews, Nietzsche proceeds to wield the weapon he has forged against the dominant religion of Europe. It is sufficient to damn the first Christians that they were Jews. “We should be as little inclined to hobnob with the first Christians as with Polish Jews.” “The Christian is nothing more than an anarchical Jew.” “The gospels stand alone. The first thing to be remembered if we do not wish to lose the scent here is, that we are among Jews.” “With Christianity the art of telling holy lies which constitutes the whole of Judaism, reaches its final mastership, thanks to many centuries of Jewish and most thoroughly serious training and practice.” “The Christian, this *ultima ratio* of falsehood, is the Jew over again—he is even three times a Jew.” And so on with many variations on the one tune: Christians are Jews—and what more need be said?

The conquest of the world (that is, of Europe) by Christianity is indisputable. In a certain, definite sense it was a Jewish conquest, in the sense that the initial impulse was imparted to the movement by Jews. Their activity ceased, however, in the first couple of centuries. To call the Christian conquest after that, Jewish, would be as accurate as to ascribe the Greek conquest of the ancient world by Alexander to his father. Observe, though, the “terrifying logic” with which Nietzsche pursues his quarry. An indirect, vicarious conquest is not sufficient for his purpose. He must prove a planned and purposeful capture. The Jewish strategy discovered by Nietzsche is one of the most ingenious conceptions ever devised by the mind of man.

Having long nursed the resentment of a weak and despised

people against the strong, the noble and aristocratic nations of the world, the Jews at length conceived this most subtle plot for satisfying their thirst for vengeance. The essence of the plot was to make those virtues in which they excelled—in which every servile people must perforce excel to live at all—the virtues of gentleness, humility, pity, love, be adopted by the strong and aristocratic as *their* virtues. They put up their Redeemer, who was the personification of all those slave virtues which they wished to prevail, in the sight of the world. But he posed as Israel's adversary and destroyer. Him they martyred and repudiated before the world, and the world was drawn, seduced, intoxicated by "the awful paradox of a god on the cross," by "that mystery of the unthinkable, supreme, and utter horror of the self-crucifixion of a god for the salvation of man." *Sub hoc signo* the Jews triumphed. They, personally, as it were, underwent a species of self-annihilation in order that this seed of theirs, this spiritual child might be pushed forward and live. They, as a nation, had apparently been destroyed, but they had tricked the world into swallowing unawares their moral valuations, and so was the conquest of the world made possible to them. This theory exhibits such perfect independence of the world of realities that the sanity of the mind that formulated it might well have seemed doubtful.

Nietzsche is confronted with two sorts of Jews—those that became Christians and those that remained Jews. He strongly prefers the latter. The early Christians were anarchical, hated authority, believed all men were equal, and were humble to the point of self-annihilation. The Jews who remained Jews believed in an organization, in law, in discipline, in an order of ranks. For similar reasons, it may be remarked incidentally, Nietzsche preferred Catholicism to Protestantism. "This Jewish and not merely Jewish slobbering and clawing importunacy towards God" in the New Testament was intolerable to him. "The Old Testament—yes, that is something quite different, all honor to the Old Testament! I find therein great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïveté of the strong heart; further still I find a people. In the New, on the contrary, just a hostel of petty sects,

pure rococo of soul-twisting angles and fancy touches, nothing but conventicle air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (and the Roman province) and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl."

Nietzsche had read Emerson appreciatively. One well-known maxim of the American's he severely followed. With consistency he had nothing to do. Although "Jew" has been for him a word embracing all the most despicable traits, that does not prevent him from finding in the Jews, when he feels the need of doing so, the very virtues of his superman. One trait in particular of the ancient Jewish God stirred Nietzsche to admiration. It was a trait that he himself possessed superabundantly. This was the capacity for anger. "The Jews again," he writes, "took a different view of anger from that held by us, and sanctified it: hence they have placed the sombre majesty of the wrathful man at an elevation so high that a European cannot conceive it. They moulded their wrathful and holy Jehovah after the images of their wrathful and holy prophets. Compared with them, all the Europeans who have exhibited the greatest wrath are, so to speak, only second-hand creatures." The evangelists, poor men, had not this prophetic power of wrathfulness! "Impudent rabble! They dare to compare themselves to the prophets!"

The remarks of the noble Tacitus concerning "a people born for slavery" are forgotten when it is desirable to elevate the grand qualities of the Old Testament Jews in contrast with the weaknesses of the New Testament Jewish Christians. Again Nietzsche throws consistency to the winds when he asks what Europe owes to the Jews, and replies: "One thing of the nature both of the best and the worst, the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations."

The historical, including the contemporaneous, Jewish race is conceived by Nietzsche as a sort of collective superman. The race has the superman's characteristic par excellence, the will to live. The Jews display "the most tenacious national will to live that has ever existed on earth." Tenacity, boldness, adaptability, with more than a touch of what would usually be called unscrupu-

lousness and the art of dissimulation—these are superman qualities. Still there is something lacking, but fortunately that which is lacking to the Jews exists elsewhere, among the East Prussian military officers. A happy eugenic idea comes to Nietzsche! Why not grow a really perfect superman, a new ruling caste by crossing select specimens of the Jewish race with East Prussian military officers? An experiment of a similar character, he explains, has been going on to some extent in England. Such a crossing would produce a combination of the “genius for money and patience” with “the hereditary art of commanding and obeying.” The superman would be complete!

Even as they are, Nietzsche imagines, the Jews may some day rule Europe. They could, in fact, “now have the ascendancy, nay, literally the supremacy over Europe, although they certainly are not working and planning for that.” The decision of their fate must come in the twentieth century—it used to be the fashion in the later years of the nineteenth century to refer all difficult consummations to the twentieth. In the twentieth century, the Jews must either become masters of Europe or lose Europe “as they once centuries ago lost Egypt, where they were confronted with similar alternatives.” They themselves know that the conquest of Europe—not in the shadowy sense in which we have seen that they have conquered it—or any act of violence is not to be thought of; but they also know that some day or other “Europe may, like a ripe fruit, fall into their hands, if they do not clutch at it too eagerly.” This is all admirable from Nietzsche’s point of view. All indications of the “will to power” are admirable.

Close to the “will to power” in Nietzsche’s rearrangement of the cardinal virtues is discipline, and especially discipline through suffering. Here again the Jewish race is unquestionably supreme; for what other race has been so much passed through the fires of suffering? And for this Nietzsche predicts for them “a glorious flowering of intellectual men and of works.” His habitual rancorous tone is strangely lost while he dwells upon this topic. He drops his anathemas and rises to lyric praise. “On that day when Israel shall have changed its eternal vengeance into an eternal benediction for Europe; then that seventh

day will once more appear when old Jehovah may rejoice in Himself, in His creation, in His Chosen people—and all, all of us will rejoice with Him!”

Have the surviving Jews delegated all their servile morality to their Christian heirs? How else could they be possessed of the prime superman virtues previously ascribed to them—the indomitable “will to power” and the fire-disciplined spirit? The recurrence of the theory of vengeance in the remarkable passage just quoted precludes such a harmonizing hypothesis. With consistency our dreamer simply had no concern!

Christian asceticism comes in for a most thorough castigation at Nietzsche's hands, yet temperance is one of his major virtues. He was himself an ascetic in the ordinary loose sense of the word, living frugally and soberly. “What a blessing a Jew is among Germans!” he exclaims, speaking of temperance. His compatriots, on the other hand, receive this fraternal compliment: “See the obtuseness, the flaxen head, the blue eye and the lack of intellect in the face, the language and the bearing; the lazy habit of stretching the limbs, and the need of repose among Germans—a need which is not the result of overwork, but of the disgusting excitation and over-excitation caused by alcohol.”

Nietzsche had never met a German who was favorably inclined toward the Jews. Although he admitted the reasonableness of German objection to more Jews in the empire, something chivalrous in his disposition revolted from the “distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment.” Again there was an odd timidity, the suggestion of a morbid “phobia” in his attitude towards the anti-Semites. He opposed the marriage of his sister to Foerster, one of the leaders of the anti-Semitic party, for the very peculiar reason that the Jews would revenge themselves upon him by maintaining a conspiracy of silence concerning his books, a silence that would be disastrous, since the Jews controlled the press of Germany! Some of his most influential propagandists were in fact Jews—notably, George Brandes, Leo Berg and Maximilian Harden. Two of his most intimate friends at one period were Jews, Dr. Reé and Miss Salome; the one recognized for a time as a kindred spirit; the other, a promising disciple who later wrote a book about the master. This was the

Miss Salome whose moral principles revolted Nietzsche's conservative instincts and whose conduct he feared would create a false impression of his philosophy. Strong hints there are that Nietzsche's interest in this Russian Jewess was more than Platonic.

Nietzsche produces his most startling effects by defying and deriding morals. Yet though he dubs himself "immoralist," it is merely paradox. He was one of the most moral men that ever lived. Although he makes a distinction between "morals" and "virtues," his own virtues were all moral ones. Most conspicuous among them perhaps was veracity. Curiously he credited that spirit of veracity which in his own person was rending Christianity to Christianity itself. Another of his virtues was purity. The instinct for something perfect, it has been said, was a ruling impulse in Nietzsche. Reverence was another strong trait. Because the mob has no reverence, he was opposed to democracy. Every member of the mob regards himself as the equal of every other member; they have done with authority. Hence, Nietzsche was an aristocrat. The virtue that he most wrote about was courage, the will to "live dangerously," to carry life to new and superhuman heights, scorning security, happiness and comfort. If he seems to deprecate love, it is the love of the "nearest" he means, which may interfere with love of the remote, the ideal, the goal of humanity. If he scorns pity, it is because pity weakens, dissolves, unfits for action. How far Nietzsche really was from being an "immoralist" in any practical sense is surprisingly revealed in that letter to Miss Salome, which his sister reproduces, wherein he scolds the young woman for her unconventional tendencies.

Never was the impress of a man's intimate character more clearly visible in his philosophy than was Nietzsche's. Yet to dispose of him with the one word "insane," as many have tried to do, is impossible. A number of unquestionably sane men have accepted his teachings. Moreover, an idea has to be *proved* insane. It is instructive to note that the inventor of the superman, the advocate of master-morality for the few, was extremely near-sighted from boyhood, that owing to his poor vision he met with an accident while riding a horse that left its mark upon him

through life, that during nearly his whole productive period he was a hypochondriac dosing himself for ills real and imaginary, that he was addicted to the use of drugs like chloral and finally succumbed to mental paralysis.

These are facts of a physiological character the influence of which upon a man's philosophy it would have been very hard to predict. More closely related to his system of ideas and his literary production is the fact of the Jewish obsession that dominated his mind. No one will overlook the historical connection between this and the Lutheran pastor's home in which Nietzsche was brought up, the background of clerical uncles, the ecclesiastically inspired Pforta school where he received his preparatory education, his early destination for the ministry and the extreme decorum and piety for which he was noted as a boy. The Bible, the book of the Jews, was the most compelling influence in that intense young life. It became part of his mental and moral tissue. His efforts, under the influence of Schopenhauer and Wagner, to cast it out were futile. He had not the strength. The result was division and hopeless inconsistency. An enlarged ego possessed from childhood played its part here too. He proposed to overcome what had been *to him* the greatest thing in the world, the ethics of the Bible, the belief in the unique significance of the people of Israel. This was to be a great self-overcoming as well, and the victor Nietzsche was to be the inaugurator of a new era. History was to date from him as it had previously dated from the beginning of that tremendous thing in himself that he had overcome. In the end it never happened. Despite his ferocious onslaughts upon his rejected self, self-lacerations in reality, despite his uncanny maledictions upon the object of his youthful piety, it was possible for his sister to write truthfully in her biography of him: "This transvaluer of all values himself fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us." And an ardent disciple, the editor of the English edition, could utter the very significant half-truth: "If there ever was a true son of the Semitic idea, a noble defender of that ancient faith and its Christian supplement, it was Friedrich Nietzsche. If there ever was a true Christian, it was he."

THE TRUTH ABOUT PAINTING

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THROUGHOUT the entire history of the fine arts, no period of æsthetic innovation and endeavor has suffered from public malignity, ridicule and ignorance as has painting during the last century. The reasons for this are many and, to the serious student of art history, obvious. The change between the old and the new order came swiftly and precipitously, like a cataclysm in the serenity of a summer night. The classic painters of the first half of the nineteenth century, such as David, Ingres, Gros and Gérard, were busy with their rehabilitation of ancient traditions, when without warning, save for the pale heresies of Constable, a new and rigorous régime was ushered in. It was Turner, Delacroix, Courbet and Daumier who entered the sacred temple, tore down the pillars which had supported it for centuries, and brought the entire structure of established values crashing down about them. They survived the *débâcle*, and when eventually they laid aside their brushes for all time it was with the unassailable knowledge that they had accomplished the greatest and most significant metamorphosis in the history of any art.

But even these hardy anarchists of the new order little dreamed of the extremes to which their heresies would lead. So precipitous and complex has been the evolution of modern painting that few of the most revolutionary moderns have succeeded in keeping mental step with its developments and divagations. During the past few years new modes and manners in art have sprung up with fungus-like rapidity. "Movements" and "schools" have followed one another with astounding pertinacity, each claiming that finality of expression which is the aim of all seekers for truth. And, with but few exceptions, the men who have instigated these innovations have been animated by a serious purpose—that of mastering the problem of æsthetic organization and of circumscribing the one means for obtaining ultimate and indestructible results. But the problems of art, like those of life itself, are in the main unsolvable, and art must ever

be an infinite search for the intractable. Form in painting, like the eternal readjustments and equilibria of life, is but an approximation to stability. The forces in all art are the forces of life, coördinated and organized. No plastic form can exist without rhythm: not rhythm in the superficial harmonic sense, but the rhythm which underlies the great fluctuating and equalizing forces of material existence. Such rhythm is symmetry in movement. On it all form, both in art and life, is founded.

Form in its artistic sense has four interpretations. First, it exhibits itself as shallow imitation of the surface aspects of nature, as in the work of such men as Sargent, Sorolla and Simon. Secondly, it contains qualities of solidity and competent construction such as are found in the paintings of Velazquez, Hogarth and Degas. Thirdly, it is a consummate portrayal of objects into which arbitrary arrangement has been introduced for the accentuation of volume. Raphael, Poussin and Goya exemplify this expression of it. Last, form reveals itself, not as an objective thing, but as an abstract phenomenon capable of giving the sensation of palpability. All great art falls under this final interpretation. But form, to express itself æsthetically, must be composed; and here we touch the controlling basis of all art:—organization. Organization is the use put to form for the production of rhythm. The first step in this process is the construction of line, line being the direction taken by one or more forms. In purely decorative rhythm the lines flow harmoniously from side to side and from top to bottom on a given surface. In the greatest art the lines are bent forward and backward as well as laterally so that, by their orientation in depth, an impression of profundity is added to that of height and breadth. Thus the simple image of decoration is destroyed, and a microcosmos is created in its place. Rhythm then becomes the inevitable adjustment of approaching and receding lines, so that they will reproduce the placements and displacements to be found in the human body when in motion.

To understand, and hence fully to appreciate, a painting, we must be able to recognize its inherent qualities by the process of intellectual reasoning. By this is not implied mechanical or scientific observation. Were this necessary, art would resolve itself

into a provable theory and would produce in us only such mental pleasure as we feel before a perfect piece of intricate machinery. But once we comprehend those constitutional qualities which pervade all great works of art, plastic and graphic, the sensuous emotion will follow so rapidly as to give the effect of spontaneity. This process of conscious observation in time becomes automatic and exerts itself on every work of art we inspect. Once adjusted to an assimilation of the rhythmic compositions of El Greco and Rubens, we have become susceptible to the tactile sensation of form in all painting. And this subjective emotion is keener than the superficial sensation aroused by the prettiness of design, the narrative of subject-matter, or the quasi-realities of transcription. More and more as we proximate to a true understanding of the principles of art, shall we react to those deeper and larger qualities in a painting which are not to be found in its documentary and technical side. Also our concern with the transient sentiments engendered by a picture's external aspects will become less and less significant. Technique, dramatic feeling, subject, and even accuracy of drawing, will be relegated to the subsidiary and comparatively unimportant position they hold in relation to a painting's *æsthetic purpose*.

The lack of comprehension—and consequently the ridicule—which has met the efforts of modern painters, is attributable not alone to a misunderstanding of their seemingly extravagant and eccentric mannerisms, but also to an ignorance of the basic postulates of all great art both ancient and modern. Proof of this is afforded by the constant statements of preference for the least effectual of older painters over the greatest of the moderns. These preferences, if they are symptomatic of aught save the mere habit of a mind immersed in tradition, indicate an immaturity of artistic judgment which places prettiness above beauty, and sentimentality and documentary interest above subjectivity of emotion. The fallacies of such judgment can best be indicated by a parallel consideration of painters widely separated as to merit, but in whom these different qualities are found. For instance, the prettiness of Reynolds, Greuze and Murillo is as marked as the prettiness of Titian, Giorgione and Renoir. The latter are by far the greater artists; yet, had we no other critical

standard save that of charm, the difference between them and the others would be indistinguishable. Zuloaga, Whistler, Botticelli and Böcklin are as inspirational of sentiment as Tintoretto, Corot, Raphael and Poussin; but by no authentic criterion are they as great painters. Again, were drama and simple narrative æsthetic considerations, Regnault, Brangwyn, and Antonino Molineri would rank with Valerio Castello, Rubens and Ribera.

In one's failure to distinguish between the apparent and the organic purposes of art lies the greatest obstacle to an appreciation of what has come to be called modern painting. The truths of modern art are no different from those of ancient art. A Cézanne landscape is not dissimilar in aim to an El Greco. The one is merely more advanced as to methods than the other. Nor do the canvases of the most ultra-modern schools strive toward an æsthetic manifestation radically unlike that aspired to in Michelangelo's *Slaves*. Serious modern art, despite its often formidable and bizarre appearance, is only a striving to rehabilitate the natural and unalterable principles of rhythmic form to be found in the old masters, and to translate them into relative and more comprehensive terms. We have the same animating ideal in the pictures of Giotto and Matisse, Rembrandt and Renoir, Botticelli and Gauguin, Watteau and Picasso, Poussin and Friesz, Raphael and Severini. The later men differ from their antecedents in that they apply new and more vital methods to their work. Modern art is the logical and natural outgrowth of ancient art; it is the art of yesterday heightened and intensified as the result of systematic and painstaking experimentation in the media of expression.

The search for composition—that is, for perfectly poised form in three dimensions—has been the impelling dictate of all great art. Giotto, El Greco, Masaccio, Tintoretto and Rubens, the greatest of all the old painters, strove continually to attain form as an abstract emotional force. With them the organization of volumes came first. The picture was composed as to line. Out of this grew the subject-matter—a demonstration *a posteriori*. The human figure and the recognizable natural object were only auxiliaries, never the sought-for result. In all this they were inherently modern, as that word should be understood; for

the new conception of art strives more and more for the emotion rather than the appearance of reality. The objects, whether arbitrary or photographic, which an artist uses in a picture are only the material through which plastic form finds expression. They are the means, not the end. If in the works of truly significant art there is a dramatic, narrative or illustrative interest, it will be found to be the incidental and not the important concomitant of the picture.

Therefore it is not remarkable that, with the introduction of new methods, the illustrative side of painting should tend toward minimization. The elimination of all the superfluities from art is but a part of the striving toward defecation. Since the true test of painting lies in its subjective power, modern artists have sought to divorce their work from all considerations other than those directly allied to its primary function. This process of separation advanced hand in hand with the evolution of new methods. First it took the form of the distortion of natural objects. The accidental shape of trees, hills, houses and even human figures was altered in order to draw them into the exact form demanded by the picture's composition. Gradually, by the constant practice of this falsification, objects became almost unrecognizable. In the end the illustrative obstacle was entirely done away with. This was the logical outcome of the sterilizing modern process. To judge a picture competently, one must not consider it as a mere depiction of life or as an anecdote: one must bring to it an intelligence capable of grasping a complicated counterpoint. The attitude of even such men as Celesti, Zanchi, Padovanino and Bononi is never that of an illustrator, in no matter how sublimated a sense, but of a composer whose aim is to create a polymorphic conception with the recognizable materials at hand.

Were art to be judged from the pictorial and realistic viewpoint we might find many meticulous craftsmen of as high an objective efficiency as were the men who stood at the apex of genuine artistic worth—that is, craftsmen who arrived at as close and exact a transcription of nature, who interpreted current moods and mental aspects as accurately, and who set forth superficial emotions as dramatically. Velazquez's *Philip IV*, Titian's

Emperor Charles V, Holbein's *The Ambassadors*, Guardi's *The Grand Canal—Venice*, Mantegna's *The Dead Christ* and Dürer's *Four Naked Women* reproduce their subjects with as much painstaking exactitude as do El Greco's *Resurrection of Christ*, Giotto's *Descent from the Cross*, Masaccio's *Saint Peter Baptising the Pagans*, Tintoretto's *The Miracle of Saint Mark*, Michelangelo's *Creation of the Sun and Moon*, and Rubens's *The Earl and Countess of Arundel*. But these latter pictures are important for other than pictorial reasons. Primarily they are organizations, and as such they are of æsthetic value. Only secondarily are they to be appraised as representations of natural objects. In the pictures of the former list there is no synthetic coördination of tactile forms. Such paintings represent merely "subject-matter" treated capably and effectively. As sheer painting from the artisan's standpoint they are among the finest examples of technical dexterity in art history. But as contributions to the development of a pure art form they are valueless.

In stating that the moderns have changed the quality and not the nature of art, there is no implication that in many instances the great men of the past, even with limited means, have not surpassed in artistic achievement the men of to-day who have at hand more extensive means. Great organizers of plastic form have, because of their tremendous power, done with small means more masterly work than lesser men with large means. For instance, Goya as an artist surpasses Manet, and Rembrandt transcends Daumier. This principle holds true in all the arts. Balzac, ignorant of modern literary methods, is greater than George Moore, a master of modern means. And Beethoven still remains the colossal figure in music, despite the vastly increased modern scope of Richard Strauss's methods. Methods are useless without the creative will. But granting this point (which unconsciously is the stumbling block of nearly all modern art critics), new and fuller means, even in the hands of inferior men, are not the proper subject for ridicule.

It must not be forgotten that the division between old and modern art is not an equal one. Modern art began with Delacroix less than a hundred years ago, while art up to that time had many centuries in which to perfect the possibilities of its re-

sources. The new methods are so young that painters have not had time to acquire that mastery of material without which the highest achievement is impossible. Even in the most praiseworthy modern art we are conscious of that intellectual striving in the handling of new tools which is the appanage of immaturity. Renoir, the greatest exponent of Impressionistic means, found his artistic stride only in his old age, after a long and arduous life of study and experimenting. His canvases since 1905 are the first in which we feel the fluency and power which come only after a slow and sedulous process of osmosis. Compare, for instance, his early and popular *Le Moulin de la Galette* with his later portraits, such as *Madame T. et Son Fils* and *Le Petit Peintre*, and his growth is at once apparent.

The evolution of means is answerable to the same laws as the *progressus* in any other line of human endeavor. The greatest artists are always culminations of long lines of experimentations. In this they are eclectic. The organization of observation is in itself too absorbing a labor to permit of a free exercise of the will to power. The blinding burst of genius at the time of the Renaissance was the breaking forth of the accrued power of generations. Modern art, having no tradition of means, has sapped and dispersed the vitality of its exponents by imposing upon them the necessity for empirical research. It is for this reason that we have no men in modern art who approximate as closely to perfection as did many of the older painters. But had Rubens, with his colossal vision, had access to modern methods his work would have been more powerful in its intensity and more far-reaching in its scope.

However, in the brief period of modern art two decided epochs have been brought to a close through this accumulation and eruption of experimental activities in individuals. Renoir brought to a focus the divergent rays of his predecessors, and terminated that cycle of experimentation and research which started with Delacroix, Turner, Constable, Daumier and Courbet, was carried forward by Manet, developed into Impressionism by Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and Guillaumin, and was later turned into scientific channels by the Neo-Impressionists, Signac, Seurat and Cross. Renoir rejected the fallacies of these earlier

men and made use of their vital discoveries, coördinating and rationalizing them, and welding them into definite artistic achievements. The second modern cycle began with Cézanne. Into his canvases he incorporated the aspirations and accomplishments of the first cycle, and applied the new methods to the expression of the rhythmic laws of composition and organization which had been established by the old masters. He was, as he himself said, the "primitive" of this new epoch. Henri-Matisse, the Cubists and the Futurists in turn advanced on Cézanne's procedure, carrying his impetus nearer and nearer abstract purity. And a more recent art school, Synchronism, by making use of the achievements of Cézanne, Cubism and Michelangelo, and by adding to them new discoveries in the dynamics of color, has opened up a new vista of possibilities in the expressing of æsthetic form. In this last school was completed the second modern cycle. Once these new modes, which are indicative of modern art, become understood and pass into the common property of the younger men, we shall have achievement which will be as complete as the masterpieces of old, and which will, in addition, be more poignant.

Although the methods of the older painters were more restricted than those of the moderns, the actual materials at their disposal were fully as extended as ours of to-day. But knowledge concerning them was incomplete. As a consequence, all artists antecedent to Delacroix found expression only in those qualities which are susceptible to reproduction in black and white. In many cases the sacrifice of color enhances the intrinsic merit of such reproductions, for often the characteristics of the different colors oppose the purposes of a picture's planes. To-day we know that certain colors are opaque, others transparent; some approach the eye, others recede. But the ancients were ignorant of these things, and their canvases contained many contradictions: there was a continuous warring between linear composition and color values. They painted solids violet, and transpicious planes yellow—thereby unconsciously defeating their own ends, for violet is limpid, and yellow tangible. In one-tone reproductions such inconsistencies are eliminated, and the signification of the picture thereby clarified. It was Rubens who embodied the de-

finest attributes of ancient art in their highest degree of pliability, and who carried the impulse toward creation to a point of complexity unattained by any other of the older men. In him we see the culmination of the evolution of linear development of light and dark. From his time to the accession of the moderns the ability to organize was on the decrease. There was a weakening of perception, a decline of the æsthetic faculty. The chaotic condition of this period was like the darkness which always broods over the world before some cleansing force sweeps it clean and ushers in a new and greater cycle.

The period of advancement of these old methods extends from prehistoric times to the beginning of the nineteenth century. On the walls of the caverns in Altamira and the Dordogne are drawings of mammoths, horses and bison in which, despite the absence of details, the actual approach to nature is at times more sure and masterly than in the paintings of such highly cultured men as Botticelli and Pisanello. The action in some of them is pronounced; and the vision, while simple, is that of men conscious of a need for compactness and balance. Here the art is simply one of outline, heavy and prominent at times, light and almost indistinguishable at others; but this grading of line was the result of a deeper cause than a tool slipping or refusing to mark. It was the consequence of a need for rhythm which could be obtained only by the accentuation of parts. The drawings were generally single figures, and rarely were more than two conceived as an inseparable design. Later, the early primitives used symmetrical groupings for the same purpose of interior decorating. Then came simple balance, the shifting and disguise of symmetry, and with it a nearer approach to the *imprévu* of nature. This style was employed for many generations until the great step was taken which brought about the Renaissance. The sequential aspect of line appeared, permitting of rhythm and demanding organization. Cimabue and Giotto were the most prominent exponents of this advance. From that time forward the emotion derived from actual form was looked upon by artists as a necessary adjunct to a picture. With this attitude came the aristocracy of vision and the abrogation of painting as mere exalted craftsmanship.

After that the evolution of art was rapid. In the contempla-

tion of solidly and justly painted figures the artist began to extend his mind into space and to use rhythm of line that he might express himself in depth as well as surfacely. Thus he preconized organization in three dimensions, and by so doing opened the door on an infinity of æsthetic ramifications. From the beginning, tone balance—that is, the agreeable distribution of blacks, whites and greys—had gone forward with the development of line, so that with the advent of depth in painting the arrangement of tones became the medium through which all the other qualities were made manifest.

In the strict sense, the art of painting up to a hundred years ago had been only drawing. Color was used only for ornamental or dramatic purposes. After the first simple copying of nature's tints in a wholly restricted manner, the use of color advanced but little. It progressed toward harmony, but its dramatic possibilities were only dimly felt. Consequently its primitive employment for the enhancement of the decorative side of painting was adhered to. This was not because the older painters were without the necessary pigments. Their colors in many instances were brighter and more permanent than ours. But they were satisfied with the effects obtained from black-and-white expression. They looked upon color as a delicacy, an accessory, something to be taken as the gourmet takes dessert. Its true significance was thus obscured beneath the artists' complacency. As great an artist as Giorgione considered it from the conventional viewpoint, and never attempted to deviate toward its profounder meanings. The old masters filled their canvases with shadows and light without suspecting that light itself is simply another name for color.

The history of modern art is broadly the history of the development of form by the means of color—that is to say, modern art tends toward the purification of painting. Color is capable of producing all the effects possible to black and white, and in addition of exciting an emotion more acute. It was only with the advent of Delacroix, the first great modern, that the dramatic qualities of color were intelligently sensed. But even with him the conception was so slight that the effects he attained were but meagrely effective. After Delacroix further experiments in color

led to the realistic translation of certain phases of nature. The old static system of copying trees in green, shadows in black and skies in blue did not, as was commonly believed, produce realism. While superficially nature appeared in the colors indicated, a close observation later revealed the fact that a green tree in any light comprises a diversity of colors, that all sunlit skies have a residue of yellow, and hence that shadows are violet rather than black. This newly unearthed realism of light became the battle cry of the younger men in the late decades of the nineteenth century, and reached parturition in the movement erroneously called Impressionism, a word philologically opposed to the thing it wished to elucidate. The ancients had painted landscape as it appeared broadly at a first glance. The Impressionists, being interested in nature as a manifestation in which light plays the all-important part, transferred it bodily onto canvas from that point of view.

Cézanne, looking into their habits more coolly, saw their restrictions. While achieving all their atmospheric aims, he went deeper into the mechanics of color, and with this knowledge achieved form as well as light. This was another step forward in the development of modern methods. With him color began to near its true and ultimate significance as a functioning element. Later, with the aid of the scientists, Chevreul, Superville, Helmholtz and Rood, other artists made various departures into the field of color, but their enterprises were failures. Then came Matisse, who made improvements on the harmonic side of color. But because he ignored the profounder lessons of Cézanne he succeeded only in the fabrication of a highly organized decorative art. Not until the advent of the Synchronists, whose first public exhibition took place in Munich in 1913, were any further crucial advances made. These artists completed Cézanne in that they rationalized his dimly foreshadowed precepts.

To understand the basic significance of painting it is necessary to revise our method of judgment. As yet no æsthetician has recorded a *rationale* for art valuation. Taine put forth many illuminating suggestions regarding the fundamentals of form, but the critics have paid scant heed. Prejudice, personal taste, metaphysics and even the predilections of sentiment, still govern the

world's judgments and appreciations. We are slaves to accuracy of delineation, to prettiness of design, to the whole suite of material considerations which are deputies to the organic and intellectual qualities of a work of art. It is the common thing to find criticisms—even from the highest sources—which praise or condemn a picture according to the nearness of its approach to the reality of its subject. Such observations are confusing and irrelevant. Were realism the object of art, painting would always be infinitely inferior to life—a mere simulacrum of our daily existence, ever inadequate in its illusion. The moment we attach other than purely æsthetic values to paintings—either ancient or modern—we are confronted by so extensive and differentiated a set of tests that chaos or error is unavoidable. In the end we shall find that our conclusions have their premises, not in the work of art itself, but in personal and extraneous considerations. A picture to be a great work of art need not contain any recognizable objects. Provided it gives the sensation of rhythmically balanced form in three dimensions, it will have accomplished all that the greatest masters of art have ever striven for.

Once we divest ourselves of traditional integuments, modern painting will straightway lose its mystery. Despite the many charlatans who clothe their aberrations with its name, it is a sincere reaching forth of the creative will to find a medium by which the highest emotions may most perfectly be expressed. We have become too complex to enjoy the simple theatre any more. Our minds call for a more forceful emotion than the simple imitation of life can give. We require problems, inspirations, incentives to thought. The simple melody of many of the old masters can no longer interest us because of its very simplicity. As the complicated and organized forces of life become comprehensible to us, we shall demand more and more that our analytic intelligences be mirrored in our enjoyments.

[Beginning with the next issue of The Forum, Mr. Wright will contribute to this magazine a regular monthly article of criticism and comment on the more important current activities in the field of art.—Editor.]

THE GARDEN OF GEDDES

HUNTLY CARTER

THERE never was a time, even when life was gloriously appointed to lift men to Parnassian heights, when the making of gracious gardens was thought so desirable. At least one great man has arisen to embody the thought, to demonstrate anew the magic of gardens: and wherever the precious work of garden-making is to be done, wherever towns and cities are asking to be once more beautiful settings for beautiful souls, this great garden-maker is there. Patrick Geddes is the master-gardener of modern social aspiration—the aspiration towards a civic renaissance.

The purpose of the great man is to annex the universe and remould it in his likeness; to test it in the crucible of his mind and to distil therefrom a solution of its mysteries. The rôle of Geddes is, let us say, to play a leading part in the re-making of the globe as the Paradise of an inspired gardener. He has everything for the beautiful consummation of his fairyland. To-day is auspicious for the beginning of a new world, founded upon the transplendent traditions of the old. The master-gardener of these two hemispheres gathers up and focusses in one comprehensive study the influences of the past and present which are to be the forces of to-morrow. He is a union of its oldest and newest. He unites ancient seeing and modern doing, prophetic vision and practical interpretation, Greek theory and Georgian experiment. He expresses the secret aspiration of the human will to enter into more fruitful relations with the universe. He is the interpreter of a renewed desire for a world that shall be a place of oracle and interpretation in one. To him the right function of the world is the manifestation of beauty and life.

II

The roots of every man's life are the early formative influences of place, people and work. Place, parents and occupation; these are his chief good or bad. From this we may infer that the most appropriate place for a creative gardener to be born in

is Eden. In a more than metaphorical sense, we might say of the earliest home of Geddes that it was an Eden. What else is a garden opening on one side to the tender beauty of a lowland valley and on the other looking out upon the rugged grandeur of highland ranges—a garden in which a noble father, at once gardener and botanist, teaches, by example and precept, his child to enjoy and create beauty, to understand nature, to learn the delights of work and play under the open sky? This Eden was near Perth on the banks of the Tay, that “goddess river,” as Ruskin calls it. Here, where nature lifted Ruskin and Scott to the heights of eloquent description; where “highland weds lowland”; where the grey walls of the old historic city cleave the stretching brown lowlands as with a sword, and bordering blue hills look down as upon a receptive soul set in the realm of romance, he first received the seal of the charm of locality and became spiritualized by its glory, his passion and dreams.

What was the message conveyed to him by this magical landscape? What, under the given conditions, would be the direction imparted to a child mind by feasts of nature impressions alternating with the disciplined life and work of the garden? Would it not be a forecasting of phases of his development? The mountains would lift his mind to thoughts of light and the ascent of Man. Upon their high crests—forming nature’s Outlook Tower—in the long-drawn pageant of the clouds he would see the processional of the earth. From his high Watch Tower he would see the towers and spires of temples and palaces fretting the deepening violet, drifting and changing, changing and drifting, as cities have ever done across an evolutionary sea. To him indeed the treasures of the sky would visualize the facts of the earth; for what is the play of the wind and the clouds but a symbol of that eternal conflict—spiritual and temporal—man’s struggle for existence? Down in the restful lowlands, too, would be the beginnings of perception and reflection; a mist of plant and flower-shapes to form his artistic taste for all that is attractive and beautiful in form and color. And in due course he would pass in turn from the study of form, color, structure and qualities, to the study of the cultivation of plants and flowers, thence in ever-widening circles to the study of gardens, to their

larger uses, to their relation to and comparison with humanity, and thus arrive gradually at a conception of the Universe as one vast garden wherein he would see Life symbolized as a tree with its roots in the past, its branches and members in the present and its blossoming in the future. To him *arbor vitæ* would be emblematic of man's seeing and doing in the past, present, and possible. Thus from child nature-student Geddes passed to child gardener; and from a life-centred universe he unconsciously gathered the germs of a life-centred philosophy.

And so the founder of nature-study and the modern science of civics grew under the formative influences of glowing nature among the Highlands and Lowlands, the chief human instruction he received being the simple teaching and severe example of his parents. If he received systematic school teaching also, it was but to show him how to teach others to avoid it. In this way the seeds of his theory of education were sown in him, and he came instinctively to grasp the evils of our mechanical system of education, the limitations of grammarians and dry-as-dust pedants, and to recognize that it is not by this machinery and these millers that genius is made. Let us mark the advantages which a favorable parentage brought him. From his mother he derived the Covenanting ideals and moral qualities; from his soldier father, the Cavalier ideals and fighting qualities. As a boy, Geddes was brought up on the Bible, and it may be said that a good deal of his inspiration, like that of Ruskin, comes from the Old Testament. Along with the study of the Bible went that of nature. This balanced installation of his mind in the properties of life and spirit was wisely preserved throughout and was doubtless the most precious and essential part of his education. Hence he attained a secure ground for future activity; for it was revealed to him that only through nature can we ascend.

III

The construction of Professor Geddes' ideal universe, then, began at a very early period of his history. The whole process may be divided into seven stages. In the first decade we see him seeking to escape from the artificial to the natural order, to

discover a renewed contact with nature, forming a conception of a universal garden in the midst of which shall be a tower whence man may watch the unfolding of the immense drama of life. In the second decade we watch him turn from organic to spiritual gardening, from the study of origins and sources to inquiry and experiment in the possibilities of culture. We may now regard him as fully equipped with the cosmic vision calling for the changed point of view and impelling his thoughts in the direction of widened study, travel and a systematic application of thought to detail. His mind was doubtless now holding seeds of a surprising new outlook demanding to be fertilized in any sort of theoretic light, and with the aid of curiosity, observation and invention. In short, by the opening of the second decade he had fully realized that his work was to be of an idealistic nature, and he was to seek and to reveal the relations and the principles of order and progress, of unity and beauty in place, people and work, answering to the three divisions of man and his environment and occupation.

On leaving school and the study of dry bones he was given the same freedom of choice as hitherto. His father, as though recognizing in him the true wandering Scots scholar with a thirst for knowledge in every field, full of courage, possessing a wonderful constitution, not without physical attractions, certainly by way of becoming the admirable Crichton of his day, and ready to dispute or fight with any man, invited him to choose his own career and teachers. But, though appreciating freedom, he did not overlook the utility of authority and decided that his son should have the best part of a year seeing something of the more serious side of life before finally releasing him to his own intentions. Accordingly Geddes served a year at a bank and during that period was disciplined in essential daily routine. His ideas now began to take definite shape and at the end of his commercial experience he determined to become a naturalist. By this time he had cultivated a love of reading and he naturally turned to the strenuous and strong intellectuals—Ruskin, Huxley, Darwin and the rest. In pursuit of his naturalistic bent he sought in turn textbook and laboratory. Being desirous of getting close to Darwin, his first step was to come to London. He was full of enthusiasm

for his newly-discovered gods and "teachers," an enthusiasm which led him to select Chelsea as a temporary resting place. He found Chelsea exceedingly congenial, for there lived Thomas Carlyle, that typical idealist of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, and we may imagine him following Carlyle about with rapture in a land overflowing with hero-worshippings. Having discovered London and Carlyle, and being still in pursuit of Darwin, he naturally chose Huxley, as a teacher. The chase, as he confessed later, though not without drawbacks, had fruitful results, largely owing to the logical organization and acute intelligence of Geddes' mind. He was not long with Huxley before he discovered that he had placed himself under a necrologist. For of Huxley it has to be said that Life, in itself, was not his dominating thought, as it was with Darwin, who, as Geddes tells us, "was a plain field-naturalist, whose high originality and rare success depended not a little on his having successfully evaded his would-be systematic teachers at school and college alike." It is interesting to note how closely Geddes' way into science followed that of Darwin "as truant and field naturalist, as traveller and explorer, as dreamer and theory-maker."

Geddes, on Huxley's advice, occupied one of his vacations working through the development of the chick and on his own account added the reading of Spencer's *Principles of Biology*. On learning that he had been reading Spencer, Huxley reprimanded him, remarking that he ought to have dissected all the time. The effect of this was to set Geddes inquiring of himself, "Why should I not read Spencer?" and as a result he read Spencer again in order to find a reply. This led him to the discovery that Spencer's view of nature was wider and more humanistic than Huxley's or Darwin's. It was more conformable with what Geddes had learned from his gardening and his Ruskin. To Spencer the world appeared composed not only of competing but of coöperating factors; the male is the inevitable accompaniment of the female. His biology was in fact constructed on the generalization which says that the nutritive or self-regarding factor belongs to the male, and the reproductive or species-regarding factor belongs to the female. For this rea-

son the reproductive female and the nutritive male are ever seeking to unite either in human or religious forms. Spencer not only gave the nineteenth century this law, but he traced it all through nature. The discovery of Spencer's law had a potent effect on Geddes. It led him to take up anew the whole question of reproduction and sex. The attempt to actualize his newly found riches first appeared in the great formative thesis first published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and afterwards embodied in the famous work, *The Evolution of Sex*, written in conjunction with Professor J. Arthur Thomson. This international legacy has made more men rich than is dreamt of in twentieth century biology. It has created schools of thought in places as far apart as Vienna and Chicago. Its ideas have been winnowed wherever progressive science has become almost a religion. Its principles have been applied in psychology, sociology and philosophy. As to results: it is bringing back to religion the concentrating element of sex which in all the great religions of the past was the central factor of the whole religious system, so far as religion relates to man, to man and woman, to man and nature. Science is bringing back sex into religion and restoring the perfect balance of that high ideal of human beings—the balance of the Divine Man and the Divine Woman. As Huxley drove Geddes to Spencer, so he drove him to Comte. Shortly after the beginning of his second year with Huxley, Geddes heard him deliver a severe criticism of the Comtian system. Geddes, who was always challenging authority, naturally thought that a person like Huxley who attacked Comte did so for some reason which Comte himself could supply. Accordingly he turned to Comte's writings and found there what Galton and sociological naturalists insufficiently realized, namely, the tremendous difference between organic and social inheritance, the difference in fact between Fatalism and Free-will. Comte saw the whole human race as one man getting an experience of the race through the six doors of sense impressions. He was the first, if not to grasp, yet to demonstrate this vision, through all history. In this way he exalted social inheritance where organic inheritance had been, and refusing to regard all men as one species dominated by one invariable law of inheritance, he set each

free to choose his own civic heritage. His efforts naturally opened the eyes of more than one acute reasoner and observer to the idea that beneath the stones of vast cities, in the monuments of the past, the soul of man lies buried. In the hands of Geddes, Comte's generalization has advanced to results which go far beyond his positivism. It has naturally led to a renaissance of Civics and of more civic man.

Comte must have been Geddes' first incentive to the study of Civics. For no sooner did the young biologist with his strong habit of reasoning and observing catch the entrancing idea, than he was off in quest of the facts that support it. Off, in a mood of boundless adventure, he went through all the old cities, learning how each age had selected from the past all the resources that can be brought together to make a calm and beautiful dwelling for the spirit; and how each city became a symbol of the past, the heaven or hell of to-day, a prophecy of to-morrow. Thus through all Europe he has led the moderns increasingly to trace the enchainment of past, present and future. His example has given an impulse to the re-discovery of the Middle Ages; it has called forth roving Anglo-American commissions which have made the old continental towns and cities the object of the most careful and critical scientific and artistic investigation and research. Starting out as hygienists with the aim of learning the secret of planning spacious air-fed and sun-lit towns and cities, they have become artists by the sheer force of the artistic associations into which their mission has led them. Geddes was, in fact, the forerunner of the present-day brilliant group of town-planners and builders.

But the systematic study of his newly found science of Civics was but one of his later activities. We have still to consider his development as a naturalist. After two years dissecting with Huxley, overhauling dry bones of anatomy for five and six hours a day, he took Darwin's hint to seek a real contact with life. Accordingly he went to the marine biological station at Roscoff, where for a time he lived and worked with "three simple, unskilled fishermen naturalists." He was especially attracted by the spur of this mode of study, which seemed the realization of his own dream of education. He undertook it in characteristic

fashion, was up and out at four every morning, fair or foul, fishing and dredging, thus bringing back the spoil of the sea; and it is not too much to believe that he learned more during this short spell of real naturalist life, more from the simple nature-fishermen, than he could have learnt otherwise in a generation. Following the experience at the Roscoff Zoological Station came a winter in Paris, where Geddes worked mostly at technical biological science and where he contrived to get a liberal education in the difficult art of conversation. Paris also brought him in contact with Le Play. The importance of this event cannot be overrated. For it was the Le Play school of social geography which taught him to appreciate the fundamental importance of the factors of region and occupation; in a word, the vital significance of the geographical factor in the evolution of mankind.

Rigidly logical in his method of self-development, Geddes was now attaining his great end only by the courage and audacity with which he had entered and was passing through the whole circle of the sciences. Leaving biology and nature-study for a moment, let us ask what was he doing in other fields of science? He was going through chemistry and physics with the same thoroughness, the same elaborate preparation as with biology, just mastering every department as he went. As an example of his thoroughness, one may mention the effect on his eyesight was such that he went half blind through the minute study of every geological specimen in the Jermyn-street Museum, and nearly finished his sight by further studies at L'Ecole des Mines, Paris. But with all his close study, he has never produced anything original in chemistry and physics. Why? The answer is simple. Because he learnt them out of text-books under ordinary machine-made professors. He had no inspiring teachers like Comte in history, Spencer in biology and Darwin in bionomics. Indeed one can conceive no more interesting generalization than this which says that the subjects which Geddes has learnt from text-books have produced nothing original in him; while the subjects, history, biology, psychology, sociology, which he learnt practically without text-books, have produced great original thought. The criticism of the destructive effects of authority is obvious. But in spite of having been battered here and there in the con-

ventional educational mill, Geddes does not scorn it altogether. He tells us that he came to enjoy it and enjoys it still. Skeletons and statistics, dates and dead formulæ had no terrors for him, and to-day they are amusing bogies which in his gay moments he uses as cockshies. Perhaps it was because the nature of the process was quite clear to him that he did not treat it seriously.

The time came when Geddes began to think of a career. His wanderings and studies had led him into the heart of his Garden-universe; and throughout and above all he had maintained his position as a gardener. But before settling down to a career, he, as a naturalist, wanted an experience of the tropics, and accordingly he went to Mexico. Here he found himself, for the first time, among men of affairs, who awakened in him the spirit of a diplomat.

IV

In Mexico, Geddes underwent the great crisis of his life. It was here that he was threatened with total loss of sight. The continual strain on his eyesight developed the latent seeds of weakness to such an extent that he was advised that unless he secluded himself in a dark room for some time he would certainly be blind for life. This was doubtless a severe blow, especially as he did not know whether he was about to face a pathological tragedy. That the darkest time might come was possibly never felt by him—a time when all his labors would be rendered fruitless. Indeed, such was the thriving genius of his mind that out of the temporary darkness it extracted the greatest illumination of his life. He saw life definite and complete in his spiritual Camera Obscura. He passed through a moment of fullest revelation. It would be interesting to know to what extent the Camera Obscura and the little empty room for meditation, at Edinburgh's Outlook Tower, owe their origin to this wonderful experience. Besides this impulse to the ordering of his universe arising from the tranquillizing influence of his confinement, were two intellectual experiences of which one at least had a far-reaching influence. His mind and hands being organized to the highest point of fine activity had need of full occupation. As a result he began to make thinking-machines by rolling pieces

of paper, and thus the man who had become spiritual heir to Comte, Darwin and Spencer became heir to Leibnitz, the supreme abstract thinker since Aristotle. It will be remembered that the two great ideals of Leibnitz's life were to reconcile life and religion, and to devise a mechanical logic. Thought had become too complex, even by the seventeenth century, to be handled by verbal logic, and Leibnitz saw that unless Western Europe devised some mechanical means of handling its thought problems, it would get buried beneath specialisms. In consequence he started out to devise a general calculus of thought and whilst so engaged he incidentally discovered the inferential calculus, probably anticipating Newton by a few years. Leibnitz's discovery is a further proof that nearly all great discoveries are made incidentally. Thus Geddes' discovery of Leibnitz's discovery was made incidentally. By his use of paper thinking-machines he was not only continuing the Leibnitz tradition, but demonstrating to present-day thinkers the need and utility of using our fingers and some convenient tool like a piece of paper as a mechanical aid to thought. To the question that Geddes, like Leibnitz, was asking—If we take from the thinking human being his fingers, what do we leave him?—neuro-muscular psychology—one of the greatest psychological advances of the last thirty years—has since answered "very little." It has affirmed the importance of the revival of hand-brain labor, the efficiency of which as a factor in the complete development of the mind is now fully confirmed by modern psychologists; and from the high pursuit of this harmony of action and thought re-initiated by Geddes, has arisen the doctrine of soul and body vision in the completeness and application of which lies much of the future salvation of the human race.

The second intellectual experience had a closer relation to the immediate practical application of his ideas and ideals. As we have seen, his mind was occupied with the question of a career. Beyond this he was faced by the necessity of making a living. But he was a biologist. His mode of thinking was scientific and vital, and at the same time his terms were necessarily biological. Apparently, in his world of nature and animals there was no place for the economic man, and of course no

place in the economic world for the nature man. "Where does the economic man come in the nature world?" he asked; "as far as I can see there is no place for him. The economic man is a fiction of the imagination—a metaphysical abstraction." One thing which led him to this conclusion was his fondness for thoroughness. In order to help his ideas in the desired direction he invited some one to read John Stuart Mill's *Political Economy* to him from without his darkened room, with the result that he discovered Mill to be pre-scientific and of no use whatever in helping him to solve the economic problem which he had in mind. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to think out for himself the scientific view of business; and being a naturalist with the habit of observing things and an expert in classification, he had the preliminary task of classifying facts. The question then arose, where was he to find a clue to the labyrinth of economic facts? He saw that the city was too vast, too huge, too complex, and so eventually he was led to seek and find a clue in International Exhibitions. This experience belongs to the fourth stage of his development.

V

We have so far traced our creative gardener through three stages answering to his seed-time in Eden, his ascent on the wings of empiricism and his temporary suspension above earth while he considered all things in their proper proportions and relations. We now enter with him upon the fourth and most important stage—the realization of his great ideals. That he was well equipped for his task is beyond question. His ability to plan on the largest scale and in accordance with the most advanced ideas, his brilliant personal qualities, his vitalizing force giving life to everything he touched, his tremendous energies frequently either concealed or spread along innumerable open channels, his ever-flaming enthusiasm, encyclopædic knowledge, extraordinary capacity, fine courage, his amazing memory and soaring aspiration—all these fitted him to enter upon inconceivably manifold activities. With renewed strength and sight then he emerged from the Cloister of Contemplation and re-

turned to practical "gardening" armed with new and effective instruments of sociology for ordered and far-reaching study in many and varied directions whose nature and aims it is impossible to discuss fully in the space of this article. Some idea, however, may be given of the methods whereby he began to fertilize the seeds of his early experiences, in general by a survey of his activities and in particular by an examination of four important and determining events.

Soon after his return from Mexico, Geddes was appointed demonstrator in physiology to Professor Burdon-Sanderson (who was professor of philosophy at University College, London, before going to Oxford). Two years later he was asked by Professor Dickson to go and organize his botanical laboratories at Edinburgh University. During the five or six years that he was so occupied he was also an extra-mural lecturer on zoology in the Edinburgh School of Medicine. He kept these two appointments till the early 'nineties, when he was appointed Professor of Botany at the University of Dundee, a post which he still holds. Thus for about thirty years he has been teacher of natural science in a Scotch University. This means that he has been only teaching during three or four summer months of each year. What, then, has he been doing during the other eight months of the year? In a few sentences he has been

- (1) Living the life of a wandering student, going the rounds of the universities in France, America, Italy and Germany.
- (2) Contributing technical papers to learned societies.
- (3) Writing two or three epoch-making books, such as *The Evolution of Sex*.
- (4) Writing many encyclopædic articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, etc.
- (5) Initiating and building up a School of Sociology at Edinburgh—the first school of Sociology in Great Britain.
- (6) Initiating and building up students' Halls of Residence in Edinburgh.
- (7) Initiating nature-study and developing his profes-

sional life as nature teacher. He began his summer school—the first of its kind in Europe—during his vacations, and initiated a regular summer course in Edinburgh. It was a notable endeavor to make a system of education based upon the history and classification of the sciences and parallelism of science, art and literature.

- (8) Originating a new School of Art in Edinburgh, in connection with which he started and ran two periodicals, *The Interpreter* and *Evergreen*.
- (9) Starting a publishing firm, "Patrick Geddes & Colleagues," and issuing therefrom Celtic and scientific literature.
- (10) Planning and partly carrying out the architectural and hygienic reconstruction of Old Edinburgh.
- (11) Making the attempt to generalize all his social studies into a science of civics with its practical policy of city design.
- (12) Applying the principles of this science as adviser to the Carnegie trustees of Dunfermline, and the publication of the pioneer work *City Development*, in which he introduced his plans for transforming Dunfermline and formulated the new science of the city and citizenship.

The four determining events already referred to were (1) Geddes' development of the museum idea; (2) his marriage; (3) his start at a University Hall; and (4) his realization of his Outlook Tower. The first event takes us back to his period of contemplation when he was searching for a key to the economic puzzle. Not finding what he wanted in John Stuart Mill, he went elsewhere and discovered in the International Exhibition a scientific or civic museum containing specimens of all kinds of subjects not always arranged in perfect order, yet affording valuable clues to cities and their fittings, human and other. Here was a new repository of ideas, and perhaps the finest potential means of focussing and ordering the human experience contained in towns, cities, countries, or the world. The compre-

hension of this museum idea was sufficient to impel Geddes to study all the exhibitions possible, especially the great Paris Exposition of 1888, and as a result he summed up his observations of exhibitions in a book, *Industrial Progress*. To this investigation of exhibitions and museums belongs the birth of his Civic Museum idea, which was realized in the Edinburgh Outlook Tower.

Having thus studied facts he was prepared to write systematically on the economic world and he presented two papers before the Royal Society, Edinburgh, summing up the matter. These were called: (1) *Classification of Statistics*; (2) *Analysis of Principles of Economics*. Geddes at this time had not only got the biological habit, but the historical habit also. By the biological habit he was compelled to the phylogenetic view; to wit, the need of knowing the history of every subject which he took up. Hence before he wrote these two papers he thoroughly mastered the history of economic thought and in doing so he found Quesnay's *Tableau Economique* to be the initiating classic of the science of economics. In consequence he turned to Quesnay, whose fundamental economic question happened to be the economizing of the energies of nature. Here indeed was a start for a scientific study—the measurement in standards of physical science of energies in the service of man. Acting upon this initiative, he took each of the sciences in turn and applied their apparatus to economics. By this means he related economics to other sciences and set forth the result as stated above. As a student of Ruskin, Geddes was also led to Ruskin's writings on economics; and the thing of capital importance which he gained from Ruskin was an insight into the relation of art and economics. It taught him that political theory was neglecting the artist, whereas it should be securing his position, and that the living question of the place of art in life needs to be thought out in scientific terms. But above all he confirmed Ruskin's thesis that though the essential wealth is life, yet the most lasting wealth is that contained in art treasures; and this led him to serious and prolonged studies of Picture Galleries as museums of this order of phenomenon. After a long, minute, careful and effectual study of the leading picture galleries of Europe, including both permanent and private collections, he summed up his new ex-

perience in two small books called *Every Man His Own Art Critic*, which are perhaps the first attempt to apply scientific method to Art Criticism.

Another event of immense importance is to be found in Geddes' marriage in 1885. Hitherto he had been the true wandering scholar searching for perfect order, finding a place for everything and setting everything in its place. But now came marriage to put an end, so to speak, to his wanderings and to anchor him to actual achievements. Marriage was indeed a second great turning point (the first having been his period of blindness) in his career. He goes nearly blind and all the threads of his vast experience unite; he marries and the strands begin to separate streaming towards Heaven in actual endeavor. So brought to a centre of action, he plunges into practical municipal reform, enters definitely upon social experiment, indulges a taste for political analysis. Under his transforming hand Old Edinburgh begins to sing of Redemption. The Closes give up their accumulated horrors and renew their ancient beauty and are wed to new ideals. One of these ideals was the establishment of a common place of residence for university students, the third in our list of important events. What was the aim of this ideal? It was to bring the university into line with a world-wide movement toward unity of life, learning and labor. It was more. It was an attempt to restore that element of associated life to universities which is the true fundamental need and the basis of university development.

With the breakdown of university residence in Europe (apart from the significant exception of Oxford and Cambridge) had come the pernicious view that a university is the stuff of which students are made, and that students flourish on mouthfuls of the stuff which they are expected to chew at leisure in complete isolation. This was setting aside the true view that students are the stuff of which the university is made, and if this stuff is allowed to become effete through lack of that proper association by means of which its vitality is maintained, then the university becomes effete also. Geddes was conscious of the evil effect of students being isolated in residences outside universities, he saw they were losing the spur of common life and

endeavor, and were fast degenerating into solitary workers and isolated units who, like professors and research workers separated from each other in little watertight compartments, have nothing in common save disastrous limitations and an outlook which is dangerous in an ugly and narrow sense. Life is not cloistered, neither should its workers be. Arguing thus, Geddes formulated his plans for bringing together Edinburgh students to a common life, and thus constructing a working model symbolizing the unity of endeavor, according to which new universities might be constructed.

Throughout the earlier part of the fourth decade of his life, Geddes was steadily working toward his main ideal—the establishment of a sociological laboratory which would aim to be a centre of vision, a world synthesis, a place for experiment and a centre for the teaching and application of all vitally educational methods; in short, a laboratory whose chief object would be seeing and doing. As a house of vision it would relate to all that concerns seeing, thus representing and illustrating history and evolution by means of a properly arranged system of graphics. As a temple of doing it would centralize effort and lay the foundations of the modern manner of the application to society of the scientific method,—society considered in its three-fold aspect—environment, organism and function. At last an opportunity arose for the realization of this ideal. A house known as “Short’s Observatory,” situated at one of the highest points overlooking both old and new Edinburgh, became available for the purpose of forming an Outlook Tower, and Great Britain’s first Sociological Laboratory. The first efforts of Geddes were to transform his citadel into an Interpreter’s house,—a place both of vision and interpretation,—in such a way that the most uninitiated person would understand something about the vast pageant of life, and scientific persons themselves would be led to abandon the bad habit of reading about things instead of looking at them. All the rooms from the Edinburgh room to the World room are arranged in succeeding circles so that as we proceed we gain an ever-expanding vision of man and his environment. Thus we go spiralling toward the infinite, pausing in this little room for a moment for calm contemplation, and in

that Camera Obscura for a vision of civic life as a many-colored phantasmagoria. This house of many circles is the parent of many others to follow. In such Towers, circles of workers will renew the city and region to which each belongs, conducting researches into every aspect of the three elements—place, people, work—of which each city and region is composed. The Outlook Tower then is in fact not only a brilliant visualization of the panorama of civic life; it is a prophecy of a coming time when every City's centre and goal will be its Civic Temple. Herein civic workers will visualize and organize the city in its threefold aspect and thereby make its most inspiring ideas and ideals easily accessible to all.

[*To be concluded*]

AT THE METROPOLITAN

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

WHITE as a timid Vestal, starry-cinct,
Moon on her hair and midnight in her eyes—
Like an unfleshed pale soul Isolde stands.

Through the grey gloom her amorous Tristan comes.
Fleet, fleet! her soul is fleeter than his feet;
Swift, swift! her wish is swifter than his tread!
Come! or she dies of waiting.

Her sad song
Streams out to him like a long radiance
Over a bleak grey sea! "O haste," she cries,
"Come!" With impatient ruthless hands she tears
And waves white scarves as though they were her love.
First slow, reluctant, tremulous as when
She gave the tardy garnered sweets of lust—
Then faster, keener, bitterly she waves,
Flinging her very being to the night.
"White wings, white scarf-wings, waft him in to me!"
Isolde, poised on thy grey turret-top,
Isolde, thou the dominant white note
Of all this sweeping, sobbing threnody,
O eager yearning woman, thou and I
Have waited with our want against our lips.
Isolde, we have waited—humbly first,
Then bitter and then agonized—then mad,
Mad with the mortal anguish of it all.
And now our time is near.

So, thou and I
And all our waiting sisterhood of women
Wave tenuous terrible scarf-wings of the spirit,
Clamorous, stirred and calling for our Own!

Come, waited, wanted lover ere we flee
Upward and starward, free of flesh and thee!

MUSTERING NATURE'S MERCENARIES

ELIZABETH A. WARD

FEW people have any adequate conception of the enormous damage done by injurious insects. The Department of Agriculture at Washington a few years ago placed the annual commercial loss to our country from insect pests at from five to six hundred million dollars. In 1899 the Fiji Islanders estimated that they lost eighty per cent. of their oranges annually from fruit fly infestation, and Queensland, Australia, nearly abandoned hope of growing fruit successfully because all means had failed to control the fruit flies. In view of such facts, entomologists and horticulturalists are uniting forces in a campaign that is bound to be epoch-making in its service to humanity.

In the ordinary course of nature a balance is continually maintained between insects that subsist upon vegetation and the parasites of these insects. Without this balance the earth would soon be denuded of every trace of vegetable matter and animal life also would shortly disappear. Where extensive cultivation of the soil is carried on the introduced crops disturb nature's order, and the greater abundance of a given variety of plant food gives greatly increased opportunities for its enemies to thrive since the chances are against a corresponding introduction of natural checks. A strong example of this disturbed equilibrium was furnished by California in the late 'eighties, when her fruit industry was advancing with incredible rapidity. Besides the great deciduous orchards already established in the central part of the State, the citrus groves of Southern California were rapidly extending over large areas. With the introduction of these great quantities of fruit trees, most of them imported stock, came numerous varieties of scale and other pests, which, set free from natural restraints, multiplied with menacing rapidity. Quarantine laws were established as early as 1887, but the work was new, the territory was large and the fruit growers themselves were in a great measure ignorant of the terrible havoc possible from these enormously fecund and voracious insect hordes. Public sentiment did not adequately support protective

measures, and the laws were enforced only partially or with the greatest difficulty.

The cottony cushion scale was the first to appear in alarming proportions, and so swift and insidious were its depredations that the whole fruit industry of California was suddenly threatened with destruction by this beautiful "white scourge." The citrus industry, particularly, seemed doomed at its very outset. Fumigation served to check the scale, but the treatment was expensive and no permanent results were obtainable, and no encouragement could be given to fruit growers that existing conditions could be bettered.

In this extremity, the State Horticultural Commissioner, Mr. Ellwood Cooper, took steps to make practical application of the natural control theory. The project was held up to ridicule and ready funds were scarce, but the obstacles were overcome and in 1888 Mr. Albert Koebele, an attaché of the United States Department of Agriculture, was authorized to act as California's oriental agent in search of the desired parasites. This was the year of the World's Fair in Melbourne and the representative from our Government, Mr. Frank McCoppin of San Francisco, deeply loyal to California's interests, set aside two thousand dollars of the amount allowed him for his expenses in order that he might add Mr. Koebele to his retinue and give him an opportunity to begin his investigations in Australia, the native habitat of the cottony cushion scale. A parasite was secured, a ladybird beetle named *Vedalia Cardinalis*, and specimens were successfully transported to Sacramento, where an improvised insectary housed them until a colony sufficiently large to experiment with could be reared. As soon as possible they were liberated in a badly infected orchard and the most sanguine hopes of the experimenters were abundantly realized. The scale disappeared as if by magic wherever the *Vedalia* was liberated and the California fruit industry was saved.

This experiment did more, however, than avert an impending calamity. It gave the world a practical demonstration of the wide possibilities latent in applied entomology and definitely set on foot one of the most significant movements in the history of scientific horticulture.

Another striking example in more recent years has been the saving of the melon industry in California's great Imperial Valley by means of a native ladybird, *Hippodamia convergens*. Great quantities of these beetles are collected in winter in the high sierras where they hibernate, and they are carefully stored until spring. They are then distributed to the growers, who frankly acknowledge that without them the attempt to raise cantaloupes would be vain. On the Atlantic Coast the gypsy moth seems finally doomed through parasitic control; the Hessian fly is held in check in Maryland by a parasite from Maryland, and a parasite from Texas has been largely the means of destroying the grain aphid in Kansas.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that applied entomology is widening its boundaries. Bumble bees are now exported to the Philippines to fertilize the clover, and a parasite of the Texas dog tick has been sent to South Africa.

California has naturally taken the lead in this work, both because of her vast horticultural interests and because San Francisco is the great port of entry to our country from the Orient, the home of many injurious insects. After the unexampled conquest of the *Vedalia*, Mr. Koebele continued his search for other parasites with great success in different parts of the Orient, particularly Japan. The commercial value of these later importations, however, has not measured up to that of the first experiment; for though a large number of parasites have been discovered to work upon scale and other insects, they can hardly yet be considered as substitutes for artificial methods, but rather as adjuncts to them, paving the way for more complete natural control in the future.

Locating a parasite is sufficiently difficult, but transporting it and harmonizing conditions of climate, temperature, and nutriment in new surroundings is an even more serious part of the problem. Sometimes a valuable parasite must be transported from the Tropics at a season wholly unfavorable for propagation in the Temperate Zone, and the ingenuity of the collector and his collaborators at the insectary is often severely taxed to solve the difficulties. If the adult parasites are to be shipped only a short distance the matter is simple, for as a rule even

cold storage is unnecessary; but if the journey is halfway around the globe, complications arise. All sorts of methods have been tried to ensure successful shipping. If the larvæ can be obtained as they are ready to enter the pupal stage, they may be placed in cold storage and undergo their metamorphosis during the journey, ready to emerge as imagoes, or mature insects, in their new habitat. Too long exposure to the cold, however, is likely to destroy their vitality. If young larvæ are shipped, food must be supplied. One collector with a personally-conducted shipment tells of resorting to blow-fly maggots for his charges when the usual host-insect could not be obtained. This food was supplemented by maggots from infested fruit at different ports during the journey.

Sometimes young trees containing both parasite and host-insects are transported entire in cases built for the purpose. Such a shipment containing parasites for the white fly in Florida was made successfully from India a few years ago, involving great expense and painstaking care; but the parasites reached their destination at a season when the white fly larvæ could not be obtained and the whole undertaking went for naught except valuable experience. Another instance of the baffling discouragements often encountered in these investigations was the loss of a large number of Brazilian beetles that had been shipped with infinite care and labor to Australia to control the fruit fly. After the collector had reared about a thousand of them from the imported beetles, the insectary was turned over to an assistant with minute instructions for their care. A few weeks later it was discovered that all the beetles had perished through the absolute neglect of the attendant.

After locating a desirable parasite and collecting and shipping specimens, the final difficult step is to rear them in quantities sufficient for distribution through infested orchards. California has recently built a large and well-equipped insectary at Sacramento where this work may be efficiently carried on. The dedicatory tablet very fittingly bears the name of Ellwood Cooper, the man who promoted the world's first great experiment in economic entomology.

An interesting phase of parasite culture is the apparent exist-

ence of what is known as an alternate host. Some parasites continue to breed throughout the year, while their particular host has only one breeding season. This means that the host larvæ become pupæ when they are needed as food for the second cycle of newly-hatched parasites. The parasite of the gypsy moth, *Apantales fulvipes*, imported from both Europe and Japan, strikingly illustrates this difficulty. It does valiant work in the spring, but fails to live through the winter because there is no host to receive its eggs in the fall. The fact that it lives through the year in its native haunts compels entomologists to believe in the existence of what they have termed an alternate host. This is only one of the many avenues of research opening up to investigators. Another problem is that of "secondaries," or parasites of the parasites. There are even "thirds," "fourths," and "fifths" to contend with in some cases, until one is reminded of the intricacies of the famous house that Jack built. Because of this possible cycle of undesirable parasites, the insectary sends out its colonies only after the most thorough trying out to avoid any possible introduction of new insect enemies.

The work of the insectary, however, is not confined wholly to the interests of the imported insects. California has a number of valuable native parasites which are collected and distributed under insectary direction, as, for example, *Hippodamia convergens*, already mentioned as preying upon the melon aphid. When one takes into consideration that three thousand ladybirds, a weight of half an ounce, are required to protect a single acre of melons, and that these insects are shipped to growers by the ton, some conception of the magnitude of the work may be gained. Their hibernating quarters are located before the heavy snows fall and later the collectors go out with pack animals and scoop them into sieves and sacks as they lie dormant, protected by the snow. They are stored in mountain camps while the snow lasts and then they are transferred to artificial cold storage until they are needed for distribution.

While the men at the insectary are aiding the orchardists to keep injurious insects in subjection, the quarantine officers in San Francisco are working with equal efforts to prevent new

enemies from entering. Armed with a full knowledge of the principal insect pests that menace from the Orient, these officials are continually on the alert for infested fruit and tirelessly vigilant to see that none is landed. Probably the most dreaded insect pest in the world is the Mediterranean fruit fly. This flourishes abundantly in the Hawaiian Islands and infests practically all their fruits and vegetables. In fact, bananas and pineapples are the only fruits allowed to be imported from there. The evil from it is considered so deadly that the officials examine not only commercial shipments, but hand baggage as well. One passenger assured the officers that she had no fruit in her baggage, only a few dried nuts which her little girl had been playing with all the way across. The vigilant inspector asked to see them and cut open one of them at random. There, concealed within such unpromising surroundings, were eleven of the larvæ of the greatly dreaded fly. The possible harm latent in these tiny maggots can hardly be over-estimated, for no means of control adequate to cope with the scourge has yet been found. These insects appeared a few years ago in a certain section of California, and it was only by the most heroic sacrifice of trees and shrubs in both garden and orchard that the State was saved from their blight: entire defoliation of every plant known to harbor them was the only remedy. The fruit trees, fortunately, were nearly all deciduous and the early discovery and strenuous work on the part of the local commissioners made spraying possible before the leaves appeared. In citrus orchards, spraying would be wholly ineffective because of the non-deciduous character of the trees. So many broods of this fly are hatched during the year that artificial methods of control, where tried, have proved entirely inadequate.

Nature's way is difficult to improve upon, and the pioneer entomologists who have blazed the path to her devices of insect control must be given a foremost place among the world's benefactors. In directing the marvellous potentialities of these almost microscopic organisms towards fighting man's battles, they have opened up a new era in horticulture, filled with wholly incalculable benefits to the human race.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S VALEDICTORY

PEDRO HENRIQUEZ UREÑA

THE mature artist whose gradual development has been governed by Goethe's law of "self-culture" knows when it is that the work of his life has achieved its completion. Wagner's *Parsifal*, Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*, are lofty twilit summits: the artist has left behind him the whirlwinds of passion, and now lays aside, like Prospero, the symbols of his power and his fame, to enter into the realm of silence.

The great master of irony and *sagesse* has attained the spiritual regions where life, over which thought has been incessantly vigilant, becomes clear and pure, defining its moral perspectives,—like a valley left behind, hid by the mists of the morning, whose rich landscape is beheld, in the peaceful evening, from the heights. More than this: he has already, during his life, met with the reaction that follows all renown. Looked upon as an exception,—an exception among the Academicians, an exception among the realists, an exception among all the writers of yesterday,—and as such accepted and revered by generations younger than his own, Anatole France had seemed to possess the secret of perpetual literary youth. But it was merely an illusion. Youth is implacable. Youth demands renewal, and accepts no compromise. Every generation brings a new interpretation of life, a new sense of art, and the men of yesterday rarely know how to enter into the spirit of the new times. The reaction was slow in coming, but it came at last. Anatole France could not be the idol of 1914.

French literature of to-day—a passionate, sincere, idealistic literature, equally eager for subtle ideas and for direct emotions—is the outcome of artistic tendencies radically different from those of the 'eighties. It is even more: it is the outcome of artistic impulses that seem to run counter to those which have been traditionally held as typically French. For this is an idealistic literature in the philosophical sense of the term; not merely in the sense of a more or less religious spiritualism (which, of

course, is not lacking either) nor in the sense of a more or less vague and sapless "unrealism." A literature in which every subject seeks its own adequate form, instead of lazily casting itself into one of the accepted models: the paragraph à la Bossuet; the heroic couplets of seventeenth century tragedy; the "incisive" Voltairean prose; the *tirade* of Hugo; the descriptions of the realists.

Anatole France symbolizes—symbolizes supremely—many tendencies opposed to the new ideals. If such tendencies are typically French, as is commonly supposed, then those who see in him a thorough representative of his people are not wrong. He is not, by temperament, an ideologist; much less a metaphysician. He knows all the philosophies, but has a passion for none. Compare him with Camille Mauclair, and you will find, by contrast, the revelation of the deep and restless metaphysical temperament in the literature of to-day.

Philosophically, then, a sceptic, but an "active" sceptic (even in criticism); a master of all the resources of *sagesse* that scepticism often brings,—he has lived in danger of that essential mediocrity which so often lies at the root in the French writer, under his technical perfections: that mediocrity born of the absence of the ideal meaning, of the transcendental conception of life, without which the Homeric poems and the Attic tragedies, the work of Dante and of Shakespeare, would be nothing more than brilliant pageants and hollow magnificences. Sceptical, ironical, *sage*; French, in short; even *gaulois*, since he has known how to give sensuality its rôle in life (at least in French life) and even strong words their place in books,—Anatole France appeared to assume an attitude quite unlike that of modern French youth, opening to the splendors of the universe the large impressionable eyes of Romain Rolland's Jean-Christophe.

But irony may be a form of philosophical thought. And the irony running through Anatole France's work, as a constantly growing current, towards which all the intellectual forces converge, becomes at last a philosophy of human history. Thus his work acquires its original and higher unity, its characteristic savor,—which, thoroughly French as it is, yet sometimes reminds

us of English literature, as is the case also with Balzac, or even with Flaubert.

Besides, in his way, Anatole France is an idealist. I mean, he has an ideal. An ideal, not philosophical, but *social*,—therefore, French; but an ideal, at any rate. He has bravely fought for the people, especially for the spiritual freedom of his people. It has not been all bays and roses in his public life: fanatic populaces have thrown stones at him. And his faith in the moral and intellectual redemption of men, crowning his ironical philosophy of history, is the ideal *motif* that gives his work a higher meaning.

A melancholy veil of darkness has just fallen over this philosophy,—so ironical, yet so generous in its desire for human welfare. *The Revolt of the Angels*, Anatole France's last novel, is, seen in the light of recent events, somewhat in the manner of a valedictory. It seems as if the author, now so oppressed, would not return to his literary tasks, even after the crisis afflicting his country may have passed.

The prospect of an unavoidable, destructive and useless war; the certainty that the efforts of spiritual liberation would be suspended; the sadness of seeing a whole life's work in danger of becoming fruitless, even if not from external conflicts, from the pettinesses of internal politics: these are the closing notes of the book. And, as if giving up all public endeavor; as if a bitter scepticism had replaced the old ironical but active faith; as if, his belief in mankind being dead, he were secluding himself within a sad individualism, Anatole France seals the revolted arch-angel's vision with the renunciation of all conquest of power. "Let us not conquer Heaven: let it suffice us to be capable of conquering it. War breeds war; victory breeds defeat. . . . We have destroyed Ialdabaoth, our tyrant, if we have destroyed in ourselves ignorance and fear. . . . Victory is spirit. It is in ourselves, and only in ourselves, that we must attack and destroy Ialdabaoth."

A TENT SONG

WITTER BYNNER

TILL we watch the last low star,
Let us love and let us take
Of each other all we are.

On some morning with that star
One of us shall lie awake,
Lonely for the other's sake.

ADOLPHE APPIA AND GORDON CRAIG

CARL VAN VECHTEN

IN the first edition of *On the Art of the Theatre* (1911), Gordon Craig distinguishes himself by killing off Adolphe Appia. In the 1912 edition of the book (and the subsequent editions) he apologizes for his carelessness in a footnote in which he refers to Appia as "the foremost stage-decorator of Europe." "I was told that he was no more with us, so, in the first edition of this book I included him among the shades. I first saw three examples of his work in 1908, and I wrote to a friend asking, 'Where is Appia, and how can we meet?' My friend replied, 'Poor Appia died some years ago.' This winter (1912) I saw some of Appia's designs in a portfolio belonging to Prince Wolkonsky. They were divine, and I was told that the designer was still living." There is no other reference to "the foremost stage-decorator of Europe" in this book. Now Appia's book, *Die Musik und die Inszenierung*, translated from his original French text by the Princess Elsa Cantacuzène, with eighteen plates from drawings by the author for the settings for the Wagner music dramas, was issued by F. Bruckmann in Munich in 1899. This is the book which Hiram Kelly Moderwell refers to in *The Theatre of To-day*. Loomis Taylor, last season director of the German works at the Metropolitan Opera House, is also perfectly familiar with it, and he related to me recently how an attempt of his to bring Appia to Germany several years ago failed. There is no mention made by Gordon Craig of *any* book by Appia; Mr. Taylor has only read the German text; and even Mr. Moderwell seems to have been ignorant of the fact that a previous work in French had been issued by Appia.

I have in my possession a small volume (51 pages) entitled *La Mise-en-scène du Drame Wagnérien*, by Adolphe Appia, published by Léon Chailley in Paris in 1893. The sale was afterwards (1895) continued under the imprint of the well-known publisher, Fischbacher, 33 Rue de Seine. There is no copy of this work in the New York Public Library, nor in any other library that I have yet consulted. (The later German work

is comparatively well-known among artists of the theatre.) The only reference to it that I have discovered is in a footnote (Appia seems destined to be exiled to footnotes) in a now little read work by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, *Richard Wagner*, issued in 1897, four years after Appia's pamphlet had first appeared. Appia dedicated *Die Musik und die Inszenierung* to Mr. Chamberlain in this fashion: "à Houston Stewart Chamberlain qui seul connaît la vie que j'enferme en ces pages."

There is enough interior evidence, without any reference to chronological evidence, to give one cause to presuppose a knowledge on Gordon Craig's part of these books, even the German version of which appeared before Craig had developed many of his theories. The chronology, for the most part, is damning, for even in the short French book (there is a reference in this pamphlet to the fact that it is a condensed version of a longer work which Appia feared might never see publication) one may find not only the germs but also a complete analysis of the principles of modern stage-craft. It was Appia's idea that the stage director should use every effort, *by means of the decoration* as well as by means of the actor, to bring out the secret of the drama he was producing. Appia was the first to see the inconsistency of placing the actor against scenery with painted perspective. It was Appia who foresaw that lighting should be used for a more important purpose than mere illumination, that it should serve as the element which binds together the decoration and the figure of the actor, a theory which, as Mr. Moderwell points out, was imagined before a lighting system had been devised to make its practical application possible. It was Appia who discovered that although Wagner had invented a new form of drama he had not the slightest notion of how to produce it. He is very explicit here. He says, for example, that the action of the ordinary opera is determined by convention, that of the spoken drama by life. In other words the prima donna of opera must sing her airs in conformation with the beat of the conductor, and she may stand as near the footlights as she pleases. No question of art is raised; nor should there be. You cannot improve (beyond a certain very easily discoverable point) *The Barber of Seville* by superior stage management. In a play the actor tries, as best he

may, to imitate life. Between his lines he may take what time he likes to add action to best serve this purpose. In Wagner's *Wort-Tondrama* (the Master's own expression) the music is used for a double new purpose. It illuminates the soul of the drama, *le drame intérieur*, and it defines to a nicety the *time* of the action ("not the duration of time," says Appia, "but time itself"). In other words the author-composer wished the illusion of his music dramas to be as complete as that of the great tragedies of the spoken drama, but he has set a definite limit to his characters' actions by composing music which it takes a certain time to perform. He takes all liberty away from the actor without telling him precisely what to do. Thus Tristan and Isolde, after they have drunk the love potion, are given a number of moments, songless, to express their emotion in gesture; just as Brunnhilde, awakened by Siegfried, must continue to greet the sun until the harp stops playing. Appia foresaw that this action must be controlled by one man, who must regulate it to the last detail. He must arrange the scenery and the lights and the action not only to correspond exactly to the demands of the music and the words, but also to bring out to the utmost the underlying meaning of the work.

For this purpose he has gone into detail with which it does not seem to be necessary to encumber this brief account. In the German work this detail is, of course, much fuller than in the shorter French version. The German book besides is embellished with engravings which give one a very good idea of the intentions of the artist-author. Appia, for instance, is not content with making one drawing for the setting of the third act of *Die Walküre*; he makes no less than *seven*. These show the varying condition of the lights and position of the characters at different stages in the action. Loomis Taylor has called Appia's idea for this setting "the most beautiful that one could conceive." And yet no one, so far as I know, has ever attempted to use it. The Appia case is an extraordinary one. Here we have a man who has not only developed a complete and invaluable theory for the production of a group of dramas, but who has also gone to the pains to outline to the minutest detail the manner in which his ideas may be carried out, and no one has taken the trouble to

follow these instructions in the way he intended. Once his work was complete, Appia seemed content. He has now gone on to something else. Before the war began he had identified himself with the Dalcroze school at Hellerau and had gone far beyond practical present-day stage decoration methods, evolving still new theories in cubes. However, may we not consider, with the evidence, that Appia was the innovator of the new movement in the theatre, may we not assure ourselves that without Appia there would have been no Gordon Craig, perhaps no Stanislavsky? His ideas have most certainly been awarded fruition in a thousand forms.

I cannot resist a quotation or two in pursuit of my comparison. "*Das Rheingold* presents three elements: water (the bottom of the Rhine), air (the summit of a mountain separated from Walhalla by the Rhine), and fire (the subterranean forges of the Nibelungs)." Compare this with Gordon Craig's now famous description of the decorations for *Macbeth*: "I see two things. I see a lofty and steep rock, and I see the moist cloud which envelops the head of this rock. That is to say, a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit, a place for phantoms to nest in." But examples in which Appia exacts of the decoration a promise to play a leading *rôle* are too frequent to be quoted. One other selection will show how this comparatively (to the public) unknown designer went to work twenty-two years ago to evolve a new form of stage-craft:

"The last tableau of *Die Walküre* represents a mountain top, the favorite meeting ground of the Valkyries. It is purely decorative up to the moment when the god (Wotan) surrounds it with a circle of flames to protect the sleep of Brunnhilde, but from that instant it acquires a deep significance. For this sleep is Wotan's precaution against the workings of his own desire; that is to say the god, having renounced his power to direct events, has made the *confidante* of his desire impotent. This fact gives the value of a dramatic *rôle* to the decoration, since the return of the scene in *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* not only constitutes for the eye a unity between the three parts of the trilogy but also always leads the spectator to the vital point in the drama" (Wotan's will, active or passive).

Appia's purpose, in every instance, was, working from the general to the particular, to discover the author's intention and then to illuminate it. The stage director or decorator, in his opinion, was only the clairvoyant slave in the service of the author's text. The leaders of the modern movement in the theatre are in complete accord with him on this point as well as others.

ACCORDING TO DARWIN

PERCIVAL WILDE

[*The author sincerely trusts that no reader will construe any part of what follows in the light of an attack upon one of the greatest boons of modern civilization—organized charity.*

But if the reader has occasionally reflected that no force is more capable of doing damage than that power of affecting the course of human life which is sometimes placed in the hands of inexpert administrators, then the author will exclaim with him, "Charity! What sins are committed in thy name!"]

The Characters: Betty: Tom: Willie, a Charity Worker: a Sheriff.

The Scene is laid at Betty's, in a cheap tenement, in the slums of New York.

The Time: An evening in summer.

If rooms bespeak character, this room, the scene upon which the curtain rises, is eloquent. For it tells the tale of a struggle with poverty—a struggle against the most overwhelming odds. There is no carpet, but the floor is tolerably clean. The wall paper, left by some more prosperous tenant, hangs in shreds, but the worst places are concealed by gaudily colored pictures. There is a stove, and a dish of something is simmering on it. A few rickety chairs, no two alike, are about the room. And against a wall, a nondescript arrangement of wooden boxes, old rags, newspapers, and scraps of colored cloth, might pass for a couch. There is a window: of course there is a window: the tenement law requires it. But the fire-escape outside is encumbered with drying laundry, and the window is as useless for ventilation as it is for light.

A lifeless room. A cheerless room. An unspeakably dismal room. Yet it is the show room of the "apartment," for, by the evidence of the couch, only one of the tenants can sleep here, and a wobbly door, from which the varnish is peeling in long strips, leads into a "bedroom." A bedroom, indeed, it must be, though we make no careful investigation. A glimpse through

the doorway reveals a decrepit mattress and a lumpy pillow, and, once again, the inspectors would be pleased to observe a diminutive hole in the wall, opening on a lightless shaft: a "window."

As the curtain rises, Betty, a rather attractive girl of nineteen, is removing the dishes from the table at which she and her younger brother Tom have just eaten. The fairest flowers are said to bloom in filth, and there is a purity, a delicacy of outline about Betty's profile, which is curiously pleasing. There are hard lines about the mouth, and the beginning of a nasty contraction at the side of the eyelids, but these are not pleasing. One had better not look at them. Misery, and hopelessness: of course they are in her face, but she is a pretty girl, if you take but a fleeting glance at her.

Tom, the younger brother, who sells newspapers, and does odd jobs, is a depressingly sophisticated lad of eighteen. At this age a boy is supposed to be "full of life"; is expected to be "bubbling over with spirits." Perhaps that is what Tom is thinking of as he sits in his chair, and stares—stares through grime and filth, and brick and stone, into something far beyond.

From some not distant church a clock strikes. Betty listens.

BETTY

What time was that?

TOM

Seven.

BETTY

Light the gas, Tom, will you? [He rises, scratches a match, and touches it to a jet in the centre of the room. Betty takes a purse from a place of concealment] To-morrow's the first of the month, Tom.

TOM [*slowly*]

Yes.

BETTY

I've got the rent this time.

TOM

Yes?

BETTY [*counting out the money*]

There. And almost a dollar over. Just think what that

means! You're making almost three dollars a week, and I made over four last week!

TOM [*in the same slow, measured tone*]

Yes.

BETTY

Seven dollars a week between us! Tom, we'll be able to put something by! I'm going to open an account in a savings bank.

TOM [*as before*]

Yes.

BETTY [*putting her arms about his shoulders*]

We've slaved for it, haven't we? It used to be mighty hard, old fellow.

TOM

Yes. When Willie was with us.

BETTY [*nodding*]

It made such a difference. The two of us, to support him, with all the things he had to have. The medicine—and the food——

TOM

And one of us had to stay home part of the day.

BETTY

Well, he couldn't do much for himself, could he?

TOM

It's hard to make a living when you've got only half your time to do it in.

BETTY

Tom, we oughtn't to complain. We *had* to do it. If you were taken sick, I'd look out for you, wouldn't I? It would be the least I could do. [*He shrugs his shoulders*] Well, Willie's our brother.

TOM

What did Willie ever do for us when he was well? [*Betty does not answer*] He made more money than both of us put together, but *we* never saw any of it! We could go to the dogs for all he cared!

BETTY [*reproachfully*]

Tom!

TOM [*dispassionately*]

I'm not saying this because I'm angry. I'm simply telling you what happened. Willie made the money, and Willie spent the money. He liked to amuse himself. There was nothing to stop him. You needed shoes, but Willie needed a drink. So Willie got the drink, and you—you could have gone bare-foot for all the difference it made to him.

BETTY

Tom, he was punished.

TOM

He punished? Not much! Do you call it punishment that he fell off a ladder when he was drunk? No, *we* were punished! *We*! It wasn't hard enough to look out for ourselves: we had to look out for him too . . .

[*He breaks off*]

BETTY

Tom, Willie's a cripple. The doctors say he won't live six months. Don't you think you might forgive him?

TOM

Forgiving him is easy. What's done is done. But that's not the point. Willie's coming home.

BETTY [*thunderstruck*]

Coming home? But I thought the Society was taking care of him.

TOM

Yes.

BETTY

Then why . . . ?

TOM

I stopped in this afternoon. You know, they said I was to see Willie once a week.

BETTY [*impatiently*]

Well?

TOM

They've cured him.

BETTY

Cured him? Then he'll be able to work!

TOM [*shaking his head slowly*]

No.

BETTY

What do you mean?

TOM

It's very simple. He was a cripple. He was going to die in six months. But they were charitable. They sent him to the hospital. They operated on him.

BETTY [*breathlessly*]

And what happened?

TOM

The operation was a success. [*He pauses*] He'll *live*, do you understand? He's got as many years in him as you or I, but he's paralyzed—that's all: just paralyzed.

BETTY [*slowly*]

Then he's no better.

TOM

Oh, yes! He's lots better! We thought he was going to die. The doctors thought he was going to die. But they operated. It was a wonderful operation. The lady in charge at the Society told me how wonderful it was: the doctors are going to write a book about it. So—Willie's *not* going to die. He's coming back here to live with us.

BETTY [*aghast*]

But *we* can't take care of him!

TOM

The hospital can't. They've got other sick people.

BETTY

Willie's sick!

TOM [*shaking his head*]

He's as well as he'll ever be. He doesn't need the hospital. Only medicines, and good food, and somebody to wheel him around, and he'll live to be seventy.

BETTY [*staggering under the succession of blows*]

Somebody to wheel him around?

TOM

The ladies at the Society took up a collection and bought him a wheel chair. I saw it. Rubber tires, and silk cushions, and real mahogany. He's got to be in the fresh air for two hours every day.

BETTY

How will we get him up and down stairs?

TOM [*does not answer. When he speaks again it is in the same dead voice*]

If it had been a year sooner, they couldn't have saved him. It's a new operation. The lady at the Society said we ought to be very thankful. He might have died—[*with a sudden flash of anger*] but they wouldn't let him!

BETTY

But why do they send him here? Why doesn't the Society take care of him? That's what they're for. They can take care of him so much better!

TOM

They've been taking care of him for some time now.

BETTY

What of that?

TOM [*wearily*]

Don't you understand? They don't believe in breaking up the family. [*Betty does not answer*] Willie has a home to go to. [*He waves his hand grimly*] This is the home. So they're sending him here. [*He pauses again*] The lady at the Society explained it all to me. Too much charity would make paupers out of us, and they don't want that to happen. They've done all they think they should for Willie. It's up to us now.

BETTY [*desperately*]

Tom, if Willie comes here you know what it will mean. We're *just* managing to live—we're *just* managing to get along——

TOM [*bitterly*]

The Society doesn't want to break up the home. It's our privilege to look out for Willie: "privilege": that was the word she used. The Society helped us over a hard place, but

if they helped us any more it would be bad for us. They're afraid it would make us less independent. Well, Willie'll be here any minute.

BETTY [*taking his hands, almost weeping*]

Tom! Tom!

TOM

You know, we rich people—a few dollars more or less don't matter. And we can't pitch him out into the street, can we? He's our brother.

BETTY

Tom, what's to become of us?

TOM

Betty, nobody cares. We don't matter. [*There is a sound of voices outside*] They're bringing him up.

[*A rap at the door. Betty opens it*]

THE CHARITY WORKER [*enters. She is a thin, kind-faced woman of middle age, rather winded from the steep ascent*]

Is this—is this . . . ?

TOM [*recognizing her*]

Yes. This is the place, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*with a sigh of relief*]

It wasn't easy bringing him up those stairs.

[*Two men, one in front, one behind, lift Willie, chair and all, over the threshold, and wheel him into the room. Willie is a large-framed man of twenty-three, whose head rolls from side to side as the chair moves. The lower part of his body is snugly wrapped in a blanket*]

BETTY [*neither joy nor love nor surprise in her voice. Simply recognition of a fact*]

Willie!

WILLIE [*speaking in the uncertain voice of a paralytic—a voice which has been seriously affected by his ailment*]

How—how do you do?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*smoothing Willie's hair, and putting on a few finishing touches as if he were an entry in a dog-show*]

He looks well, doesn't he? Splendid color! Well, I'm going to leave you here, Willie.

WILLIE

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

You'll have your brother and sister to take care of you. You'll like that better than the hospital, won't you?

WILLIE

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*turning enthusiastically to Tom*]

It's wonderful what science can do nowadays! When he came to us—you know what he was like.

TOM

Yes.

THE CHARITY WORKER

And now! Look at him! Would anybody think that the doctors actually gave him up? Tom, [*she lays her hand on his shoulder*] you ought to be very grateful! We've saved him for you! Saved him!

BETTY [*rising to the situation*]

I'm sure we're very thankful, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*pleased*]

Of course. Of course. But the Society doesn't want thanks. We're just glad that we've helped you. And I'm sure you'll take good care of him.

BETTY [*slowly*]

Yes.

THE CHARITY WORKER

Two hours' fresh air every day—your brother can help you carry him downstairs—and milk, and plenty of food. That's all. And his medicine three times a day. [*She takes the bottle from Willie's breast pocket, and shows it to her*] It's all written on the bottle.

BETTY [*taking the bottle*]

Yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

He won't be much trouble. [*From the chair comes a gasping gurgle—Willie's laugh*] You see how cheerful he is? He has a magnificent constitution—haven't you, Willie?

WILLIE

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*drawing Betty aside*]

The doctors never expected him to pull through: they were surprised when he came out of the ether! [*She smiles confidentially*] You ought to be proud of him; he's quite a celebrity in his way. [*She turns back to Willie*] Well, I must be going, but I'm leaving you in good hands. Good-bye, Willie.

WILLIE

G—good-bye, Mrs. Todd.

TOM [*drawing the Charity Worker to one side as she is about to leave*]

Mrs. Todd!

THE CHARITY WORKER [*with a pleasant smile*]

Yes?

TOM [*almost desperately*]

Don't you think the Society could take better care of him than we could?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*her smile freezing on her lips*]

I've explained that to you once.

TOM [*resolutely*]

But that's what the Society's for, isn't it?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*standing on her dignity*]

The ladies who founded the Society are quite competent to manage it. [*He is so crushed that she continues more kindly*] Tom, this isn't the only case of the kind we've handled. We've had a hundred like it! And we're doing for you what our experience has taught us is best.

TOM

But if it doesn't work?

THE CHARITY WORKER [*confidently*]

It will. [*She radiates a liberally inclusive smile upon the reunited family*] Good-bye.

[*She goes*]

[*There is a pause. The others, who have overheard nothing of the conversation, have, nevertheless, maintained a respectful silence. Now Willie turns to his sister*]

WILLIE

W—well, sis! G—glad to see me?

BETTY

Of course, Willie.

WILLIE

I—I'm a triumph of surgery. That—that's what the doctors said. Took me all apart, and put me together again, and here I am, alive and kicking! N—no, not kicking, but alive! You bet I'm alive.

BETTY

Don't talk if it tires you, Willie.

WILLIE

N—no. It doesn't tire me. I—I did a lot of talking in the hospital. And reading! I did a lot of reading. You—you see, [*he jerks his head a little to one side*] there's a thing on the chair to hold a book. You put it in front of me, and you turn the pages.

BETTY

You can't use your hands, Willie? You used to.

WILLIE

They're not much good to me now. But I can talk, I can! I—I'm a gay old bird! [*Betty and Tom stare at each other in expressive silence*] Eighteen men operated, and I'm the only one who wasn't killed by it! Survival of the fittest, eh? [*He laughs his gurgling laugh*] I learnt that from a book at the hospital. The weakest go to the wall! [*He laughs again. Then, suddenly*] Tom!

TOM

Yes, Willie?

WILLIE

B—bet you a dollar I live longer than you do!

THE SECOND SCENE

The Scene is the same as before.

The Time: Two months later—an October morning.

Once more the room speaks for itself. Some of the pictures still remain on the wall, but they no longer hang straight, and

do not conceal the rents in the wall paper. A highly colored picture of St. Francis throwing food to the birds, a picture which lent something of dignity to the first scene, is all askew, and the saint seems to have acquired an odd rakishness of expression. The window and the floor are dirty, and litter of all kinds has accumulated.

On the couch sits Betty, tired, sleepy, her head between her hands. It is little we can see of her as she huddles up, in a vain effort, as it were, to hide herself from the world, but the glance which once appraised her claims to beauty cannot avoid the cheaply gaudy dress, the bedraggled plumes of her hat, the cracked patent-leather shoes, the sheer silk stockings, and, as she moves, the rouge and lip-salve which are so liberally applied to the pinched features. Her hand trembles, and the imitation jewelry with which it is laden glitters. She is pathetic—inde-scribably pathetic, and she alone, in all the world, cannot appreciate it. For her intelligence, never of the greatest, is quite unable to cope with the situation. That Willie, who, like some heathen idol, sits motionless in the centre of the room, has had something to do with her downfall, she recognizes—but recognizes dimly. The whole catastrophe is too overwhelming, too devastating, and, with it, has come a blessed numbness, a hazy indifference, under whose kindly anæsthesia the poor thread of her life writhes on.

Willie, motionless, sits in his chair, and the smoke which curls from a cigarette in his mouth lends a curious emphasis to the continual play of his twitching features. From outside, through the unwashed window, comes a brilliant beam of sunlight, a beam hot, and quivering with life. And it falls upon the meagre furnishings of the room and makes them stand forth but more sharply in their gaunt nakedness.

WILLIE

Tom! [*There is no answer*] Tom!

BETTY [*raising her head listlessly*]

What do you want?

WILLIE

I—I want Tom to take the cigarette out of my mouth.

BETTY [*relapsing into her stupor*]

He's asleep.

WILLIE

W—well, I want him! What business has he got to go to sleep now? Tom! Tom!

TOM [*appearing at the bedroom door*]

I heard you the first time. [*He enters. He is fully dressed, and carries a small bundle*] There you are.

[*He snatches the cigarette out of Willie's mouth*]

WILLIE

D—don't have to be so rough about it? [*He pauses*] D—do you hear me? Don't have to be so rough about it!

TOM [*crossing gently to Betty*]

Betty! [*He touches her arm*] Wake up, Betty!

BETTY

What is it?

TOM

The sheriff will be here any minute now.

WILLIE [*catching the word*]

Eh? Sheriff?

TOM [*disregarding him*]

Betty! [*She has sunken into her stupor again*] Listen to me, Betty! I'm not going to wait for him.

BETTY

Eh?

TOM

I'm going away. Do you understand that, Betty.

BETTY

What?

TOM

I'm going away—far away. Outside of New York.

BETTY [*beginning to realize*]

You're not going to leave me, Tom?

TOM [*resolutely*]

Yes.

BETTY [*fully wide awake*]

Tom! You don't mean it! You don't mean that you're going for good and all?

TOM

Yes, Betty.

BETTY [*aghast*]

Tom! [*With terrible suspicion*] You're going because . . . !
[*A vaguely inclusive gesture to her tawdry finery*]

TOM [*earnestly*]

No—that's not why. I don't blame you. Understand that,
Betty. I don't blame you.

BETTY

Then why . . . ?

TOM

Betty, you've got nothing to do with it! I'm going away because I want a chance for *myself*! I'm young! I've got my life before me! And I'm going to make the most of it!
[*Willie, in his chair, laughs harshly*]

BETTY

But why don't you stay here?

TOM

Here?

[*A torrent of words rises to his lips, but he sees how futile any explanation must be*]

BETTY [*desperately*]If you go away, Tom, what will become of *me*?

TOM

I don't know.

BETTY

Take me with you!

TOM [*shaking his head*]

No. You'll hamper me. [*She recoils as if struck by a whip-lash. He takes her hands*] Betty, two months ago we had a chance, you and I! But you, you're done for! And I, by God, I'm not!

BETTY

Tom!

TOM [*vehemently*]

You loved him—and see what's become of you! You're finished! You're down and out! You can't help me: you can only hurt me!

BETTY

Tom, don't you love me?

TOM

Yes! But we've got no chance together! It's each for himself, Betty! Good-bye! [*She falls on his neck, weeping. Slowly and deliberately he disengages her arms, and with a sudden tenderness, presses a kiss to the painted lips*] Good-bye! [*He turns, and his glance falls upon the motionless cripple, living eyes, living mouth, living brain, mocking him in a dead body. He nods grimly*] Willie!

WILLIE [*terrified as Tom draws near*]

W—what is it?

TOM [*with a short laugh*]

Oh, I'm not going to hurt you! But I want you to deliver a message to Mrs. Todd. [*He pauses*] Tell her, Willie, tell Mrs. Todd, it *didn't* work! [*He goes*]

WILLIE [*rather relieved at the sound of his departing footsteps*]

Survival of the fittest! Eh, Betty? Weakest go to the wall! [*He laughs*] S—survival of the fittest! [*Huddled on the couch, Betty weeps loudly*] Betty! Eh, Betty!

BETTY

What?

WILLIE

Sheriff coming?

BETTY

Yes.

WILLIE

Being evicted, eh?

BETTY

Yes . . . [*She wipes her eyes and blows her nose*] I stopped in at the Society.

WILLIE

Yes?

BETTY

They're going to send for you.

WILLIE

Of course. [*He grins*] Couldn't pitch *me* into the street, could they? G—got to take care of me, eh? [*She does not*

answer] Betty, they call that survival of the fittest! *I'm fit!*
[*Through the open door enter the Charity Worker and the Sheriff, a tall, burly individual*]

THE SHERIFF [*leading the way*]

This is the place, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

I'm sure it's not. [*She catches sight of Willie*] Yes, it is.
[*Going up to Willie, much moved*] Ah, my poor fellow!

WILLIE

H—hello, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER [*brushing dust from Willie's coat*]

What a state you're in! They haven't taken good care of you, have they?

WILLIE

N—not very, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

It's an outrage! Nothing more nor less! [*Betty has risen, and faces her*] You heard what I said? It's an outrage! A poor helpless cripple—the way you've taken care of him! [*Betty, rather confused, does not move. The Charity Worker notices her attire, and suddenly takes in its significance*] Good Heavens! So you're *that* kind! *You!* Why didn't you tell me that, Willie? If I'd known, I would never have let you come here! Never!—To think where I sent you!

[*Betty laughs loudly and hysterically*]

THE CHARITY WORKER [*indignant*] You're *laughing* at me?

[*Appealingly*] Sheriff!

THE SHERIFF

Don't mind her, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

But she's laughing!

THE SHERIFF [*consolingly*]

They've got no feelings, those people! Bite the hand that feeds them! They're just animals!

BETTY [*taking up the word*]

Animals? An animal? Yes! That's what you've *made* me!
But I wasn't an animal till *he* came here!

THE CHARITY WORKER

What do you mean?

BETTY

It was hard enough to get along—only the two of us, Tom and me. And then *he* came along, *he*, just a mouth to be fed, and hands that couldn't work, and we didn't have the money, and we couldn't get the money. So—well, that's why I'm *that* kind! Because I couldn't keep him alive any other way!

THE CHARITY WORKER [*taken aback*]

Sheriff, is this true?

THE SHERIFF [*shaking his head with an easy superiority*]

Not a word of it.

BETTY

What?

THE SHERIFF [*with a contemptuous wave of the hand*]

She? She's no good anyhow!

BETTY [*indignantly*]

That's not so!

THE SHERIFF

Not so? You think I haven't seen you hanging around the dance halls and the saloons. . . .

BETTY [*interrupting furiously*]

You didn't see me there until *he* came!

THE SHERIFF [*mildly amused*]

What?

BETTY

I was a good girl just as long as I could be! But when we had to take care of him, the money wasn't enough, and there was nothing else I *could* do!

THE SHERIFF [*with finality*]

That's what they all say! There's nothing else any of 'em could do! [*He seizes her roughly by the shoulders*] Listen to me, my girl! You're rotten! You're naturally rotten! I'd tell you to give it up, but I know your kind! You won't! It isn't in you! You're no good—you're headed wrong—and you know where you're going to finish! [*He flings her aside, and turns to the Charity Worker, with a gesture to Willie*] Can he walk?

THE CHARITY WORKER

Oh, no!

THE SHERIFF

I'll have the men carry him downstairs.

[Betty, near the door, would like to speak, but she is a little deficient in education. And after all, she has said what she has to say. What remains to be said is beyond her—and above her. And then the Sheriff and the Charity Worker are so manifestly hostile. The Sheriff turns and sees her]

THE SHERIFF *[advancing on Betty]*

Can't waste any more time on you! Out you go!

WILLIE *[contributing his first word to a scene of which he has been an interested spectator]*

S—survival of the fittest, eh, Sheriff?

BETTY *[retreating before the menacing embodiment of the law, pauses at the threshold. So many feelings vaguely surge within her. But she is not an adept at choosing words. This room has seen her tragedy. This she faintly comprehends, but cannot find the language to voice illimitable protest. And with that instinctive desire to make a dramatic exit which lies deep in every one of us, she gathers herself up in her pitiable finery]*

Sheriff!

THE SHERIFF *[bumping her brutally through the door]*

Git!

[He follows her]

THE CHARITY WORKER *[turns to Willie, and at his sight—not at the thought of what has just taken place, wipes a tear from her eye]*

It's been pretty bad, hasn't it, Willie?

WILLIE *[in whose self-centred brain may lurk a better understanding of the situation]*

Y—yes, Mrs. Todd.

THE CHARITY WORKER

What you must have gone through! *[She shakes her head in pity. Then, with a rather cheerful smile:]* Well, Willie, have you any other relatives?

[The curtain falls]

REQUIEM

CHARLES VALE

HERE, while I may, I give you these few lines.
They shall record for us for many a year
The loss of something that we both held dear.
But as the twig was bent, the tree inclines.
There have been curious visions and strange signs:
The end is close; and who shall fret therefor?
There is no pleasure in bare gardens, nor
In vineyards where no grapes are on the vines.

What folly to endure, when none may gain!
Life cannot waste her lustres fruitlessly.
Beyond the rose-path lies the open grave.

It seems so barren—this remorseless pain!
How futile any more to act the slave
To faith that has not been, and shall not be!

CORRESPONDENCE

Justice to Norman Angellism

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Pope's venomous shaft,

“ Damn with faint praise,
Assent with civil leer;
And without sneering,
Teach the rest to sneer ”

is somehow subtly connoted in Mr. Roland Hugins's *Norman Angellism Under Fire* in the August FORUM. Norman Angellism he defines as “ The pacifist argument against war on *material* grounds,” but he later gives Mr. Angell's definition of his thesis, namely: “ Military power is *socially* and economically futile.” “ It is strange indeed,” says Mr. Roland Hugins, “ that a doctrine at once so concise and so pregnant has not, if valid, carried conviction everywhere. Yet economists and statesmen have read his (Mr. Angell's) book unmoved. This insistent voice issuing from the cloistered quiet of the Temple carries little authority in parliaments. . . . Mr. Angell is more than half right, but he prejudices his case by overstating it.” Finally Mr. Hugins admits, somewhat paradoxically it would seem, that Mr. Angell inveighs against the political and moral futilities of war “ as earnestly as against its economic futility.” (!)

Plainly there is some confusion of issue here at the outset. Norman Angellism cannot be “ the pacifist argument against war on *material* grounds ” and yet inveigh with equal intensity against its moral futilities. If Mr. Hugins proposes to amplify his definition of Norman Angellism at will he should say so in the beginning, and not leave the aching brain of the confused reader to work up a definition on a basis of Mr. Hugins's future amplifications.

Yet it is on just such a basis that Mr. Hugins claims that “ Mr. Angell has closed his eyes ” to the promising investments of the subject colonies of imperialistic Governments. With all due respect to Mr. Hugins, Mr. Angell has done nothing of the sort. “ Germany, owning Mesopotamia,” says Mr. Hugins, “ could develop railways, cities, irrigation systems. What capital but German would be used? What engineers, business managers, bankers but Germans would participate? ” Waiving the question of Germany's physical and financial ability to develop Mesopotamia after military aggression sufficient to obtain it; and further waiving the question of the ultimate ownership of the bonds issued to finance the Mesopotamian operations, and the markets for the goods produced—questions with which Mr. Angell has dealt exhaustively—what is there to prevent German capital and enterprise from developing Mesopotamia or XYZ as it has developed

so much of South America? The answer is: nothing but the inhibiting influences of traditional imperialistic ambitions! Mr. Angell has not "closed his eyes" as Mr. Hugins would have his readers believe. Mr. Angell has simply pointed out that *if* royal plutocrats could be induced to abandon the obsolete imperialistic ideas of their ancestors, the world would be greatly benefitted morally, politically and economically. Mr. Angell does not dream of claiming that "power and wealth" (e. g. Belgium), such as it is, cannot be acquired by military conquest. He does claim that military conquest is a barbarous, stupid and wasteful means of securing a wealth and power which is, because of psychological, sociological and economical reasons, largely if not wholly illusory.

Space does not permit an adequate treatment of the injustice Mr. Hugins has wittingly or unwittingly done Mr. Angell's utterances—notably Mr. Hugins's attempted *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Angell's "Indemnity Futility"; his reiterated assertions concerning Mr. Angell's "obvious exaggerations"; "faulty economics"; carelessness in emphasizing the logical instead of the historical aspect of his thesis; and "neglect of the debit side of the balance sheet, although here lies one-half, and possibly the weightier half, of the economic case against war";—but Mr. Hugins's notion that Norman Angell "has closed his eyes to these exceptions (especially of military conquests) to his dogma" is rather more flagrant of the pedantic polemic than of justice to Mr. Norman Angell.

JOHN JAY CISCO, JR.

NANTUCKET ISLAND

Statistics of Crime

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your view that "Society deliberately manufactures most of its criminals," expressed in THE FORUM for August, I am sending you an extract from a letter that I wrote recently to a prominent official. It contains some statistics that may interest you.

HENRY A. FORSTER

NEW YORK

[ENCLOSURE]

Has any other nation constitutional provisions, which its courts of last resort characterize as "a shelter to the guilty," which "has no place in the jurisprudence of civilized and free countries outside the domain of the common law, and is nowhere observed among our own people in the search for truth outside the administration of the law" (Twining v. New Jersey,

211 U. S. 91, 113), or as "the privilege of crime" (State v. Wentworth, 65 Maine, 241)?

Ex-President William Howard Taft in his address before the Civic Forum of New York City on April 28, 1908, said (p. 15):

"And now, what has been the result of the lax administration of criminal law in this country? Criminal statistics are exceedingly difficult to obtain. The number of homicides one can note from the daily newspapers, the number of lynchings and the number of executions; but the number of indictments, trials, convictions, acquittals or mistrials it is hard to find. Since 1885, in the United States there have been 131,951 murders and homicides, and there have been 2,286 executions. In 1885 the number of murders was 1,808. In 1904 it had increased to 8,482. The number of executions in 1885 was 108. In 1904 it was 116. This startling increase in the number of murders and homicides as compared with the number of executions tells the story. As murder is on the increase, so are all offences of the felony class, and there can be no doubt that they will continue to increase unless the criminal laws are enforced with more certainty, more uniformity, more severity than they now are."

Josiah Strong (*Social Progress*, 1906, p. 171; "Number of murders and homicides in the U. S. since 1885. From statistics compiled by *The Chicago Tribune*") gives the statistics referred to by Ex-President Taft.

The Chicago Tribune for December 31, 1914 (p. 22), gives the number of homicides in the United States in 1914 as 8,251, and the number of executions in 1914 as 74; of which 72 were for murder and 2 for another felony.

Moorfield Storey (*Reform of Legal Procedure*, 196), quoting Andrew D. White, says:

"The murder rate in the United States is from ten to twenty times greater than the murder rate of the British Empire and other north-western European countries."

According to *The World Almanac* (for 1913, p. 309; 1912, pages 338, 1911, p. 336; title *Statistics of Homicide*) 95 per cent. of murderers in Germany were convicted, as against 1.3 per cent. of murderers in the United States convicted. In short, 95 per cent. of German murderers are convicted as against 98 per cent. of American murderers manumitted, according to *The World Almanac*.

Frederick L. Hoffman, Life Insurance Statistician of Newark, New Jersey, says ("Homicide Record of American Cities," *Spectator*, October 22, 1914, p. 216):

"The position of the United States in the matter of violent deaths is decidedly deplorable. Every international comparison proves that the homicide rate of the United States is probably the highest for any civilized country in the world."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Clear Issue

SLOWLY but inexorably, Germany is being brought to the point where she must openly accept and loyally adhere to the standards of civilization in marine warfare, or take the consequences of a definite breach with the United States. Ignorant and embittered people here and elsewhere have criticized the Administration with much energy and scant justification. It is not the business of the Administration to plunge the country into war, if the results that might be gained after the sacrifice of many thousands of lives and many millions of treasure, can be gained by a few months of fair and firm diplomacy, steadily directed to the ends of justice. The special racial conditions here have made it essential that every chance should be given to distinguish between mistakes and crimes. It has been necessary to carry forbearance far indeed. The final decision will come with increased effectiveness and will meet with the support of a united people.

At the time of writing, the issues are grave, and much may happen within a short time. Germany, as incompetent in diplomacy as she has been competent in arms, has entirely failed to satisfy public opinion with regard to any of the major points involved. But she must realize that the United States has passed the point where polite protests will be offered. Explanations will be received—but they must be sincere and definitive. Apologies will be accepted—but there must be no recurrence of provocation. Germany is no longer in the position of a country discussing debatable subjects. She is on the defensive. Failure to give and fulfil adequate guarantees can have only one result.

Georgia and Frank

It is possible that Leo M. Frank, the Jew, outraged and murdered Mary Phagan, the factory girl. If so, he deserved, no doubt, even the atrocious penalties that were inflicted upon

him. But, unless evidence that has not been made public was available for the guidance of his unrelenting enemies and final lynchers, there was at least room for the gravest doubt. No man in such a position should have been virulently pursued and persecuted—as Frank was persecuted until, with the ghastly wound in his throat reopened, he swung from the great oak tree below the gin house on the William Frey place.

After making every allowance for the indignation aroused by such a crime, it remains necessary to stigmatize Georgia in the strongest terms. The prison authorities appear to have been childishly incompetent, and the whole administration of the criminal law has been brought once more into contempt.

The members of the lynching party are known to hundreds. How long will it be before they are brought to trial?

William Howard Taft

The attitude of the ex-President during recent months has been in keeping with his character and has endeared him still further to the public. He has brought no acrimony to the embarrassment of the Administration during trying times. He has not lent the weight of his influence and personality to inflammatory campaigns. He has not used his position as an ex-President to make the task of the President harder when he was dealing thoughtfully with national and international perplexities. He has remembered that the first duty of a statesman is to serve his country, and not merely his party or himself.

Dr. Dumba

The recall of Dr. Dumba may help to clarify the situation which has developed since the war began. Intimidation and intrigue on a large scale have been employed by the representatives and adherents of foreign Governments. It was time that some step should be taken to check the scandal.

No moral obliquity is attributed to Dr. Dumba, but in his desire to assist his country he was guilty of extraordinary diplomatic ineptitude. It may be hoped that other diplomatists

whose activities have been equally annoying will shortly leave the country.

Herbert Spencer and Moderation

Much interest has been aroused by the republication in THE FORUM of a series of Herbert Spencer's essays, with comments by such men as Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge and William Howard Taft. Mr. Truxtun Beale, in his introductory essay on *The Man v. the State in America*, published in the August number, made a strong plea for rational moderation in governmental activity. There is indeed little profit in excessive legislation and the multiplication of officials; and though Spencer reads a trifle strangely in parts to the modernist, he is still assuredly worth reading, with a view to the direct application of those principles which have stood the test of time.

Gold and Credit

The avalanche of gold that has been pouring into the United States is embarrassing. It is possible to have too much of a good thing. The efforts of Lord Reading, Sir Edward Hopkinson Holden, and their colleagues to devise a satisfactory arrangement with Mr. J. P. Morgan and the leading American bankers will be watched with the deepest interest.

Though the basic principles of finance cannot be attacked with profit, it is sometimes possible to do a little juggling that disregards precedents but wins success. The present time is singularly appropriate for some effort of imaginative wizardry, to remedy the exceptional conditions.

It is a curious and not wholly irrelevant detail that in this country, accustomed so largely to a paper currency, the average retailer does not care for gold and exchanges it as soon as possible for bills.

Preparedness

The complacency of the militarist is amusing. He offers to the world no new ideas: merely the perpetuation of old savagery.

He knows that the military idea and the military machine have always resulted in wholesale murder; but he is completely obsessed by the military idea and the glamour of the military machine, and, proclaiming loudly that there will always be war, demands that there shall always be ready, in a highly efficient state, the means for making war. In other words, he will be a correct prophet, if you will permit him; for he will take good care that the machine which he has been allowed to build up shall not be wasted. This is called preparation against war.

The only effective preparation against war is in the education of the people of all countries, so that they will refuse to submit any longer to the incredible afflictions and utter injustice of the appeal to arms. The appeal can and shall ultimately be to reason, in spite of all the Jeremiahs and Jingoists. It is the duty of every sane man and woman to aid in that work of education.

Until the results of such efforts can be realized, until the brutal and the reactionary have been eliminated, means of defence may be necessary. Those means can be made effective without being extravagant. In view of the trend of international affairs, they should have been dealt with in this country gradually during the last few years, so that an adequate police force would now be available. But the attacks upon the Administration are futile and disingenuous. The Democratic party did not receive from its Republican predecessors in office a perfect army and a perfect navy, which it has wantonly dissipated. It may be pointed out that Colonel Roosevelt had seven years in which to provide the forces that he now demands. Mr. Wilson, without parade or panic, is preparing measures which will be submitted to Congress with all the prestige due to the sponsorship of a man of moderation and sound judgment. The lessons of the war will be applied and many mistakes avoided. In the meantime, there is no cause for alarm, whatever the immediate outcome of the present situation. The country has other sources of influence and authority apart from its navy, which is scarcely negligible, and its small army, which is at least a guarantee of good faith and of the absence of outmoded imperialistic ambitions.

THE FORUM

FOR NOVEMBER 1915

THE PAINTINGS OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

PREJUDICIAL complacency has always been one of the most corrupting and disintegrating factors of a national existence. The citizens of a country, being constantly assured of the solidity and comprehensiveness of its institutions, come in time to accept such assurances as incontrovertible facts. A prejudice, carefully nurtured by those in authority, takes root in the national mind, grows into a fixed belief, and finally expands into a rigid conviction. This conviction is accompanied by complacency, and any attempt thereafter to change, modify or better an institution which has thus been accepted as adequate, is looked upon as unwarrantable interference. This process of prejudiced growth is always swifter and its final development is more tenacious when an institution is one of which the public is ignorant and which does not react directly, in a political, economic and social way, on the national life. No better example of this spurious complacency in a nation can be brought forth than the attitude of the American public toward the paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We have come to consider this institution as of genuine æsthetic value, possessed of much of the best graphic art; and we deem it adequate to meet the national demand for an educational exhibition of the world's greatest painting eras.

The Metropolitan Museum warrants no such attitude, however. From the standpoint of its paintings (to which this article is devoted) it is distinctly a second-rate exhibition. It is not representative of either the great art of the past or the present. Nor has it any educational value save a minor one.

Not one great school of painting is shown to advantage by a comprehensive selection of canvases. In the entire Museum there is not a single picture of a great artist's best work, and in numerous cases the chief masters of the past are represented by paintings which give little or no idea of their true gifts to art or of their characteristic talents. In fact, many of the most important artists of the ancient world—artists who stood as the dominating and influential figures during their epochs, and artists without whose work it is impossible to obtain a true perspective of the evolution of painting—do not appear at all, either in originals or copies. There are sharp and irreconcilable hiatuses in the history of painting, while other segments of the art cycle are so overburdened with specimens of inferior and inconsequential painters, that any impression of the history or quality of painting which one might carry away after a study of the Museum's selections, would necessarily be distorted and erroneous. While it is necessary in a gallery of this size to have the works of many men who were minor links in the chain of art, they should be present only in proportion to their importance, and should be subordinated to the greater men of their day. Furthermore, in order for an exhibition of this kind to fulfil its avowed purpose, *characteristic works* should be shown, not the inferior pictures or those in which the artist was temporarily experimenting in a new manner. Such paintings, as isolated bits of decoration, are desirable perhaps, but they have no place in a public institution whose aims are educational.

Fully fifty per cent. of the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum are worthless, no matter what viewpoint we assume toward them. By their removal the Museum would be a more truly educational show. It would reveal the development of art to better advantage, for it would then approach nearer to a homogeneous display, and would thereby create a more accurate impression of art history. But even with an intelligent elimination of all the worthless work, there would be but little to recommend the Museum as a great national art institution, for even when we find pictures of the principal men of the past we approach only from a distance the true greatness of ancient

painting. The majority of the pictures of the masters are not examples of their best work, nor even their characteristic work; in many cases, in fact, they are representations of their most inferior work, and could readily be dispensed with. Fully three-fourths of the canvases of the leading graphic creators give no adequate impression of the artist's genius. In the entire collection there are less than a dozen pictures which are coequal in rank with the greatest art.

Nor are the small merits of the Museum displayed to the best advantage. The system of hanging and arrangement that prevails here is chaotic and meaningless. Many of the best pictures are tucked away in corners, while paintings which have little or no connection with art history are given prominent placings. Thus by inference is the untutored spectator led to wrong conclusions; and impressions of relative values are established in his mind which are the reverse of the truth. General art knowledge in America is far below that of any large country in Europe, and it will never improve so long as our one great institution continues by direct and indirect methods to disseminate misinformation and to create false impressions. And I hold it to be a colorable contention that the prevailing low standard of art knowledge in this country is due more to the defective, careless or unintelligent conditions of the Metropolitan Museum than to any other one positive cause.

In this article it is not my intention to attack the curator or any of his board, or to criticize the internal or financial side of the institution. The results are what concern me. The reasons for the Museum's inadequacy may be sound. These are the questions I have posed:—Have we, in the Metropolitan Museum, a first-rate public gallery of painting? Is it, as it stands, a truly educational institution? Does it represent sufficiently the great field it is supposed to cover? Does it meet the demands of the student or the general public? Does it fulfil its stated purposes "to encourage and develop the study of fine arts," "to advance the general knowledge of kindred subjects, and, to that end, to furnish popular instruction?" To these questions alone I have applied myself, and I regret that my answer to them all is a decided negative. In some

glaring instances, however, where I have known personally of the availability of desirable paintings at a time when money was being spent on worthless works, I have made passing mention of the fact; but I have purposely avoided this phase of the subject, as it has no legitimate place in an article whose aim it is to deal critically with the merits and demerits of an exhibition. And when I point out the need of certain pictures, there is no implication that all such works are obtainable or that blame attaches to the curator, although in many instances pictures which are now necessary to a comprehensive exhibition could have been procured provided unwarrantable purchases had not been made in other quarters.

Let us first look specifically into the Museum's offerings. To begin with it might be well to name twenty of the greatest representative painters the world has produced and to set down briefly the manner in which they are represented. As to who these twenty are is a subject which might be open to infinite discussion, but the following names, I believe, will be generally accepted without cavil:—Michelangelo, Rubens, El Greco, Veronese, Giotto, Tintoretto, Masaccio, Renoir, Cézanne, Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Goya, Delacroix, Borrassá, Rembrandt, Pollaiuolo, Velazquez, Poussin and Ingres. These men undoubtedly stood for the highest artistic achievement of their epochs, and the student or layman who is not cognizant of their work has built his art education without its foundation. A museum which aims to embrace the history of oil painting in all its principal epochs should be able to show each of these men by at least one characteristic canvas or by competent copies. It is necessary to see these artists at the springtide of their achievement in order to study intelligently the development of art from the frieze and mosaic through the painting of natural objects down to its recent point of purity. Of the great moderns in whose work those natural objects have disappeared there is none whom we could expect a conservative public museum to represent. Consequently I have eliminated all discussion of the more recent manifestations in art, and have assumed the standard of the institution of which I am writing. What,

therefore, has the Metropolitan Museum to show for this recognized score of the greatest painters?

Borrassá is well represented by an altarpiece. But what of that great Italian Primitive, Giotto, the first of the linear composers, from whom stemmed all organizational composition? There is nothing of his in the Metropolitan Museum, and we are left to speculate as to the birth of voluminous oil painting in Italy, or to attempt a reconstruction of the austere and magistral beauty of this greatest master of the primitives by weak or poorly executed works of his unknown pupils or imitators. Masaccio, the greatest master of the century following Giotto, who consciously or unconsciously carried on Giotto's work, is not represented even by a copy—an item direly needed and which could be easily obtained. An original Masaccio or Giotto could not now be procured, but there are many able craftsmen who would gladly make competent reproductions.

Pollaiuolo, one of the supreme draughtsmen of the ancient world, is not shown. There is one fresco of his "school," which falls far short of his finest work. Although there are parts of it almost as good as some of the British Museum drawings, there is no part of it as good as the worst part of the *Saint Sebastian* of the National Gallery. Here is a man above all men to whom the students of yesterday and to-day are indebted for their knowledge of artistic anatomy and the rhythmic proportions of the human body, and it is a sore disappointment for pupils in æsthetics to pass through an immense gallery and see only one questionable specimen of his works. But such omissions can be more easily forgiven than the void which follows the name of Leonardo da Vinci. There is no picture by this great Florentine, and of his "school" there is but one dubious example which gives only an insufficient idea of da Vinci's stupendous power and influence. The most glaring omission, however, in the entire Metropolitan collection is of Michelangelo. The name of this colossus of the graphic arts, the Titan of all men who have held the pencil, is not, by school or copy, catalogued in the Museum. And yet there are numerous insignificant wash drawings of Rodin. And there is ample space

to display these drawings, although the drawings of greater men are hidden away and almost inaccessible.

Rembrandt, however, is well represented. He is indeed the only great painter in the Museum shown to distinct advantage. We could ask nothing better from this master lightist, for while his *The Auctioneer*, *Rembrandt's Son Titus* and *After the Bath*, when compared with his other pieces in the Louvre or the Royal Museum, are distinctly second-rate (as is his mediocre *Man with a Beard*), his *Hendrickje Stoffels*, *The Lady with a Pink* and *Portrait of a Man* (Room 26) are among his best single figure pieces. They do not possess the colossal and sustained force of *The Night Watch*, *The Anatomy Lesson* at the Hague Museum, *The Holy Family* at the Pinakothek, or *John Sobieski* at the Hermitage; but they are eminently to the fore of his best works. Of Giorgione who, with Palma Vecchio and Titian, renovated Venetian art, there is nothing. We find only a small head in the Altman Gallery attributed to him; but the æsthetic evidence belies any such imputation. It is inferior to his other canvases, and would be of little artistic or educational value if authentically his. We could not expect, on account of the scarcity of his work, to have so fine a specimen as the *Concert Champêtre* in the Louvre, but that there should be a copy of one of his compositional subjects goes without saying.

Of Rubens, the greatest painter the world has produced, in whom were consummated the aspirations of all the older art, the Metropolitan Museum has two fairly representative works. *The Wolf and Fox Hunt* is an excellent picture and is well hung; and *The Holy Family* is a splendid figure piece. These two paintings are among the ten lonely first-class works in the entire gallery. But surely there should be more, many more, in a museum of the size of the Metropolitan. These two are adequate in merit, perhaps, for their purpose, and when we compare them with the works of the other great men present, they stand out like promontories in a sea of mediocrity. But, on the other hand, when we compare them with *The Lion Hunt* in the Pinakothek of Munich, the *St. Ignatius of Loyola Healing the Sick* of the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, or *Ajax and Cassandra* in the Liechtenstein Gallery, they immediately lose much of their

glory. Rubens is a man who inspires both the painter and the layman, and his virile and colossal genius seems to radiate strength to all observers whether they understand him or not. To acquire a good collection of his paintings should be the first concern of every curator; and when we remember the large number of his works in the many galleries of Europe, both large and small, and in other collections, we are forced to the conclusion that the Metropolitan Museum's showing spells a regrettable paucity.

Of Velazquez, a wizard of the brush and, if not a great artist, at least a great painter, there are two examples. *Christ and the Pilgrims of Emmaus* is an early student work of no great artistic value; *Philip IV of Spain* was painted in his twenty-sixth year, and lacks the ability of the master such as is found in his *Philip IV* in the National Gallery. There are, however, four canvases from the "school of Velazquez," two of which are educationally adequate.

The sole picture in the Metropolitan Museum from the brush of Titian (Altman Collection) can be ranked only among his very worst works. It gives but a meagre idea of this artist's genius, and should not be hung in any large public gallery unless there were other and better Titians to accompany it. In Rome and Paris, to name only two European cities, there are numerous examples of this great teacher's work, this man who epitomized the Renaissance. *The Entombment* and *The Education of Cupid* are no better than we should possess, and they belong to the Louvre and the Borghese Gallery. Again, there are only three Tintoretto's—the *Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes* (which, I strongly suspect, is unfinished), *Two Brothers* and *A Doge in Prayer Before the Redeemer* (a preliminary sketch). But the composition is nevertheless representative of this artist's simpler arrangements. These canvases, however, are not enough to represent a man who has made such masterpieces as *Moses Striking the Rock*, *Christ Bearing the Cross*, both of the Scuola di S. Rocco at Venice, and *Minerva Expelling Mars*, also at Venice in the Doge's Palace. Even the National Gallery has infinitely better examples than ours. Veronese, the man who was one of the four or five great creators

of the Renaissance, has only one canvas here, *Mars and Venus United by Love*, which is inferior to many in the Louvre and the National Gallery, both of which institutions are replete with his masterpieces.

Next to Rubens's *Wolf and Fox Hunt*, the best picture in the Metropolitan Museum is the El Greco. It is a beautiful canvas, both in color and composition. The color, in fact, is even richer than in those displayed by the Hispanic Society; but the picture is not by far one of his greatest works. It is good, however—as good as we have a right to expect; but, after all, when one buys an El Greco it requires a long and arduous search to find one which is not good. I cannot resist suggesting that it would be particularly appropriate to have more work of this Greek master of Spain, inasmuch as to-day all the modern men have felt his influence toward freedom and a purer emotional expression. Even a capable copy of an El Greco is worth more educationally than fifty original canvases by lesser men. The Poussin in the Museum is small and simple, but good. For some unknown reason, though, it is hung badly and high, and is scarcely capable of indicating to the avid students of art history his once dominating personality in French art. He was a great stepping stone in national taste, and as such should have a prominent place on the walls of every large exhibition. It was he who turned the eyes of France from the bastard tendency of both Flanders and Italy to a classical ideal, and directed the efforts of his French contemporaries.

Goya, the greatest Spanish-born master, is represented by a painted *Capricho* of little value except as a record; by *A Jewess of Tangiers* which is even less consequential, for it reveals none of his qualities of chiaroscuro and volume; and by the *Portrait of Don Sebastian Martinez* which fortunately is one of the most purely beautiful bits of painting of the collection. The painting and color of the subject's coat are worthy of Renoir, and the picture's virility rises like a wave to engulf the Velazquezes. But there is no other Goya. Why not some of his figure pieces like *An Episode of May 3, 1808*, in the Prado, Madrid? Surely he is worthy of more space. The

Portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel is better than ours, but the stuffs here are more beautifully done. Of Delacroix, the father of modern color, the Museum owns one canvas, *The Abduction of Rebecca*. Of him there should be at least six good works in order to balance the collection, for in a way he is as important to modern art as Van Eyck was to the art of oil painting. The other Delacroix, a loan, is a small replica.

David, the master of the French classical tradition, is not represented at all. Nor is Ingres, who has done some of the most genuinely charming portraits of all time, beside being a master out of whom grew Puvis de Chavannes, Degas and Maurice Denis, and who has influenced such widely divergent men as Courbet and Gauguin. His absence cuts the trend of French art development completely. But one of the most unforgivable and unnecessary omissions in the entire collection is the case of Renoir, who is represented by a single canvas. Only one picture by this man who culminated the Impressionist cycle and who, with Delacroix before him, brought back rhythmic composition into painting after a long era of scientific and empirical research! This one canvas, like all his canvases, is wonderfully painted: in fact, all his work attests to the fact that he is the greatest technician of the modern world—as great a craftsman as the artists of the Renaissance; but this canvas is too early to indicate his gigantic genius for form. It was painted in 1878, a quarter of a century before he really struck his stride as in *Baigneuses* (1902), *Le Petit Peintre*, *Femme au Miroir*, etc. It is not as if better Renoirs were not obtainable: they are. There are private collections in this country which possess greater Renoirs than the one at the Metropolitan Museum.

Renoir's great contemporary, Cézanne, the inspiration for the entire trend of the best modern painting, and the artist who has lifted painting from the slough of incompetent photography, has only one small work, a landscape so beautiful that when one comes upon it the sun shines and one feels in the open air under a blue sky after a siege of darkness and dampness of heat. That the canvas is representative one cannot with justice admit, but that the note it strikes is salutary is undeniable. The Louvre now has a number of his canvases as, I believe, has the

new Pinakothek in Munich; but it is too early for the Museums to acquire him to any great extent. Now, however, is the time. His canvases can be had at a price much lower than they will bring five years hence and at a tenth of what they will bring in twenty. In fifty they will outbid Rembrandt. Being of the New World and progressives in nearly all things, we should at once invest in this great modern's work which marked the turning point in the graphic arts, and ushered in the epoch which has purified all plastic endeavor. With Cézanne ends painting as an imitative, half arbitrary art: the next men in the course of art history have taken the treatment of nature into nearly abstract realms. Cézanne is the modern salient of the painting which began with the unknown artists of the twelfth century. The Metropolitan Museum, in order to approach its aims, should have not only a Cézanne oil landscape, but a number of water-colors, a portrait, a figure composition and a still-life, for each of them represents a distinct side of this artist's manifold genius. The finest works of Cézanne are now on the open market and can be bought at an almost incredibly low figure. Yet our Museum has recently bought an utterly worthless canvas by Cecilia Beaux, which has no place in any public collection.

These leaders named are the apexes of the different national endeavors, and within them is embodied the intensified artistry of their times and racial temperaments. Without a knowledge of their works an extensive, even a general, art education is impossible. Their showing in the Metropolitan Museum is woefully deficient. In the entire collection cannot be found one masterpiece of any of these great artists. Several of them are not represented at all, and there is only one shown to full advantage—Rembrandt; and only two in a measure adequately exposed—Rubens and El Greco. The other works are, for the most part, mediocre and in several instances totally insignificant. And here let me emphasize the fact that, in the absence of originals, good copies should be obtained. For the student, as well as for the layman, they would answer the purpose of study, and by their inclusion would lend meaning to many of the other pictures which would follow them chronologically.

With its list of the second-rate men, the Metropolitan Museum is less deficient. Opposite many of the names of these smaller men are notably good works, not only representative but, in some cases, works of the best quality. Let us consider them by schools, beginning with the French. Horace Vernet has a fine specimen of horses in a struggle with men remarkably well presented—a brilliant example of his work. There are two Lorrains (the authentic one is lent) of fair merit. There are commonplace works by Coypel, Largillière and Nattier—all of which are of little importance one way or another. Gérôme, Cabanel and Rosa Bonheur are here, but all three are insignificant painters historically as well as artistically. There is a thinner-than-usual calendar by Jules Lefebvre, and an excellent sketch of *The Raft of the Medusa*, Géricault's masterpiece and a picture that made history. It is, in fact, better than the larger finished canvas in the Louvre. Rousseau has an excellent landscape, *Edge of the Woods*, and perhaps his masterpiece. Of Chardin, the master of still-life and the inspiration of Cézanne, there is only one very bad example. Daubigny has one of his best canvases, *Evening*. Diaz has two of his best works here in a large landscape and a market scene. Both belong to the Vanderbilt Collection. Diaz is a more important man than is generally believed; at times he equals Daumier; and in the Metropolitan Museum can be seen many of his good works. Of Daumier, one of the most important figures of modern France, there are only two inferior specimens, poorly hung and in semi-dark. Monticelli has several frames, as has Corot. If one Millet is better than another, perhaps the best is *The Sower*, which is here present. There are two Lhermites, and one Bastien-Lepage, undoubtedly good representative works but of no possible value. Courbet, the father of modern painting, and very much in vogue just now, is poorly seen. The Louvre *Vague* is better than the beach scene here; the *Femme de Munich* is better than our *Woman with a Parrot*, and *Les Grands Châtaigniers* is better than our snow scene. Manet, his follower, a painter peculiarly loved by Americans, has a superfluity of pictures, but not one of them is among his best. *The Funeral* is incredibly bad and should be skyed. Of

the Monets the *Rouen Cathedral* is the best. Couture has three canvases, but inasmuch as he was an offshoot of the classical school they are of small importance. Greuze has one authentic picture—not one of his best, and a very small head attributed to him not hung; Fantin-Latour, a bad portrait, probably unfinished. Prudhon, the most original of the Empire Period painters, is shown in one tiny sketch for a picture now in the Louvre.

These names end the lesser links of the Metropolitan Museum's French art. (Of the pictures of Poussin, Delacroix, Renoir and Cézanne we have already spoken.) The minor men here presented, with the exception of Diaz and Géricault, have little individuality: many of the greater and more individual secondary Frenchmen are absent. For instance, there is no work of the Avignon School, Boucher, Champaigne, Cluet, David, Ingres, Fouquet, Courtois, Watteau, Fragonard, Raoux, Rigaud, Lancret, Gros, Nicolas Froment, Chassériau, Joseph Vernet, Pissarro, Guillaumin, Sisley, Bazille, Roll, Laurens, Blanche, Besnard, and many more modern ones still. But of Meissonier, a pretty painter of no authentic importance, there are twelve selections! And there are over-many Bouguereaus and Puvis de Chavanneses, besides numerous specimens from the third-rate Frenchmen—men who have no place in a great museum of art unless they belong to the country which owns the collection and are retained merely as historical data. The American section of the Museum is a good example of this excuse for hanging the national painters, and that they are Americans is about the only excuse for hanging the greatest part of them. Next to the Italian and Flemish schools, the French school is of greatest importance, for out of it during the last century has come the impetus for the artists of all countries. It has passed through morality to sensuality, through romanticism to realism, through archæology to naturalism, through history to abstraction. But little idea of its great sweep and importance can be gained from the examples which body it forth in our Museum.

The Netherlands painters are better represented because of the excellent display of Rembrandts, and because of the Ru-

benses. Furthermore, out of the twenty-eight more or less important Flemish and Dutch names, the Metropolitan Museum has pictures of all save eight. Were these pictures consistently good and characteristic, the showing would be admirable, but only in a few instances do they measure up to the highest standards of their authors. One of the two canvases of Terborch is unusually bad. Van der Weyden, who should be shown with several pictures, has only one lent by Morgan. Jan Van Eyck, the man to whom is attributed the discovery of oil painting, has but one piece, and that also is a loan by Morgan. The Vermeer with its still-life of stuffs is only fair; the other is a loan. And Vermeer should have more canvases than any other Dutchman save Rembrandt. The Mabuse is indifferent. Of Hals there is both good and bad. *Yonker Ramp and His Sweet-heart* typifies the lighter side of the Haarlem master's virtuosity, as does *The Merry Company*. Jan Brueghel, the Elder, might almost as well be absent so far as his two small pieces go. Jerome Bosch has one good picture. Dirck (or Thierry) Bouts is also shown in one piece, *Portrait of a Man*; and Massys is represented by a single wood painting of moderate worth. The one picture of Jongkind was painted before he had developed his stippling technique, and is therefore no criterion of his true gift to art. Among the painters of the Netherlands who are well shown Memlinc, David, Van Ruisdael, Jordaens, Van Dyke and Israels are conspicuous. But there are no works by such important men as Van Outwater, Brouwer, Jacob Cornelisz, Paul Potter, Van Gogh, Van der Goes and Peeter Brueghel, the Elder, who with Bosch made possible the Little Dutchmen.

While the British School is adequately represented as to numbers, the works are generally far from being good. One cannot understand why Reynolds, who epitomized the servile academism of the British School, should have ten pictures, while Romney, Constable and Hogarth, the principal men of the school, are much less conspicuously shown. Romney, England's most artistic portraitist, is seen in four pictures, only two of which can be called adequate specimens of his work. Constable, the greatest English innovator, has but two landscapes; and Hogarth, who first embodied the true English spirit in

painting, is shown in a single portrait of Peg Woffington which falls far short of *The Shrimp Girl* in the National Gallery. Gainsborough, whose forte was female portraits, has no representative canvas. Of the five authentic canvases shown, three are portraits of men, and one is a landscape. Lawrence and Beechy, two very superficial members of the English portrait factory, are present. There are two typical Hoppners; but one of the Raeburns is perhaps the worst picture that artist has ever done, and the other is only commonplace. This clever artist has done some admirable pieces, such as *William Ferguson of Kilrie*, *Mrs. George Kinneir* and *Mrs. Scott Moncrieff* of the Royal Scottish Academy of Edinburgh. There are a Shannon and an Augustus John, both indicative of the state of English academic art to-day. Turner has several water-colors and oils, of which *The Whale Ship* is a fair example of his work. Bonington's two coast scenes are indifferent, though the lighting in the smaller is good. However, they do not compare favorably with his pictures in the Louvre. One Crome is good; but the one Rossetti possessed by the Museum is not on view. Lely who, with Van Dyke, was the founder of the English School, has but two canvases, one of them unfinished.

These pictures, with a few others of lesser worth, constitute the show of the important British painters. There are no Thornhills, no Burne-Joneses, no Holman Hunts, no Ramsays. And though Brangwyn is a poor painter, he is of sufficient importance to be shown. The Luxembourg has several of his works, but we have none.

The Italian School is the worst represented of all. True, it is numerically very large and consequently very difficult to choose from; but, on the other hand, it is the most important, for it was the real matrix of great painting and produced a period of art unequalled in all history, with a higher and more glorious standard of excellence than that of any other country. In Holland and Flanders, as well as in Spain and France, there were great consummations of effort embodied in a few colossal figures like Rubens, Rembrandt, Goya and Renoir; but in Italy the second-rate artists were head and shoulders above all in the other countries save the pinnacled few. And, by count of ar-

tists, both the American and the French Schools are more numerous. The American School has 197 names; the French School, 126; and the Dutch School, 78; while the Italian School has only 79. Numerically the proportion is far out of balance; but as this is not an entirely fair way to judge the exhibition, let us look into the merit of the offerings, taking up a dozen of the principal names in the Museum's list.

Of the poor showing of Pollaiuolo, Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese we have spoken earlier. Fra Angelico has a dainty work not worth particular mention. The best Canaletto is only a passable example of that architectural artist's style, and is not in itself interesting. There are too many Tiepolos for the artistic balance of the other Italians, and we could do very well with *The Crowning with Thorns* alone. Botticelli is revealed in only two of his inferior works, *Three Miracles of Saint Zenobius* and *Saint Jerome*, slightly better than the former. Giovanni Bellini is shown only in a small and simple *Madonna and Child*. Lorenzo Lotto, the most individual of the Venetians, has one picture. The Correggio, one of the artist's very early works, is of little descriptive importance, although the two Lorenzo di Credis are interesting. The Mantegna is a good picture, though inferior to the greater part of his other work. The Perugino is part of a predella—a small panel. Guardi has a typical Venice scene.

These constitute the representative best. When we come to the omissions in the Metropolitan Museum we find many distressing voids. For instance, of the six greatest Italians, four are absent—Michelangelo, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci and Masaccio—and the Giorgione is unauthenticated. Nor is there a work by Fra Filippo Lippi; nor by Luca Signorelli, one of the most sculpturesque of the Italians; nor by Fra Bartolommeo, the first great Florentine; nor by Andrea del Sarto, the Giorgione of Florence; nor by Caravaggio, the first great Italian naturalist; nor by Gentile Bellini, a founder of the second primitive Venetian school. Farther down the scale we may look in vain for a Raphael, a Palma Vecchio, a Gozzoli, a Guercino, a Solario, a Guido Reni, a Conegliano—all more important artists than a score here on view.

There are, however, a few excellent examples by unknown Italian artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and a particularly good panel by the Siennese School. But the total impression of the gigantic scope and intensity of Italian painting is illy given by the Metropolitan group, and were this collection our only basis of judgment, we would fail in a true comprehension both of the development and the greatness of that most important creative school.

Turning to the German School we find a few good pictures; but though the list is incomplete and in spots poorly selected, we need not lay too much emphasis on the fact, as this school is of no great importance and all its tendencies and achievements are set forth in a very few men. Happily Cranach, the Elder, is well represented by two pictures of a high order. His arrangements are always intensely unconventional and interesting, and his balance of masses most instructive for the student. Holbein's *Lady Lee* is a fairly good specimen of this line master's style, but is not so excellent as his *Ambassadors* in London. Then there is an ordinary Dürer in the Altman Collection. One Makart is shown. The Wilhelm von Kaulbach is very poor, and the two Lenbachs are not of the artist's best. But whereas there are twenty pictures by insignificant German artists, there are no works by the following second-rate painters: Mathias Grünewald, Schwind, Böcklin, Overbeck, Liebermann, Max Klinger, Menzel, Leibl or Trübner.

The pictures in the Spanish School are few and far between, and the unimportant men are emphasized to such an extent that the person who goes to the Metropolitan Museum for information on the painting of Spain would come forth with almost no conception of the subject. We have seen that Borrassá has one altarpiece, that El Greco has one good picture and no copies, that Goya is viewed in one representative picture, and that Velazquez is, on the whole, disadvantageously shown. The Zurbaran is very inferior, and the Ribera, *Lucretia*, is a poor work when compared with the *Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew* of the Prado. The one picture attributed to Murillo is unrepresentative if indeed genuine. But Sorolla, a painter who could have come as well from America as Spain, is more than well

shown and is also well hung. There are five of his canvases on view. Zuloago also is seen to good advantage in a usual drop-curtain effect of Bréval playing Carmen. Both of these men's work is Spanish as to subject and very French as to execution. But there the list of important Spaniards ends. A poor showing truly. There is nothing of Juan de Juanes, the great Valencian master; there is not a Lopez, a Pacheco, a Morales, a Campaña, a Pantoja de la Cruz, a Coello, or a Herrera.

Now the American School. These pictures are, with certain faults, representative of this country up to ten years ago, but beyond that they do not adequately go. There are better artists working now in New York than the great majority of those hung in the Museum. Indeed the greater part of them could be dispensed with to the betterment of the collection, for many of the canvases are not representative of the merits of their authors: they are simply bad examples of more or less competent men's work. For instance, Whistler's *Nocturne in Green and Gold*, Myers's *The Night Mission*, Dabo's *The Cloud*, also Whistler's *Edward G. Kennedy*, *Lady in Grey* and his *Connie Gilchrist*, Benson's *Portrait of a Lady*, Winslow Homer's *Searchlight*, the works of Clifford Beal, Ernest Lawson, Paxton and Irving Wiles (to name only a few) could be put in dark corners, or entirely hidden, and the rooms in which they are now hung would take on a better aspect. While these artists may be good painters, let us not forget that good painters occasionally make very bad pictures, and that unless they are *very* good painters they do not destroy them. Many very inferior works are in this School, and they not only lower the standard of the show, but make the search for good work more tedious.

In this American exhibition there are, to be sure, many charming and competent works. The Henri, although not the best of that painter's work, is interesting, for Henri is the ablest painter and the most artistic academician of America. Chase's virtuosity calls for a glance in passing. Mary Cassatt has a typical work and a good one. Davies has one of his romantic painted imageries. Childe Hassam, who stands for the best of the Impressionistic manner of this country, has two pictures. George Bellows's talent is shown to good advantage in his land-

scape. Steichen and Walter Gay, however, are not descriptive of the best we have. Sargent here exposes one of his best efforts; but we would willingly exchange Alexander's *Study in Black and Green* for his *Pot of Basil*, while his *Walt Whitman* is not worthy of a painter of his reputation. Frieske and Richard Miller show what they always do, neither better nor worse. La Farge is here, colder than usual and not so attractive. Whistler's *Théodore Duret* and his *Cremorne Gardens, No. 2* are good specimens of his decorative ability. Winslow Homer is always interesting except at rare intervals, and *Shooting the Rapids* and the *Searchlight* are these intervals. His sea pieces are as good as usual. There is a particularly good Innes. As historical curiosities the pictures of Benjamin West, Sully and Gilbert Stuart are undoubtedly of value, but we should have better Stuarts; and our deficiency in Copleys is as amazing as it is incomprehensible.

Whatever excuse there may be for the inferiority of the other schools in the Metropolitan Museum, there is no reason why we should not have a good and complete American showing. There are twice again as many pictures of this school as is needed to embrace adequately all the best and characteristic talent which has come out of this country. But many of our best artists are not shown, and the whole modern tendency of painting in America must be got from private galleries or sale shows. Then again there are numerous specimens from men who should have not more than one or two pictures shown, and those only as historical records. American art is far enough behind European art, but were our Museum a criterion of judgment, we should indeed be in a sorry plight.

Necessarily, I have been unable to go more detailedly into the glaring deficiencies of the Metropolitan Museum, but I believe there have been enough instances set down here to give some general idea of its inadequacy as a national educational institution. Quantity, not quality, would appear to be the keynote of the Museum's policy. The pictures are constantly changing, and in this article I have in certain instances checked off my accumulated note-book data with the latest catalogue, published last year. I realize that there are some pictures in the

Morgan Collection which are not referred to in this article. These works are lent, and already some of them have been removed. But no other permanent additions of any great importance have recently been made, so I feel that I have been just, although if any statistical errors have found their way into these lines I hereby offer my apologies to the Museum's board. It is a significant fact, however, that in the authoritative histories of painting there is rarely a reproduction of a picture in the Metropolitan collection—a commentary which speaks more eloquently for the worthlessness of its paintings than any critical article could do. The best pictures of the old world were taken by the European museums before we were in line perhaps, and there is ample evidence to show that we have had to content ourselves in large measure with the left-overs. But excuses, no matter how valid, cannot raise our standard. What we could at least do, however, is to spend some of our money on good copies instead of squandering it on poor originals of no value. As it is, the regrettable fact remains that the paintings of the Metropolitan Museum, judged either from the standpoint of individuals or schools, are lacking in any degree of comprehensiveness, and that their presence, as they now stand, is of very dubious educational value to anyone.

THE GREAT MEXICAN REVOLUTION

AN ANALYSIS

CARLO DE FORNARO

THE fourth phase of the great Mexican revolution is nearing its end.

The first part was initiated in November, 1909, under President Diaz; it was the explosion which blew off the lid of the Porfirian dictatorship. The second movement broke out intermittently under F. I. Madero; it was the unorganized effort to eliminate the Porfirista machinery, which stuck like a leech on the administrative body under the Madero régime. The third act began as soon as F. I. Madero and Piño Suarez were murdered by the Huerta-Diaz clique. The ultimate phase started soon after Villa's defection; which was the last gasp of the reactionaries in their attempt to break up and destroy the unity and purpose of the revolution. It was also the end of the political and the beginning of the social revolution.

The Mexican revolution cannot be understood unless observed as a drama of several consecutive acts, with climaxes and anti climaxes; a chapter from the history of Mexico, with its amazing awakening of the Mexican soul from a sordid, cruel, relentless, political and economic oppression to a more equitable and practical realization of the real aims and yearnings of the dumb masses.

One is too apt to see only a wanton destruction of property, a needless sacrifice of lives, starvation for the pacificos, and untold suffering and financial and commercial bankruptcy for the country in general. The Americans, the Europeans and the Mexican landed interests are too prone to exaggerate the material and physical loss without taking into consideration the rehabilitation of the civic and political dignity of the Mexican middle classes, and the social and economic freedom to be achieved by the lower classes. Rich Mexican refugees and American investors invariably dwell on the fact that out of fifteen million people in Mexico only a small percentage of the

population is doing the fighting. If one takes into account the number of men who fought under Diaz, Madero, Orozco, Zapata, Huerta, Villa and Carranza, for the last five years, then it will be seen that practically one thirtieth of the population was under arms. The United States had over one tenth of the population under arms during the Civil War. The Mexicans would have increased their fighting contingent had they been able to get arms and ammunition with the same facility as the Americans during the Civil War. The principle for which the Mexicans are fighting at present is more vital to them than the principle for which the abolitionists were fighting. The Mexican leaders are battling not only to destroy a rampant slavery, but for social, political and economic freedom. As a moral issue, slavery, previous to the Civil War, only bothered comparatively a small proportion of the population; in Mexico the question of slavery, of economic and political oppression is vital to 99 per cent of the population; the other one per cent comprising the exiled landowners, politicians and ex-federals will be able to return to Mexico as soon as the supremacy of the people has become a fact.

Most of the Mexican exiles in the United States and Europe are carrying on a very expensive agitation against the revolution with the help of the foreign interests. They worked actively under the Porfirian régime and acquired landed, banking, and concessionary interests; they gambled everything on a continuation of the Diaz régime, under the leadership of Corral and Limantour, and when the crash came, they protested and complained in the press of the United States in a manner which deceived many into the belief that they represented the interests of fourteen million and a half pacificos. These same exiles, who when they were in power always showed the greatest indifference and contempt towards these same pacificos.

The porfirian régime was seemingly so powerfully entrenched that foreigners laughed at the idea of anybody attempting to overthrow it. Porfirio Diaz not only would not, but could not, undertake any radical reforms, for every reform favorable to the people was a curtailment of his own power. A few weeks before the overthrow of Gen. Diaz an intimate friend of his

suggested a few radical reforms as a sop to the revolutionists. "It cannot be done," confessed General Diaz, "my government is like a train, from which all brakes have been taken off; our train has no constitutional brakes, we are going full speed ahead, towards our own destruction,—God help us!"

When Madero came into power he tried to conciliate all his enemies, before he had really achieved the principles of the revolution. He attempted to compromise with the porfiristas, the científicos, the reyistas, the felicistas, the vazquiztas, the zapatistas, the clericals, the militarists, the landowners, the foreign interests; he offered the olive branch to all, and he was repaid with the assassin's bullet. He had mistaken family loyalty for political loyalty and was therefore accused of nepotism and graft; when he vacillated between his kindness and inexperience, he was abused as incompetent and weak. His sacrifice was necessary to the unity of revolutionary purposes and ideals.

The Porfirian régime was excellent for the pockets of a few Mexicans and a great many Americans and Europeans; but it was a poisonous virus inoculated into the very life of Mexico. This national corruption culminated in the high fever of revolution. The devastations, the horrors, the sacrifices, the seeming injustices of the revolution can be compared to the ravages of a sickness on a body; in appearance they are wasteful and destructive, and often incomprehensible; but in reality they are regenerating and healthful.

After the revolution, the Mexican will possess higher civic ideals and a greater conception of political life.

The revolution against Huerta was fortunate in the leadership of a man like Carranza; all his weaknesses and mistakes were more than offset by his bulldog courage and tenacity, his financial honesty, his political integrity, his unswerving faith in his own people; his granite will against all compromises, pitfalls and temptations. His political experience stood him in good stead and his age made him respected in the midst of a revolution of young men who might have scorned a younger leader.

That a man over fifty, without military experience, should have been capable of organizing a fighting revolution, and over-

throwing in less than a year and a half the most powerful military oligarchy in the history of Mexico, is a feat worthy of respect.

After Huerta's armies had been soundly beaten and his supporters convoked the A. B. C. conference at Niagara Falls, expecting a repetition of the Juarez conference (1911), when the revolution of Madero permitted the defeated autocracy to place in the chair a "neutral" provisional president; the refusal of Carranza to participate in the conference showed greater wisdom than his detractors gave him credit for.

But that the same chief should have succeeded in eliminating General Villa, who was considered, by the American press, responsible for the victories against Huerta, and destroyed Villa's halo of invincibility, proved that Don Pancho was not the greatest general of the revolution, but one who had received the greatest press notices.

When the beaten Villistas convened another A. B. C. conference and expected Carranza to join the meeting, we must suspect that the Villistas seriously imagined Venustiano Carranza to be as "bloedsinnig" as themselves.

No compromise with the enemies of the revolution, unconditional surrender, were the watch words of Carranza. He was as inflexible towards others as with himself. When an ex-federal general, who had captured J. Carranza, brother of the first chief, offered to liberate the brother, his nephew and two cousins, in return for reinstatement in the Constitutionalist army, Don Venustiano Carranza never hesitated one instant; he sacrificed his brother and kin on the altar of non-compromise.

The Mexican revolutionists have learned the bitter lesson that it is worse than useless to compromise with an enemy; the surrender must be unconditional. The Mexicans can point out a lesson to themselves in the Missouri Compromise, which did not settle the question of slavery.

The Constitutionalist leaders are backed in the adherence to this principle by the soldiers themselves. One of these soldiers was asked by an American, as he lay wounded on the battlefield, if it was not preferable to work peacefully on a farm than to die miserably in the trenches. "No," answered he, "it is bet-

ter a thousand times to die violently in the battle for liberty than to face starvation on a hacienda."

The same sentiment is voiced by the middle class. A talented leader and organizer of the "Casa del Obrero Mundial" (House of the World's Workers), after the Villa defection, said in a speech in Vera Cruz: "If the Diaz-Lombardo-Angelez-Villa faction were able to obtain preponderance in our country, it would be preferable, for the sake of civilization in general and our own reputation in particular, to make of our whole country one great big bonfire. To crush that faction, even at the risk of being crushed ourselves, is not only our duty to our country, but it is also our duty to humanity."

The Madero régime was a period of gestation of personalities which were born under the storm and stress of the political cyclone of General Huerta. In a sense this revolution is similar to the revolution against Santa Anna, and the War of the Reform. At that time great personalities arose from the crucible of civil war, leaders like the Indian Benito Juarez and Melchior Ocampo, Sebastian and Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, Jose Maria Iglesias and generals like Escobedo, Corona and Diaz.

In this revolution there arose besides Madero and Carranza fighters like General Alvaro Obregon, General Salvador Alvarado, General Pablo Gonzales, General I. L. Pesqueira, and leaders like Luis Cabrera, Rafael Zubaran and Rob. V. Pesqueira, J. Urueta, Pastor Rouaix, M. C. Rolland, Dr. V. Rendon, J. Rendon, E. Arredondo, J. Acuna, F. Palvicini.

The Constitutionlists had concentrated most energies in 1913 on the elimination of a pretorian and clerical régime. The Villa defection gave them more leisure to devote to the enactment of the most important reforms. These reforms were published in "El Pueblo" January 18th, 1915, Vera Cruz.

The program of the social revolution as headed by Don Venustiano Carranza proposes to carry out:

1st.—THE DISINTEGRATION OF ENORMOUS ESTATES, i. e. the vast areas of land owned by the few, so as to promote the formation of the small properties.

(The Revolution is opposed to the possession of the land by

the few, as is the present state of things. It wants everybody to have their share, making prosperity extensive to all, as cultivation by the individual is infinitely more productive than when done on a large scale. The revolution wants to restore to the people the lands which were unjustly taken from them by the national and foreign caciques, backed by the dictatorships of Dias and Huerta.)

2nd.—EQUITY IN THE TAXING OF LAND AND REAL ESTATE.

(The Revolution wants rural land-owners to pay in proportion to what they have. At present, the big land-owner pays an insignificant tax, while the small man who cultivates his own land, is taxed to the limit. With the regulation of taxes, the towns will have richer municipalities, and it will be possible for the small land-holder to enter into competition with the cultivator. Indirectly, this will have a moralizing influence on the authorities, because the big land-owners, having no privileges, will not have recourse to bribing in order to keep their privileges.)

3rd.—(a) CREATION OF AN ALL-EMBRACING LABOR LEGISLATION.

(The Revolution will enact laws to avoid the extortion of labor by capital, as happens now. There will be laws to regulate salaries and determine the minimum wages, laws regulating hours of work, and age of the labor, in order to protect childhood in its development and old age in its decadence. Laws regulating the sanitation of the work-shops, to protect the health of the laborers, also regulating the manner of dealing with accidents in the service, in order to insure the maintenance of the laborer disabled at his work, etc., etc.)

3rd.—(b) THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MUNICIPAL LIBERTY AS A CONSTITUTIONAL INSTITUTION.

(A free municipality is the foundation of all liberties,—it is a school of democracy. Free municipalities insure the freedom of the state and also the freedom of the Republic. This is one of the most important reforms of the Revolution.)

4th.—A CHANGE IN THE SYSTEM OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

(At present the army is a large armed force which depends on the Central Power, and spreads all over the Republic. With this system, the liberties of the states, municipalities, etc., are, at a given moment, at the mercy of the President of the Republic (as with Porfirio Diaz) or of the General in Chief (as with Victoriano Huerta). These public forces should have a different origin, different views and different distribution.)

5th.—ELECTORAL LAWS TO GUARANTEE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE VOTE.

(The electoral laws now in force have been made by men whose desire is to annul the effectiveness of the vote, which has assured them of the inefficiency of the elections. The people are unable to enforce their views at an election.)

6th.—(a) ESTABLISHMENT OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE JUDICIAL POWER IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AS WELL AS IN THE STATES.

(However repeatedly the Constitution may declare the independence of the powers, this independence is a delusion where the Judicial Power is concerned, in view of its organization,—there being officials appointed by the Executive and depending on him, etc.)

6th.—(b) THE REVISION OF LAWS REGARDING MATRIMONY AND THE CIVIL CONDITION OF INDIVIDUALS.

(The Revolution whose aim it is to elevate the Mexican people by giving them perfect liberty, cannot allow matrimony, which is a contract, to be indissoluble, when by the mutual consent of both consorts it is desirable to break it. If the will comes first according to the laws, why should it be subordinated in a matter which plays so important a part in human happiness?)

7th.—THE REFORMATION OF JUDICIAL PROCEEDINGS IN ORDER TO RENDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE PROMPT AND EFFECTIVE, THE REVISION OF CIVIL, CRIMINAL AND COMMERCIAL LAWS.

(Who has not had to suffer through the criminality of the Courts of Justice on one hand, and due to the never-ending proceedings on the other hand? What man that has ever had to

deal with the Courts, has been free from the consciousness that he is at the mercy of all those who form part of the Court, even to the stenographer who can delay the copy of a document, or the clerk who retards a notification? Up to now the administration of justice may be compared to the service of hired coaches, in that they both move painfully, and only for money.)

8th.—THE REVISION OF THE LAWS RELATIVE TO THE EXPLOITATION OF LUMBER, WATERS, PETROLEUM AND OTHER RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY, WITH THE VIEW OF ABOLISHING MONOPOLY.

(Who is ignorant of the fact that the insatiable and corrupting spirit of the Dictatorship absorbed everything—sometimes for the benefit of the head of the system, Porfirio Diaz, other times to satisfy the voracious appetites of those who surrounded him? Who does not know that it is this policy of concessions which created the unbearable insolence of the foreigners residing among us? Therefore, everything which may tend to destroy this monopoly and humiliate this uncalled for arrogance, will be a patriotic work, and this is what the Revolution proposes to achieve.)

To these reforms must be added a general reorganization of the school system in Mexico, keeping especially in view the weak spot in the Mexican school system, which is the rural school system. When the revolution against Huerta was in full swing Mr. Carranza sent a young engineer, M. C. Rolland, to investigate the school system in the United States. The trip brought forth the fact that the states of Wisconsin and Massachusetts have the best organized rural system for schools in America. These two states are the pattern which will be used for Mexico's Minister of Education to work from.

Over a hundred school teachers have been sent to Boston within a year to study educational methods in vogue there. By the time the revolution is over most Mexican school teachers will have travelled and have had practical experience in the United States and will be able to teach the young Mexican according to the best American standards.

Of all the reforms a general compulsory school system will

be the most far reaching and profound, but it will take a generation before its effects will be felt.

The religious question is one which has been very much discussed, written and misunderstood. The Catholic Church in Mexico is, to use a homely simile, a fatty degeneration of the Mother Church, and has for almost four centuries played politics, with disastrous results. It can be safely asserted that the religious question is really only a political question; when the Mexican clericals have made up their minds to keep their hands off politics, there will not be any religious question to solve. Some Catholic prelates in the United States have even gone so far as to ask W. J. Bryan, when Secretary of State, not to recognize any Mexican president who would not eliminate from the Mexican Constitution the Laws of the Reform! *

Most of the Constitutionalist reforms have been published and circulated as decrees by V. Carranza. The Mexican social body is slowly absorbing these reforms and acquiring a healthy taste for democracy. In January, 1915, the National Lottery was abolished by a decree of the First Chief.

Very equitable labor laws were created under the wise guidance of R. Zubaran as Minister of the Interior. At the same time Doctor Atl organized over thirty thousand Mexican workmen under the name of "The House of the World's Workers." Of these over fifteen thousand enrolled as soldiers with the Constitutionlists when Villa occupied Mexico City. This Mexican organization has sent representatives to the United States who have succeeded in bringing about very close relations with the American socialists, the American Federation of Labor, the Western Federation of Miners and other labor organizations in this country. The Mexican proletariat has discovered that its interests are the same as those of the American workingman. An international union of this kind is the best guarantee of peace.

The great source of strength of the Constitutionlists lies not only in the fact that the most intellectual, talented, democratic Mexicans have been working under the leadership of Carranza,

* For information on this question see: "The Religious Question in Mexico" by Luis Cabrera, with translation of the Laws of the Reform.

but these same leaders have insisted on carrying out the promised reforms before convening a constitutional government or congress. Their actions speak louder than the words or the promises of the Zapatistas and the Villistas.

The inertia of congress under Madero explains the restlessness of Mexico under his régime. It must be remembered that the Madero Congress did not enact or attempt to initiate any reforms. Radical reforms cannot be carried out by a congress of a government which is not standing on a sound democratic basis. A government to carry out certain reforms quickly, can only be autocratic or revolutionary; the process in a democracy is slow and laborious. A government like the Russian might liberate millions of slaves and pass stringent laws to prevent the sale of alcoholic beverages, but it dares not enact democratic reforms such as universal suffrage, free speech and a free press, unless it wants to commit suicide.

The reason for not convening at once a constitutional government after the overthrow of Huerta can be given best in Luis Cabrera's own words, spoken at the convention in Mexico City, October, 1914; he said among other things:

"I BELIEVE that there must not be a constitutional government until the social reforms which the country requires have been accomplished.

"I BELIEVE that the reforms demanded by our country, if not accomplished now by the strength of your swords, will never be accomplished.

"I BELIEVE that, if we wish to have a truly lawful and constitutional government, we must make a Constitution that is adequate to our necessities.

"I BELIEVE that there must come out a new Constitutional Congress, which will be as great, if not greater than that of 1857, and I believe that this Congress will be the first which in the history of New Spain and Mexico will set the foundation of a legislature which will harmonize with the blood, race and needs of the Indian, and not a constitution copied from that of France or the United States.

"It seems to me that the defence of all the reactionaries and

conservatives is that of clamoring for the immediate application of the law, as soon as they find themselves defeated.

"I BELIEVE that if at the present moment we are to apply a constitutional government, the object of the revolution will be ruined."

Besides the questions of reforms, there is the international question which is worrying the United States as well as the European investors. Carranza has always protected the foreigners, their lives and interests; in times of revolution it is very difficult to carry out a perfect protection, for obvious reasons. As far as the destruction of property and the great sums of indemnization to be paid, besides the foreign and internal debts, there is no doubt, once Mexico settles down to peace, it will be able to pay all the indebtedness without being in the least overcome by its weight. The wealth of the country is so great, so inexhaustible that within a few years of peace, people will not believe that there ever was a revolution. The Constitutionalist government offered to create an international commission, half Mexican, half foreign, to pass on the indemnities.

As to the question of the recognition of the Constitutionalist government, it will be seen that such a recognition will be as beneficial to the Americans as to the Mexicans. The quicker matters in general are settled the quicker the country will recover. A prohibition forbidding all arms and ammunition to go to any parties except to the Constitutionlists would pave the way for peace within a few months.

Mexico is exhausted and asks only for a chance to be allowed to recuperate from its long and dangerous sickness.

WAR LETTERS FROM "A LIVING DEAD MAN"

Written down by ELSA BARKER

[Early in 1914 an unusual book was published, entitled "Letters from a Living Dead Man." The writer, Mrs. Elsa Barker, prefaced these letters with the statement that they had been communicated, altogether "automatically" through her hand, by the spirit of a deceased friend,* in his life a well-known jurist and a deep student of philosophy. The book not only attracted widespread attention but also received the quite uncommon distinction of being commended by many who refuse to believe in its spiritistic origin. In addition to several editions already issued both in England and America, it has been translated into four foreign languages.

About a year later Mrs. Barker began to write, evidently from the same inspiration, a new series of remarkable letters giving pictures and interpretations of the European War as seen from the viewpoint of the "other world." In beginning this series, "X" (the signature appended to all the letters and a familiar soubriquet of Judge Hatch among his intimates) declared: "When I tell you the story of this War, as seen from 'the other side,' you will know more than all the Chancelleries of the Nations." But in the following sketches, extracts from the forthcoming volume, "War Letters from a Living Dead Man," the editor of THE FORUM believes that its readers will find a touching simplicity and poignant tenderness that will compel interest without regard to the question of authorship.]

I

A MAN died yesterday with your name in his thoughts. No, he was not a friend of yours, but some one you have never seen. Back in England last year he

* Since the publication of this book it has been announced that this friend was the late Judge David P. Hatch of Los Angeles and members of his family (not spiritualists) have publicly stated that they feel convinced of the genuineness of the communications.

read the former book which I wrote through your hand, and was intensely interested in it.

Then the war broke out, and he went with the army to Belgium.

Day and night since the first fighting began he has been meditating the facts and possibilities of that book. Is there a future life continuous with that of earth? Can a man return as I claimed to return, and can he give to a woman still in the land of the living a record of his experiences among the dead?

He was always talking to his trench-mates about the future life. He would sit smoking his pipe in silence and gazing off into space, and when other soldiers asked him what he was thinking of so busily, he would often say: "I am thinking of a book I read last summer, and wondering if it was true."

There was one question which particularly interested our friend who died yesterday with your name in his thoughts: the question whether, if he should go out of life at the hands of the enemy, he could prepare such a "little home in heaven" as we wrote about, for a girl whom he loved back in England, and if he should prepare it and wait for her, whether she would be true to him after his death, and meet him there in a few years, and dwell with him in the little home.

Another thing in the book which interested our friend was the story of the woman in the invisible who made a journey into Egypt with her still-living husband. He used to wonder whether, if he should die, he could go in the spirit, as he said, to the little place in North Wales which he had once visited with his sweetheart, and which they had selected as the future scene of their wedding journey.

One night he wrote her a long letter asking her, in case of his death, to go there this summer, and saying that he would try to meet her there. Then after reflection he destroyed the letter, fearing it might make her sad.

When I saw about him a peculiar light which the indwelling spirit throws round its vehicle when that vehicle is about to be destroyed, I waited, knowing there would soon be work to do.

Suddenly I saw his body fall to the ground, and saw the tenuous bodies exuding themselves. I waited but a moment, then

went forward and lifted the spirit out of the sleep into which it would have drifted. I breathed on the forehead of the astral—for astrals have foreheads, make no mistake about that—I breathed on the astral forehead of the man who had paid our book the compliment of thinking about it and about us in the last moment of his life.

He opened his eyes on my face.

"Hello, 'X.!'!" he said. "I hoped you would meet me here. You're a good fellow not to disappoint me."

"Oh, I was always a good fellow!" I answered. "How did you know so quickly that you had come out?"

"Because I saw you."

"And how did you know me?"

"By your photograph, which I saw in a magazine."

"But do I still look like that old hulk?" I asked; for I rather pride myself on the recovery of a certain part of my original youth and beauty.

"Why," he said, "you *do* look like the photograph."

"That is strange," I replied. Then I remembered that my very knowledge of the man's thought of me, as being the old Judge of the story, might have made my body transform itself to meet the demands of his recognition, even without the intervention of my will.

"Do you want to take a nap?" I asked, though there was no sleepiness in his eyes.

"No, thank you, 'X.' I should like to go to England. But perhaps you have something to do besides indulging my wants and wishes."

I laughed.

"Your wants and wishes are just as important as mine," I said. "I'll go to England with you."

We went.

Crossing the Channel we passed a transport laden with troops.

"I wish all those fellows knew as much as I do," my friend said. "Maybe they would fight with renewed vigor if they could see what a good companion I have found out here."

Do not be startled, you clergymen who say, "Ashes to

ashes, dust to dust," and draw solemn faces as you preside over the passing of souls! Do not be startled or shocked by the jolly conversation of my newly-arrived soldier-boy. He knew that he was with an old friend, and he knew also that death is no more sacred than life, and need not be any more solemn.

We went to call on a girl. I often went courting in my youth, but never did I feel more interest in such a visit than when I went with this soldier to see *his* girl. The fact that she could not see us made no difference. I am used to that now.

She was combing her hair when we arrived, beautiful long hair, and on the mantel before her and under the mirror was a photograph of my friend. As her eyes rested on it lovingly, suddenly he passed between her and the photograph, and she cried out:

"Why, the eyes are alive!" and dropped the comb on the floor.

Then, as the truth flashed through her mind, she said, very solemnly:

"My dear, if it is really you, and if you have come to me in this strange way, know that I love you and shall always love you, and that I will meet you in heaven."

Then she sat down in a little chair and began to cry.

II

LISTENING IN BRUSSELS

When the German army passed through unresisting Brussels (three days, if I remember rightly, it was passing through, a long, moving grey-green river of men, on whose helmetted ripples the sunlight or the lamplight glittered), I stood for an hour unnoticed upon a balcony, reading the thoughts of man after man as he passed before my place.

As I have explained to you before, I have no difficulty in reading the thoughts of the Germans; it is only in trying to make them understand me that I often fail.

The river of men and the river of thoughts, each man a ripple, each thought a ripple!

Here are a few ripples of thought which caught the light of my attention:

"What a beautiful city Brussels is!"

"My feet are tired. My shoes hurt me."

"That tree yonder is like the one beside the door at home."

"Mother will be making coffee at this hour."

"What a pretty girl—the one with the bread in her basket!"

"I wonder if Gretchen will talk much with Hans now I am gone."

"That gate on the left is the one that Marie sent me on a picture postcard last year."

"My feet are tired. My shoes hurt me."

"So this is Brussels! I always wanted to see it."

"My head aches."

"Deutschland über Alles! Deutschland über Alles!"

"I wonder if the Lieutenant paid his tailor."

"How warm it is!"

"What is father doing now?"

"I wish I had a glass of beer!"

"I am glad we don't destroy Brussels!"

"What is all this war about, anyway?"

"The Fatherland! The Fatherland!"

"What will they give us for supper?"

"I wonder where we are going?"

"This isn't so fine as the Unter dem Linden."

"When we get to Paris I must see the Venus of Milo."

"My head aches."

"Our baby has a tooth!"

"Will it ever be supper-time!"

And so on and on and on, as the long grey-green river flowed through the city of Brussels.

And these were the men that in a little while would murder and rob and burn and rape, and murder and rob and burn! Many of them had done so already—these tired men with their aimless, unwarlike thoughts, their commonplace soldier thoughts, of home and food and aching feet and of postcards Marie sent last year and the hour for mother's coffee!

What power transformed them into devils? What demon

dehumanized them till they forgot their weariness? Was it the raucous cry of the war-trumpet? Was it the devil behind the devil who blew the trumpet? Was it the evil spirit of a nation, or merely the spirit of war?

It was all of these things.

Perhaps when they began their marching they thought of glory and hate and life and death and honor; but they had been marching long and their thoughts had become simple as the thoughts of weary old men.

What was it all about? What power was driving them on?

Some of these men killed unresisting civilians, struck down helpless children, maltreated nuns and other virgins, drove old men and women before them as a shield against the fire of the opposing forces.

What roused the devil in them? Your friend is right in saying that the war-trumpet is an instrument that can rouse the demon that sleeps in the human breast. He says that the demonic forces outside can make their entry into our world and our personalities riding on the tones of the trumpet-horn. He is right.

He says that it brings the element of fire into the soul. Profoundly true! Fire, the element of destruction, that purifies by destroying what cannot resist it. Fire in the soul and fire in the nerves and fire at the end of the rifle—and death by fire to all that gets in its way!

III

I want to tell you something which I saw with my own eyes.

On a battlefield in France, two soldiers killed each other with the bayonet. The devil in each escaped with the soul. They were not ordinary men. I saw these two devils, these two "dwellers on the threshold," these two "desire-elementals," call them what you will. Do you think they fell upon each other to destroy each other? Not at all. Each fell upon the soul it belonged to. They had no interest in each other;

they had nothing to give or to take away from each other, these devils, dwellers, elementals.

Do you see what I mean?

Your enemy is within you.

The one you fight outside is your brother. Love him with brotherly love, and your devil will grow weaker as your angel grows stronger.

IV

I took counsel with the soul of an English officer who died in leading a charge. His death was quick and painless. A shot through the heart and he found himself—after a period of unconsciousness—still, as he supposed, leading a charge.

But there was no enemy before him, nothing but the tranquil fields above the tumult; for so great was his exaltation of spirit—he had died with the thought of his Love in his heart—that he had gone up and up to the region where Love may have room.

Seeing nothing before him he paused, looked round and saw me.

"Brother," I said, "you have left the war behind you."

He understood. Those who have lived for weeks in the tents of Death are not slow in recognizing Death, when he lifts the curtain.

"And what of the charge?" he asked eagerly. "Was the charge won?"

"Yes," I replied, "the force of your spirit won it."

"Then all is well," was his answer.

"Rest a little," I said. "Rest and talk with me."

"Have we met before?" he asked. "For your face is familiar to me."

"My face is familiar to many on the battlefields," I said.

"When did you come—out here?"

"Three years ago."

"Then you can teach me much."

"Perhaps I can teach you something. What do you want to know?"

"I would know how to comfort one to whom my death will bring great grief."

"Where is she?" I asked.

He named the place.

"Then come," I said, "I will go with you."

We found a beautiful woman in a little room in England, a little room which contained a little bed. And in the bed was a boy four or five years old. We could hear the voices of the mother and child as they talked together.

"And when will father come home?" the little one asked.

"I do not know," said the mother.

"Father *will* come home, won't he? Are you sure that he will come home?"

"I pray that he comes home soon," was all the mother said.

The eyes of children, as they pass into the twilight world; the world between waking and sleeping, are sometimes very clear.

"Why, father has come home!" the child cried, and he stretched out his arms to the father with a glad cry.

And the mother knew, and was very still.

But her grief was softened by knowing that he whom she loved had come home, and that her child had seen him. I think he will remain with her until she can join him here. The delay will not retard the progress of his soul. Love is the fulfilling of the law. There is time in eternity for love and the delays of love. In love a thousand years are as one day.

CHINESE LILY

PAULA JAKOBI

CHARACTERS

Chinese Lily
Chin Tau
Stella
Annie

Clara
Kate
Janey
Matron

PRISONERS

Chinese Lily: very dark—intense—half Chinese, half Scotch. Dressed in blue and white one piece prison dress and plain blue apron. All the prisoners are dressed alike.

Stella: Grey hair, face seamed with wrinkles, eyes red.

Annie: Colored—young—gleaming white teeth—big eyes—clever and evil-looking.

Clara: Tattooed arms and chest. A heart with an arrow on right arm. Short greasy peroxide hair. A typical “sailors’ delight.”

Kate: A sweet-faced English girl—rather characterless.

Janey: Doubles with Kate. 17 years old—very pale and worn.

Matron: Kindly, sad-faced, tired woman of 40 dressed in immaculate white shirt waist and skirt, high stiff collar.

Scene: In the laundry of a woman’s prison. A heavy cloud of steam envelops the long, low laundry. Wan, vice-formed faces peer through it like spectres in a thick fog. It is like an inferno. The workers’ dresses have not been washed in a month. They are indescribable. Through the windows can be seen the prison yard.

The majority of the women who work in the laundry are in the reformatory as “drunks and disorderlies”; many are tattooed. The huge boiler for the clothes is belching forth steam; the irons are heating around a small iron stove. At the left of the room a great steam mangle is turning out fresh clothes which

a sturdy girl lifts into great hampers. They are carted to the prison yard.

ANNIE

I just been to the hospital where they said they'd give me the tests, but they couldn't get me to answer their foolish questions. If they had asked me sensible ones. . . . They tells me to put a little jigsaw horse together or try to put square pieces in round holes—not for mine!

MATRON [*to Clara*]

Why do you walk so slowly on the line?

CLARA

What's the use in getting there? I'm tired of obeying like a dog does a whistle.

MATRON

You do look tired, Clara.

CLARA

I can't remember when I wasn't tired. I guess I was born tired. If I hadn't 'a' had to work when I was a child! Oh, well, what's the diff? My mother was tired before me. If I only could get out to get some air! We haven't been out since October and now it's April!

[*Matron walks down the room*]

STELLA [*from the other end of the laundry*]

Look out; here comes creeping Jesus in another clean dress that one of us girls has to wash. She gets on my noives.

ANNIE [*folding towels*]

Yes, there's that damn matron again.

[*A look comes into her face—hard, watchful, cruel*]

KATE

Leave her alone; you've done her dirt enough. She's on the square. I tell you she makes me feel that she's my friend and that she doesn't watch me for the fun of it. I bet she'd like to leave us to ourselves, but she ain't let. And she makes me feel that she believes in me. It's great to have some one that believes in you.

ANNIE

All right, all right. But I don't like them to be telling me all

the time what is right for me to do. Let them look out for themselves. If they'd only treat us with a little human feeling—but they treat us like cattle. They're strict—always strict. [*There is silence. The matron passes through. She puts her hand on a woman's shoulder: the woman starts*]

MATRON

Kate, what's the matter?

KATE [*whispering*]

Oh, I thought it was a policeman. Say, Matron, I suppose you've enough letters to read, but if you could stand another, I got one from my father.

MATRON

I should love to read your letter.

[*Kate gives her the letter*]

MATRON [*gradually reading audibly*]

“—and you can be sure of a welcome from your mother and me, and no one will ever mention the past. You know that I wouldn't allow it.—Your loving Father.”

[*Matron returns letter to Kate*]

CLARA

We miss you in the laundry, Stella. Where have you been keeping yourself?

STELLA

I've been whitewashing the walls of the hospital. Did you know that they had a woman in there who tried to kill herself? She wanted to starve to death. I heard the doctors say her people had turned her off. They're giving her forcible feeding, just as if she was one of them suffragettes. The other day she broke a pane of glass and tried to cut her throat. Now she's handcuffed. I've had enough of whitewashing the hospital. [*With head bent, knitted brows*] I get out in two weeks.

MATRON

Have you been here long?

[*Lily enters*]

STELLA

In long? Five years for an abortion.

MATRON

Oh, but that is dreadful.

STELLA

Lots of them do it; it's done every day.

MATRON

What happened to the woman?

STELLA

She died on me.

[Lily goes to Stella and puts her arms around her shoulders for a moment, then passes on to her work, at a mangle]

MATRON

You here, Lily?

LILY

Oh, yes—*[after a pause]*—Poor Stella! What will she do when she gets out? She is so old. It will be so late for her to begin again. But—oh, to get away from all this!

MATRON

Really, Lily, do you mean it?

LILY

Never again for mine!—It is these *[touching the bars]*, and the fearful sound of the keys!

MATRON

Why did you keep a disorderly house, Lily?

LILY

It was all I could do. I—I couldn't help myself.

MATRON

Will you go back to the same thing?

LILY

Never again. I'm going to live for my girl—my Janey.

MATRON

You are the only woman in my ward with no pictures on the walls of her room.

LILY

Oh, I like pictures, but they're so afraid of having you try to pass off every good-looking man as a relation that they won't let you put up anyone's picture. And then, it ain't fair to cut them from the magazines. You start to read a

story and the interesting part is gone. [*A pause*] But I have my placard.

MATRON

Your placard?

LILY

Yes, the prison motto—*that's* up in my room—"Now is the time of Salvation!" [*Lily looks at the matron quite steadily as she slowly irons*]

KATE [*breaks the momentary silence*]

My brother had three children before he was twenty-one.

STELLA

That's nothing; I had five myself before I was twenty.

KATE

I'm glad I've had this experience, for I was just beginning to go round. It's better to know what one can come to. I'd no idea anyone could sink so low! [*Then with a sigh*] Oh, I do hope I'll get out soon.

ANNIE

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."

KATE

If I didn't hope I couldn't go on.

MATRON

Annie, where did you hear what you just quoted?

ANNIE,

Oh, I don't know. Me for Essex Street the minute I get out, and a planked steak and spaghetti!

[*Annie and Clara whisper together. The matron approaches*]

CLARA [*after a silence*]

I received a letter from my husband, Matron. Will you read it?

[*Women are passing to and from yard with clothes. The matron reads, while Clara bends over her with eyes shining*]

MATRON [*reading*]

"My dear beloved wife:

"Yes, I'll be out in about two months and will come to see you. Yes, dear, I got your picture and I have one in my cell, and if I look at the picture once, I look at it fifteen times a

day, and when I get the blues I say, 'Never mind, dear, we will be together some day.'"

CLARA

He ain't done no wrong, Matron, he is just in for a fight. He gave a fellow a black eye. . . . You ought to see me when I'm not in here. I wear my hair in curls, and I have a lovely switch that they took off me when I came in, and I have a hat with willow plumes. You ought to see it! [*Continues dreamily*] Oh, yes, I had dandy fun. It is the first time I am run in. They was Harvard students—fine fellows.

MATRON

What did you spend your money on, Clara?

CLARA [*promptly*]

Clothes.

[*The sky has become overcast. It is thundering and lightning. The women crowd closer; they are frightened*]

ANNIE

There's no use being scared; if the Lord says my time is come, it has, whether I like it or not, and I might as well go on ironing.

STELLA [*poising her iron in one hand*]

God forgive me if I'm judging Clara Clark, but I thought she did drink. As for me, I'm not in here for murder or anything; I'm just a common drunk.

[*Clara passes behind her, glancing toward her*]

ANNIE

You'd better be careful what you say, Stella.

[*The matron passes through toward the yard, to see whether it is raining*]

CLARA [*who has begun ironing a skirt, to Stella*]

Did I hear you say I drank?

STELLA [*hesitatingly*]

Well, I was told you did.

[*Clara quickly raises her iron and throws it at Stella, missing her by a hair's breadth. Women scream, and the matron turns and hurries to Clara*]

MATRON [*severely*]

What do you mean by such conduct? [*Clara, sullen, does not*

answer] You shall be punished for this. And you just out of the dungeon, too. [*Turning to the other women*] Go back to your work, women. [*To Stella, who is crying*] Go into the yard and bring in the clothes before it rains. [*To Clara, giving her a note which she has written*] Take this to the office. [*Clara looks at her half sullenly, half defiantly. The matron unflinchingly faces her*] Take the note at once. [*Clara goes out with the note. Silence for a few moments*]

ANNIE [*to Lily, in a very low tone*]

I ain't got no place to go when I leave here. Can I go back to you?

LILY [*without moving her head*]

I'm not going to take any more girls.

ANNIE [*incredulously*]

Aw, give that guff to the matrons.

LILY [*quietly*]

It's true. I'm not going to take any more girls.

ANNIE

Got religion?

LILY

Quit your fooling. If you have no place to go and if I'm out you can come to me but it's on the straight. [*The matron passes: Lily continues in the same tone*] So I ordered a dozen oranges, it was Friday, our fruit day you know; but they didn't have any and I had to do without, though I had been thinking of them all day. [*The matron has passed*]

ANNIE

What'll Clara do? She's countin' on goin' back to you—and say, Lil—what'll you live on?

LILY

Never you mind—[*She goes off to get more clothes*]
[*Two Sisters of Charity are walking through the yard. Stella sees them pass. She calls out in a raucous whisper*]

STELLA

Hey, Sisters, Sisters——
[*They do not answer*]

STELLA

Aw, Sisters—hell!
[*A gong sounds*]

MATRON

Women, get in line to go to chapel. Try to be quiet in the corridors and sing your Easter hymns as well as you can. You, Lily, can remain here to fix up the laundry. [*The women file from the laundry*]

LILY [*diffidently*]

Matron—if you're not too busy I'd like to tell you something. I can't sleep. I think and think. Can I talk to you for a few minutes?

MATRON

Of course——

LILY

You *have* been good to me, Matron. You're really the only friend I've ever had and I'd like to tell you how it happened, if you care to hear.

MATRON [*taking Lily's hand*]

Of course I want to hear. You know I am deeply interested in you, and during this past year I have grown to love you as though you were my own child. Tell me—perhaps I can help you.

LILY

Well—it was this way. Chin Tau expected me to come to his room every afternoon at four to give him the money the girls brought in. On this day I was afraid to go, for there was less and less money and he wasn't satisfied. But I knew he would be fearfully angry if I wasn't there promptly, so I collected the money and knocked at his door. Just as I was knocking——

[*During this scene the stage gradually darkens until the laundry is quite obscured. The lights as gradually rise and a luxurious Chinese interior, incense-flooded, is discovered. Chin Tau, a large middle-aged, full-blooded Chinese, is on the sofa, smoking a long opium pipe. There is the sound of knocking on the door*]

CHIN TAU

Come—Come in!

LILY [*in light blue Chinese coat and trousers*]

Good afternoon, Chin Tau!

CHIN TAU

Come here, my Blossom.

LILY [*approaching timidly*]

You are well this day?

CHIN TAU

Chin Tau is not well till his Blossom is in his arms. [*He draws Lily to him: she tries to withdraw. Chin Tau looks displeased—Lily controls herself and sits close to him*] Has my Lotos flower brought a tribute to-day?

LILY

Yes, Chin Tau. Here it is. [*From a salver she empties many bills and coins into Chin Tau's lap*]

CHIN TAU [*growing strained*]

It seems very little. It grows less and less. Annie—Annie brought how much?

LILY

Twelve dollars.

CHIN TAU

Only twelve dollars since yesterday? I will have to see her. And Clara—?

LILY

Clara, Chin Tau, Clara brought five dollars and a half. Clara has not been well.

CHIN TAU [*growing more tense and angry*]

Not well—not well—there is no such thing. She has no right not to be well. She must be well. If she is not well I will turn her away. She will have no place to go. She must be well. I will see her. Mollie?

LILY [*who has been drawing farther and farther away and now sits at the extreme end of the sofa*]

Mollie, Mollie—twenty dollars.

CHIN TAU [*leans forward in white rage*]

Twenty dollars—twenty dollars! What does she mean? And I got that boy for her—that boy who thinks nothing of his millions, who would throw them at her if she works him and plays him properly. What does she think I did that for? To

please her? Why do I give her beautiful rooms and a young lover? Just to amuse her?

LILY

But she is detained in her rooms; she——

CHIN TAU [*coldly*]

Her chains are golden—she has no responsibilities—nothing to do but be agreeable to my friends.

[*Lily grows more and more cold. Chin Tau observes her silence*]

CHIN TAU

Come here, my Lotos Blossom. That has nothing to do with us—with us and our love. I must have money—must I not?—to give my Beautiful fit surroundings. [*Fondling her*] To keep these little hands, these soft little hands dimpled and white. To keep the shoulders that I love—[*He attempts to open the top of Lily's coat. She draws away from him*]

CHIN TAU

What is this? You start from me?

LILY [*full of fear*]

No, Chin Tau; no, but I am so troubled—I——

CHIN TAU

That is well, if you do not start from me, for you are mine, Lily, to do with what I choose, mine, do you understand? Body of me, blood of me—skin of me—my passion flower.
[*Lily sits within his arms, terror struck*]

CHIN TAU

I have a plan. I have a plan with which to recoup our treasury. I will tell it to my love. Count Romanoff has come to me again.

[*Lily starts in terror*]

CHIN TAU

No, I will not give you to him—for you are mine and no man shall have you. Count Romanoff has come to me again. He tells me he has not known such a palace of bliss as mine. He likes my rooms, my music, my food, but he is tired of my girls. He wants a new girl and a beautiful one. He will pay

my price—any price if I will get her for him. I have been looking about, and at last after a long search I have found the very one.

LILY [*apathetically*]

Yes?

CHIN TAU

Yes, little Lotos Blossom. [*His eyes narrow as he watches her. He speaks slowly*] The girl I have chosen is—your daughter, Janey.

[*Lily sits as motionless as before. Only her lips echo the name: "Janey?"*]

CHIN TAU

I am glad—I am glad, little woman, that you do not care. After all, Janey is growing up. She is now fourteen years of age and she must have some experience soon, and why not benefit her mother and me? I, who have schooled her and taken care of her? The dear child surely wants to pay her debt to us, does she not?

[*Lily's face has become resolute. She smiles, and nestles to Chin Tau*]

LILY

Yes, yes—I am glad you have found so rich a lover for her. Besides, Romanoff is not so old. He must be—let me see—not more than fifty! And he will be gentle with her, will he not? for she is not over strong! [*She arranges the pipes and fills Chin Tau's pipe. Her eyes are glancing about the room. She is extremely nervous*] And—when, my love, when have you decided this will take place?

CHIN TAU [*smoking slowly, never taking his eyes from Lily*]

To-night, my Blossom.

LILY [*her hands clench, her body grows rigid. She bends forward*]

Will you not give me time—will you not give me some time to prepare her? She is very young—she is very much of a child. She knows nothing of the world.

CHIN TAU

It will be to-night, my Blossom.

LILY

To-night—to-night!—Will Chin Tau let me go to Romanoff instead of my Jane? She is so young—she——

CHIN TAU [*in a rage*]

You will not stir from my side—you low, vile, half-breed, half-Chinese! You would desert me to go to another when I care for no one but you? I would kill you first! [*He grasps her by the arm and throws her from him*]

[*At the word "kill," Lily's eyes blaze. She stares at Chin Tau, fascinated*]

CHIN TAU

But we will not talk of such things. Come to my arms. Come to my arms and rest there. When we have drained Romanoff, I will take my Blossom away to other climes than this money-grubbing land. I will take thee over the seas to the lotos country where we will do nothing but love. I know you do not like keeping this house and the girls for me. We will not do anything more of the kind. I will carry you about so that your little feet do not touch the ground. You will lie upon a bed of lilies.

LILY [*she has grown restless. She starts from Chin Tau*]

Tea. Shall we have tea?

CHIN TAU

Are you agreed in everything with me?

LILY

Yes—as always—yes.

CHIN TAU

Then, my Love, we will have tea.

[*Lily prepares it on the small table near the couch. She stands behind Chin Tau to pour it. He raises his hand over his head and puts his arm around her neck. She bends over him. Suddenly she has an inspiration. As she bends she takes the end of his long queue in her hand. Rapidly she winds it round his neck and with superhuman strength strangles him. The action is so rapid he is taken completely off guard. As he is strangling, the lights lower. The scene changes and the laundry is seen with the matron and Lily seated as before*]

LILY

And I knew nothing, it seemed for days. They sentenced me to come here—that's all I know.

MATRON

And the child?

LILY

I don't know. I don't know. I can't find her. Everything seemed to disappear. The girls who came here, who had been with me, knew nothing of her. It's the only thing that keeps me up—the little girl. It's three years now.

[There are sounds in the corridor as of companies marching. The door opens. The women file into the laundry. The matron goes toward the door to see them enter and watches the line in the yard. Lily sighs, drops her hands with a tired gesture and places some irons on the stove. The women go to their various occupations which they left when they went to chapel]

KATE

Have the commissioners had you before them yet?

ANNIE

No, and I don't know what I'll say to them. I don't remember what I said to them at the examination when I came in. Of course I lied. I didn't give them my right name.

KATE

You got to see them before you can go home.

ANNIE

Say, where you bin? Co'rse you have. There are three of them in the reception room—two men and a woman and the superintendent *and* the deputy *and* the doctor *and* the Social Workers *and* the probation officer. I guess that's all. An' they have the papers with your case before them on the table. And when your name is called they open the door into the hall where the girls is waiting to be called for, as frightened as rabbits. An' you go in an' give yer dope and they have the story with the "case" on the table before them and they compare what *you* say to what the papers tell, and if it don't tally they fire questions at you an' you wish you was dead. . . . I tell you they ain't got no shame. They ask you ques-

tions I wouldn't let pass *my* lips an' the women commissioners is worse than the men. An' when yer through you feel that yer owned by the whole world. . . . Oh, *you'll* know when the commissioners have had you before them.

KATE

An' when it's all through, can you go?

ANNIE

Oh, no—you can go when they're good and ready to let you out. Sometimes it's months after the commissioners have seen you. An' no one tells you a word—when you can go or what they have decided; you got to have a home to go to or work promised an' you got to be well, an' how about it if you ain't got no place to go an' are sick? Is it your fault? I wish the days was back when you knew just how long you were in—even if the time you had to stay was longer.

STELLA

Did you know that the commissioners and social workers are comin' here to-day? I was told to hurry up the white dresses. That'll mean that we'll put them on and when they'll be walkin' through the grounds we'll be let out and we'll play ball. Ain't I cute playin' ball? [*She strokes her white hair ironically*]

[*A new worker enters. Lily stops ironing and stares at her in consternation. The newcomer gasps: "Mother!" Even the calloused women in the laundry are touched. For a few moments the gossip is hushed. Instinctively the women drift away from them toward their various occupations*]

LILY

My God!—[*After a pause*] How did you get here, Janey, Janey?

JANEY

Oh, never mind.

LILY

Tell me, Janey, my little Janey!

JANEY

Oh, Mother, Mother, I can't tell you!

LILY

But you must tell me—you must tell me, child! [*She has*

sunk to the floor at Janey's feet; her arms are around the girl's knees]

JANEY

Well—when they took you away from me I was so frightened! They told me all sorts of terrible things about you. They said you kept the girls. They said you were no good. They said you killed him. I wouldn't have blamed you for that, but it was the other things. And I didn't care then *what* happened to me. I rushed from the house. I hated everyone and I wandered around the streets and at last I was hungry and tired and didn't know where to go and I landed in a sub-cellar of a hotel—they took me as dishwasher. Mario Cella was there too. He did the heavy lifting for me. I liked him well enough, until one day I found out that I was in the family way. Then he wanted to marry me and I agreed to meet him at his mother's, but—oh, Mother!—when I saw him in the daylight! Oh, it never would 'a' happened if I'd 'a' had the sunlight on him!

LILY [*gently*]

Did you marry him?

JANEY

I did not and I never will.

LILY

How is it you're here?

JANEY

The hotel wouldn't take me back. I couldn't get anything to do. I was starving and I had to take to the streets.

MATRON [*to Janey*]

You'd better sprinkle some of these clothes.

[*Lily crouches with head on hand*]

MATRON [*to Lily, with her hand on her shoulder*]

Don't take it so hard, Lily.

[*Lily pushes the hand almost roughly away—says nothing—continues work*]

MATRON

I am so sorry, Lily.

LILY

What's the use of it all anyway? My little girl! It isn't her fault. And what'll happen to her here? You're watched all the time until you try your best to do something just for the sake of doing it. You don't learn anything. You're just kept busy—busy at the same tiresome thing day after day. If you don't treat every other woman like a brute you're watched to see that you're not breaking any of their blessed prison rules. What can you expect? You're weak—when you get out—from all the regulations—weak in body and in mind and even if you have spent your eight months or eight years making resolutions your life has grown so empty—you've been kept so long away from everything and everybody that when you get out you're useless—you're only fit to be made use of. . . . And she's my baby—my little baby—Well, I'm done!

[A woman passes in the yard with a matron. She is dressed in black with a sailor hat on her head. A baby in blue is on her arm. Her face is gleaming with joy]

WOMEN

Why, it's Kate—going home! *[They crowd around the door, backs to audience—watching Kate off]* Don't come back, Kate! Don't come back!

Curtain

TWO CHORUSES FROM "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS"

WITTER BYNNER

I

THE SECOND MAIDEN.

O SAD-VOICED ocean-bird, heard in the foam
Low by the rocky ledge
Singing a note unhappy hearts can hear,
The song of separation from thy mate,
The moan of separation,
I have no wings to seek like thee, but I
Can sing a song like thee,
A song of separation from my mates.

At home in Hellas now are gathering
My kinsmen. Artemis
Blesses the new-born from Her Cynthian hill
And soothes the mothers with the cooling palm
And bay and olive-tree,
Where once Latona loved the winding streams
And watched the rounded pools
White with the song-like motion of the swans.

Alas! the falling tears, the towers fallen,
The taking of our towns!
Alas! the clash of bright and angry spears
That captured me aboard an alien ship!
Whence I was sold away
To be an exile here, a handmaiden
With Agamemnon's daughter,
Doomed to the bloody rites of Artemis.

THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

And at these altars where the sacrifice
Is not of sheep but men,

I envy those unhappy from their birth;
For to be bred and seasoned in misfortune
Is to be iron to it;
But there is something in the pang of change
More than the heart can bear—
Unhappily remembering happiness.

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

Lady, a ship is here to take thee home,
And in the rowers' ears
Pan shall be sounding all his pointed notes,
Great mountains echoing to his little reed,
And Phœbus on his lyre
Shall strike profound the seven strings and sing
To thee of Attica,
Shall sing to thee of home and lead thee there.

Oar after oar shall dip and carry thee,
Lady, away from me,
Oar after oar shall push the empty sea
Wider, wider, leaving me lonely here,
Leaving me here without thee.
And forward over the unceasing bow
Thy sail shall faster run,
Ever refilling with the unspent wind.

THE SECOND MAIDEN.

O to go swiftly like the wingèd sun
Upon his dazzling track
And not to let my golden light be folded
Until I touched my house, my roof, my room!
Then I should go again
To noble marriages and take my place
In the bright company,
Give them my hands and circle round and dance.

And I should strive to be the loveliest
In all my looks and ways,
In my unrivalled brightness of attire

And in the motion of my hands and feet;
 And my embroidered veil
 I should hold closely round me as I danced
 And I should hide my cheek
 In the soft shadow of my clustering curls.

II

THE THIRD MAIDEN.

Latona bore one day a golden Child,
 O Artemis, Thy Brother,
 Phœbus, the darling of the vales of Delos—

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

Whose little fingers hovered on the harp
 And pulled at archery.

THE THIRD MAIDEN.

Leaving His birthplace, to Parnassus' top
 The Mother brought Her Boy—

THE SECOND MAIDEN.

Where Dionysus flings the waterfall.

THE THIRD MAIDEN.

There hidden coiling in the leafy laurels
 A serpent, with bright scales
 And blood-red eyes, a creature born of Earth,
 Guarded the cave that held Earth's oracle.
 Phœbus, beholding it, leaped up
 Out of His Mother's arms, a little Child,
 And struck the serpent dead—

THE SECOND MAIDEN.

And on that day began His prophecies.

THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

Phœbus Apollo, Thou hast won the throne,
 The tripod of the truth!

And in the very centre of the earth
Thou hearest wisdom; and Thy voice conveys,
Accompanied by all
The run and ripple of Castalian springs,
The inmost oracles
That ever Heaven whispered to the Earth.

THE THIRD MAIDEN.

But Earth had wished the oracles to go
To Themis, Her own daughter,
And in Her anger bred a band of dreams
That in the night should be oracular
To men, foretelling truth.
And this impaired the dignity of Phœbus
And of His oracles—

THE SECOND MAIDEN.

And the baby God went hurrying to Zeus,
Coaxed with His little hands and begged of Zeus
To send the dreams away . . .

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

And He was very pleased to have His son
Come straight to Him with troubles. And His head
Decided with a nod
And bade men turn from the prophetic dark
And every haunting shape—

THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

And listen only to the lips of Light.

THE CASE OF DR. NORDAU

JAMES HUNEKER

I

HERE'S our old friend Max Nordau popping up again in a new suit of motley. It is now Max the art critic, as in 1895 it was Dr. Nordau, author of that ponderous epitome of quackery entitled *Degeneration*, and in 1903 Max the slayer of dramatists and their evil mummeries. He has scoured the entire realms of literature, art, philosophy and politics, revealing the possession of a virulent pen and a mind stocked with more misinformation than any ten of his journalistic contemporaries. A victim to a mania best described as a hatred of the new—misoneism—he has spared no one who has dared to think, write, paint, model or compose individually. Nordau is a man who has followed in the wake of every genius, of every art movement, for the past quarter of a century, making insulting gestures, but always keeping at a respectful distance from his adversaries. He has maintained the one attitude—a critical Thersite shaking his impotent fist in the wake of a conquering army. All the men he has abused had or have won European reputations—John Ruskin, the pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti, Swinburne, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Wagner, Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Goncourt, Barrès—the list is much longer. The success of their work is a commonplace. One no longer defends them. Some have received the stamp of academic approval. The star of a great misunderstood poetical and critical genius, Charles Baudelaire, has risen. But Nordau does not know the war is over. He continues to execrate in print these names. He had been passed by and left like something that cries at night in the desert. Or he is like the bass clef in a Henry James dialogue, all dashes and blanks.

Perhaps the worthy doctor discovered that the accusation of decadence is a two-edged weapon. It was turned against him

with deadly results when William James stepped into the fray and in a few dignified but cutting phrases proved that to Nordau might be ascribed all the symptoms of decadence he had so generously bestowed upon the subjects of his book. For example, "Coprolalia," or love of abusive language.

When the late Professor James got through Mr. Shaw gave the man such a drubbing that we heard no more from him for nearly a decade. St. George easily slew his fuming dragon. You may remember that Nordau made some lucky though obvious guesses in *Degeneration*. It was only too easy to predict of Paul Verlaine that he was doomed to disgrace and an early death, or that in the later books of Nietzsche a disordered intellect might be distinguished. What Nordau didn't foresee was the ultimate placing of Verlaine in the pantheon of French poetry, the admission of Maurice Barrès to a fauteuil of the Academy, and of Zola to the ranks of the immortal dead of France.

In fact many of Nordau's black geese have turned out white swans; which proves that a little prophecy is a dangerous thing. He never had the critical instinct. You can always believe the reverse of what he says and be nearer the truth. Each chapter in *Degeneration* contradicts the other. You are a mystic, therefore a degenerate. You are a realist, *ergo* a decadent. You are an individualist, consequently quite mad. Socialism is Nordau's weak spot. It is the nigger in his particular woodpile, and is one of the reasons he attacks so fiercely the individualism of Nietzsche, Ibsen and Barrès. By rights he should sympathize with the absurd communism of Tolstoi, but his racial origin forbids *rapprochement*.

It is the sweet, deluding and sonorous verbal artillery of parlor socialism—socialism, newest and oldest of lies political—in which Nordau delights. He has written pamphlets on the theme and has arraigned society with the bitterness, though without the intellectual precision of Nietzsche, or the emotional power of Tolstoi. And he has been most reckless in the manner with which he borrowed from Nietzsche his scarifying dialectic in *The Wagner Case*. All the arguments deployed against Richard Wagner by Nordau you may find first in Nietzsche's un-

happy book; a book written in the twilight of his intellect and one that should never have been published. Nordau, too, availed himself of much of Nietzsche's material in *Beyond Good and Evil*. In his attacks on Nietzsche he first read Dr. Hermann Türck's brochure. But why continue? The theory of degeneration is thoroughly discredited, and we do not recall that its chief exponent ever made answer to Dr. Hirsch's able counterblast, *Regeneration*. Moreover, it was when Dr. Nordau began to put forth novels and plays that he gave himself away to his adversaries. The man who had lampooned Tolstoi and Zola and the rest had tried his hand at fiction and dismally failed. His plays are ridiculously bad, all the worse because of their pretention to a "moral," an "uplifting" purpose. You can't catch the early bird any more with that sort of salt. If one must preach—and we do not admit the necessity—do so with the melodious indignation of Ruskin or the half-cracked intensity of Tolstoi.

Furthermore, his fiction and plays are not nice—apart from their commonplace style—for he deals with malodorous themes, and presently you are waist-deep in the very mud and gloom he so strenuously attacked in *Degeneration*. We have gone into some detail about the Nordau theories because they were exposed in superficial style with facile allusions to a pseudo-science that proved birdlime for the feet of the half-baked of culture both here and in England. A whole nonsensical "literature" of psychiatry sprang into existence, and an author was judged moral or immoral, sane or insane by the specific shape of his ear-lobe or his eye-strain. (The latest authority here places the seat of psychic disorders in the colon!) It is too easy, this method of putting the entire world of art, literature and philosophy into the madhouse or prison; and finally with a laugh the entire ponderous and silly theory was shunted off the rails of criticism. But Nordau had forgotten the painters, and one fine day it occurred to him that he had left almost untouched a magnificent field for his ruthless ploughshare. If Nietzsche, Wagner, Tolstoi were locked up in the Nordau Inferno, why not Manet, Puvis and Rodin? So we get a book, *On Art and Artists*, largely made up of scraps, some of which seem to have been written be-

fore the Flood, others as late as ten years ago; but all of the indescribable quality that leaves the reader in doubt as to whether Nordau had ever seen a canvas of Manet or a marble of Rodin. Of course he has; though, lacking powers of visualization, of divination, of synthetical judgments, and last, but not least, the artistic pen of a descriptive writer, his arguments, be they never so elaborate, do not produce conviction. We—and this is new in the Nordau case—even fail to admit the good doctor's sincerity. We feel, without admission being made on his part, that his ideal in art is the colored photograph, in music the phonograph.

II

Like all of the critical controversial work of Nordau, *Vus du Dehors*, a collection of essays, mostly devoted to French dramatists, is very "external." An arrant believer in the flesh-pots of life, the pugnacious little doctor sets up for a profound psychologist. He digs, he delves, into the novels and poems of his contemporaries, and then, after weighing them in the scales of a laboratory, he publishes the results. It is difficult to place his criticisms—they are neither sound physiology nor good red fiction. You read of a poet whose intellectual scheme suggests novelty; suddenly the shape of his ears is adduced as evidence of degeneration. He is a faun; his poetry is atavistic, deals in foolish images of experiences undergone by a cannibal ancestor. This method is very confusing.

Or a play is discussed with considerable skill—Nordau is a clever journalist—and we sail through three or four acts when, bang!—the past of the unfortunate author is lugged in to prove that a certain situation is but a memory of his aunt's fondness for young fellows in the long ago. It is quite personal criticism, of the Nordau kind, but is it art!

Those who had the courage to wade through the bulky volume pompously labelled *Degeneration* found an enormous, though ill-digested, mass of facts. The writer had ill-comprehended his subjects, and to make them measure his iron bed of a theory of universal degeneration the unfortunate artists, com-

posers, poets, philosophers and romancers were tortured and stretched to one implacable length. If they didn't fit it, woe betide them!—the hair was pulled up by the roots. If too long, Surgeon Nordau calmly sawed off their head or their feet—it didn't matter which, depending, as it did, on his position at the operating table.

After the first indignation wore away, the colossal impudence of it all penetrated the brains of the fooled public, and since then Nordau has not been taken seriously. He has a wolf at his door, a phantom wolf that growls and barks whenever he puts forth a new book. It is his *Degeneration*. Now this is hardly fair to a man of brains, who writes in a lively, entertaining manner, who often has something to say. We knew that, carried away by the brilliant, sophisticated theories of Cesare Lombroso, his disciple Nordau saw in almost every man of talent a criminal, in every man of genius a maniac. His inferno of genius had as many circles as Dante's; it held divisions for the pseudo-genius, the Mattoid, and it boasted sulphurous gulfs wherein such men as Ibsen, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Zola, Richard Wagner, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Maeterlinck and many other nineteenth century geniuses, more or less known, seethed and suffered for daring to be themselves. It was all too exact, too logical. The very standards in this case, anthropometric measurements *à la* Lombroso if applied to Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Dante, or Goethe would disclose insanity of some sort. Lombroso did diagnose Dante's case and found pronounced symptoms of marked epilepsy, mania of persecution and a sufferer from visions. On this basis Milton might be dragged in, and Homer too. (Couldn't Lombroso and Nordau be called—after Flaubert's inane heroes—the Bouvard and Pécuchét of psychiatry?)

However, when other symptoms fail these new literary mad-house doctors fall back upon epilepsy, dear old epilepsy, disease of genius. All the big guns of art, literature, science, warfare, were epileptoids, from Cæsar to Flaubert. Handel, Napoleon Bonaparte, Swift, Lenau, Dostoievsky, Mahomet and many others "threw" beautiful parti-colored fits for the good of posterity. Schiller loved the smell of decaying apples—something in this! said the sniffing Lombroso. And Schopenhauer—

isn't his pessimism symptomatic? Ha! Let us see. Yes, he quarrelled with his mother when young, was darkly disrespectful to Goethe—perhaps he had a nice Hamlet-like reason—was afraid of the cholera, and detested bores. Symptoms, dangerous symptoms, all of them. But if he hadn't written *The World as Will and Representation*, Schopenhauer's habits would have been set down to harmless eccentricities. Even Michael Angelo has no longer a moral leg to stand upon. Consult Parlegreco's life. The sonnets are now adduced, as were Shakespeare's, as evidences of an abnormal sex element—the less Angelo he, as Browning would have said.

Well, after a slaughter of the innocents, magnificent in its extent and variety, Nordau sat down to a serious study of the men he had attacked. The result is this book, with the addition of a series of studies on the modern French stage.

After proving to his own satisfaction that Balzac was not a realist, that Guy de Maupassant was an erotomaniac, that Anatole France has great talent, Monsieur Max startles us with favorable opinions on the work of Maurice Barrès. Now, Barrès had not written *Les Déracinés* when he first attracted the malevolent curiosity of Nordau, and his novels were sufficiently original and filled with thought-stuff to merit some consideration. Not so for Max. Barrès was furiously assaulted in *Degeneration* as an anarchist, an immoralist. Since then he seems to have improved somewhat. Then we are treated to three studies of jealousy, superficial in character, in which are jumbled the names of Shakespeare, Anatole France and Lucien Muhlfeld. Why not Nordau's also? He has suffered in his time from the worst kind of jealousy—jealousy of other men's gifts. Othello, it need hardly be said, is in our author's eyes a creature of the bull type, and a bull at the mating period of the year. Furious, he lowers his horns and charges at every other male of his species that approaches his sacred enclosure. But this is a physiological detail, not a psychological. Shakespeare—who, it is to be hoped, never reads Earth criticism in Olympus—meant a few other things with Othello than the mere exhibition of animal jealousy.

In Anatole France's charming novel *Le Lys Rouge* there is a close study of jealousy by a master, though not a Shakespeare.

We confess without pride to missing the *Le Mauvais Désir* of M. Muhlfeld, whose study, so Dr. Nordau asserts, is clinical in its demonstration of the monster with the absinthe-colored eyes. Let us pass over the reopening of the Verlaine case—Nordau now makes some feeble amends for his brutal and reckless assertions in his earlier volume. It needed no Nordau to inform the world the sort of man and poet Verlaine proved himself. Verlaine told us all about himself, told us far too much. Nor does the alleged opaqueness of Mallarmé's poetic meanings frighten us. There was a time when Wagner was called a madman, Robert Browning a mystifier. The time may arrive when good French school-boys will take up *L'Après Midi d'un Faune* as a parsing exercise. It is certainly not more difficult than Browning's *Sordello*. And it is foolish to attack a man for not publishing many books; rather should he be praised. Mallarmé's sensitiveness on the subject was proverbial. He held, and justly, that too much printed matter infects the world with literary leprosy. So he left a few precious volumes of prose and verse, exquisite, alembicated, and full of novel cadences.

But Nordau, whose sense of humor is certainly not racial, did not see this. He venomously attacked Mallarmé for not writing and Wagner for writing too much. The latter is a graphomaniac, the former—what the deuce is he? Ibsen for being an individualist is damned as an anarch who would dynamite the cosmos; Tolstoi for preaching the gospel of pity and brotherhood is a degenerate whose socialism will disintegrate humanity. Wagner can't write music—he only compiles; Claude Monet can't paint—he has a disease of the optical nerve.

However, the doctor can narrate a good story. When he tires of "psychologizing" or moralizing over love, he tells a little anecdote. One in this volume of essays is about Mallarmé's visit to a Belgian town where he was to give a conference, as the great living representative of French literature. In solemn silence his audience heard him read the first few pages of his *Divagations*—his prose has at times the same cheerful irrelevance as Arthur Rimbaud's—then restlessness supervened, followed by indignation and stupefaction. What? How? Who? Why? Where? Finally a general in full uniform arose

brusquely, and, to the noisy clanging music of spur and sabre, left the hall, angrily crying:

"The fellow who is reading us this idiotic nonsense is either drunk or a fool." Nordau pleasingly adds that he cannot contradict the military gentleman. Of such is the kingdom of criticism *chez Nordau*.

The other anecdote that he dug up is worth retelling. One day, when Mme. George Sand was a very old woman—in 1870—she went to visit the Minister of Instruction. There, being detained in the ante-chamber, she fell into a pleasant conversation with a venerable, well-kept gentleman who wore the rosette of the Legion of Honor. After a half hour's chat the unknown arose, consulted his watch and then bowed to Mme. Sand.

"If I could always find such a charming companion I would visit the Ministry often," he gallantly said and went away. The novelist called an attendant.

"Who is that amiable old gentlemen?" she asked. Ah, that was M. Jules Sandeau of the French Academy. And he, on going out, inquired the lady's name. George Sand! There must have been a lot of head shaking over the mutability of human affairs, particularly of love, when these former lovers reached their respective homes. Sandeau, I need hardly remind you, was the man—the first of the men—for whom Aurore Dudevant left her husband.

Having about exhausted his visiting list among contemporary poets and fiction makers, Dr. Nordau invades the theatre, with the result he may some day publish another book explaining that he was too severe on Dumas *filz*, De Bornier, Brieux, Paul Hervieu, Donnay, De Curel, Jacques Normand, Octave Mirbeau, Sardou, Jules Lemaitre and Edmond Rostand, for these are the men treated. Incidentally, he hurls a lump of mud at D'Annunzio, who is called every name in the rogues' calendar. Why? For simply daring to write as he and not as Nordau wishes. But "decadent" no longer means anything—unless, indeed, it is an honorable appellation. Usually it signifies talent of an unusual order.

One thing we can't help noting. Octave Mirbeau was called a *crétin* for praising Maeterlinck in 1890. He certainly overdid

the business when he termed Maurice the "Belgian Shakespeare." Nordau foamed at the mouth—metaphorically speaking—when he considered this slip of Mirbeau's. Behold in *Vus du Dehors* Mirbeau is a big, strong talent. He is poet, dramatist, critic and the very devil of a fellow. Is it possible that Nordau has discovered all this through personal acquaintance? Perhaps the funniest thing in the book is the reason he gives for his attack upon the Maupassant memorial in the Parc Monceau, Paris—the nurse girls and *jeunes filles* might ask the name of the naughty man, and what could a virtuous mamma answer?

A brief *résumé* of the opinions of the author on the modern French stage will not elevate one's opinion as to his critical acuity. "The Psychology of Alexander Dumas *fils*" opens the series. Dumas the younger, we discover, suffered from a form of Cæsarean madness, known as delusions of grandeur. He once was unlucky enough to say that he wished he had been born a dictator. That phrase suited the Nordau horoscope. Liszt once wished to be a diplomat. What boy has not yearned to be an engine driver, a fireman, a President or a policeman? Nordau, furthermore, discovers the fact that Dumas, his life long, inveighed against conventional marriage because he was born out of wedlock; that he sympathized with the *cocotte* for similar reasons, and a lot more of the same sort. Dumas wrote as he did, not because of subjective "impulsions," but because he was, like most Parisian dramatists, an opportunist. If the Nacquet divorce bill had passed a quarter of a century earlier Dumas still would have produced some thrilling plays on the evils of divorce in family life. What Nordau or anti-humorists of his type never see is that a dramatist is first an artist, then a social agitator. It is so with Ibsen; so is it with Dumas. The shock of the battle and the clash of situations are the desirable things. Let life manufacture them; the dramatist must refashion them for the footlights.

Therefore, the folly of ascription to an author of all the ideas and acts of his characters. Some day the worthy Nordau may realize this. He pitches into Henri de Bornier for *Le Fils de l'Arétin*, not because of its dullness alone, but for the selection of such a character. The one thing of interest in the article

on M. de Briex and his three or four plays is the violent attack on Ferdinand Brunetière, whose narrowness of critical vision for a wonder actually gets on Nordau's nerves.

We all recall this solemn critic Brunetière, who spoke so pontifically about the Bankruptcy of Science. What science? one is forced to ask. Nordau, unconsciously recognizing a kindred spirit, lashes with inky scourge the lamentable provincialisms of this professor. M. de Briex comes in for his share because he floats with the times and utilizes the popular feeling against science in clerical circles for his plays. Suppose his scientific characters are weak in science; they furnish subject matter for the dramatists. Paul Hervieu's powerful *Les Tenailles* and *La Loi de l'Homme* are castigated because the author poses a problem and does not offer the solution. This is very uncritical, brother Max! What has the dramatist to do with social or religious prophylactics? Sufficient if he sets before us, according to the conventions of the theatre, a thesis dramatically considered. All the rest belongs to the province of the pulpit.

Maurice Donnay comes in for his share of hard knocks. He is "blagueur" of the *Chat Noir* order. He writes the *comédie rosse*, and in *Le Torrent* emulates *Rosmersholm*, *A Doll's House* and *The Pillars of Society* of Ibsen. There is a superadded dash of Jean Jacques Rousseau and George Sand. There are some strong situations in *La Douleureuse*, but Nordau won't have the piece. It is not a satire on real life; Donnay is not a painter of Parisian manners, the very things for which he has been acclaimed. And Nordau actually, in the course of a review of *Comment finit l'Amour*, speaks enthusiastically of *Solveig*, the faithful one who awaited for years the return of Peer Gynt, the most expressive figure that Ibsen has created—what's this? We rub our eyes with amazement. Praising Ibsen—Nordau? What next?

The article on François de Curel is long and interesting. Nordau believes this aristocratic dramatist, who is at once a man of talent and a millionaire—oh, happy conjunction!—should cease his Ibsen imitations, as in *L'Envers d'une Sainte*, which is Rebecca West in *Rosmersholm*, and dramatize Siamese twins; both ladies very much attached to each other. A young man

worships one, the other doesn't admire him. Here is tragedy of an exotic character for the exotic taste of De Curel. The analysis of *La Fille Sauvage* is not without its justification. Of Octave Mirbeau we have spoken. *Les Mauvais Bergers* is treated. Without Zola's *Germinal* and Hauptmann's *Weavers*, this anarchist tragedy would never have seen the light. Perhaps Sardou is pulled to pieces for his *Spiritisme*—rather late in the day. New York did the same when the play was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre years ago. No necessity of blaming Sardou for selecting the theme. Spiritualism was in the air and Sardou was said to be a believer. Even if he were not, he was at liberty to deal with the matter. We repeat—the majority of dramatists are opportunists. That the piece was “a farce of adultery” and a failure has nothing to do with the playwright's prerogative of selection.

The case of Jules Lemaitre is speedily disposed of; his pet aversion, Georges Ohnet, the Hall Caine of Paris, is “revenged,” according to Nordau in the critic's play, *L'Ainée*. One fails to see the point, especially as this brilliant and sympathetic critic (recently dead) has written several beautiful books and plays. As a spiritual stepson of Renan, his amiable irony and delicate humor must make him very trying reading for Nordau.

Really, why does a man who hates art, who is a self-confessed philistine, write so much about it? What are its fascinations for him? He has no sense of beauty; he entertains a blind hatred against success; has he even the excuse of being *poète manqué*? After reading the Nordau plays and novels one begins to understand. He is devoid of originality, of style, of genius. Hence these furious assaultings of the serene masters in their towers of ivory.

Edmond Rostand is the final subject of the Nordau scalpel. He knew that Rostand recognized the perpetual demand by children, great and small, for fairy tales. *Cyrano* is one, *L'Aiglon* is another. Both are romantic theatrical caramels sweet in the mouth of Frenchmen. Why complain of this playwright's psychology? *L'Aiglon* is not a drama, but suitable for a text accompanying the *Ombres* of Caran d'Ache at the old *Chat Noir*, he asserts. It is also, he declares, later on, the can-

ticle of canticles of *chauvinisme*. After all, why criticize the criticism of a criticism of a critic? It is as futile as composing a sonnet on a sonnet that has for a theme, the Sonnet.

III

Our little schoolmaster summons the great painters and sculptors of Europe before his desk, and after lecturing them proceeds to give them good and bad marks. This old-fashioned method of criticism has its precedents. The lecture which begins the book on *Art and Artists* is naturally devoted to that shibboleth of all misguided amateurs—art-for-art. If there is a phrase that may be warranted to throw into rage a certain class of philistine, it is “art-for-art.” Now we know an artist cannot create *in vacuo*, cannot forever live in his ivory tower if he wishes to produce great art. But for him personally it must always be art-for-art’s sake. Art is art because it is not nature, as Goethe wisely observed. Art is not and never can be democratic. People who claim that it may be are usually thinking of self-playing pianos. Its essence is personality, and though you may talk of Millet’s peasants, Meunier’s workmen or Wagner’s socialistic music-dramas, it is always Millet, Meunier and Wagner who were artists first before they could bode forth their dreams in color, clay and tone. That these dreams are touched by sympathy for the proletarian, and therefore appeal to the democrat, does not render any less individual the art that inspired them. Nordau finds that the cave-dwellers, the men who drew rude designs upon the walls of pre-historic caverns, were the first devotees of art-for-art. Since then Greek sculptors and poets glorify the gods and rulers, and in the Middle Ages artists worked for church and king. Nowadays they must work for the people—else be neglected. Again looms up our socialist with his democratic art. “Universal suffrage has dethroned church and royalty, and remains the artist’s only patron.” Notwithstanding this the true artist will always remain true to his own dreams; in a word, true to art-for-art.

After finishing *On Art and Artists* you gravely doubt if there

is anything but falsehood in the old maxim that there is no disputing tastes. To be sure there isn't; it would be a waste of time, for instance, to argue with Nordau that Hogarth was a superior artist to Cruikshank. Nordau thinks otherwise, and, shades of Apelles! he deliberately sets down in black and white this conviction. Now what are you to do with such a man? Fire the book—literally? No, it is too concrete an object lesson of how *not* to write about art. However, there is a modification of tone that is rather amazing. Max is almost amiable at times. He makes little jokes, and after underlining them he retires temporarily to smile at his own wit. We don't propose to consider his chapters. He has read much newspaper criticism in Paris, where he once resided, a model citizen and one who, in the medical profession, has done much for his fellow-beings. Be it understood it is the scalp of Nordau the desperately bad æsthetic critic that we are after; the man Nordau is noted for his philanthropic sentiments and practices. He is an unselfish Socialist, that *rara avis*. It is a pity that he suffers from an æsthetic tic; i. e., a nervous obsession which forces him to attack modern art and artists. He is the self-elected *agènt des mœurs* to all Europe. His slaughter of Rodin leads us to believe that his own ideals of sculpture are to be found in the marble monstrosities of the *Sièges-Allée* in Berlin.

Nearly every page of his book contains some graceless ineptitude, some crass misstatement, some grotesque error in taste. It is amusing, the manner in which he disposes of Edouard Manet and the Impressionists. One fancies oneself back to the warlike days of 1867 and the Salon of the Refused. Only a few years ago saw Manet's admission to the Louvre; in 1904 Césanne enjoyed his apotheosis. To spend pages of malice upon the nudity of "Olympe" seems a trifle comical to the looker-on in Paris. The admirers of Manet, indeed, Manet himself, did not consider this picture his masterpiece. "Olympe" is a species of ironic cartoon, a satirical pendant—perhaps—to Titian's Venus in the *Tribuna*—an exercise by a distinguished draughtsman, withal a picture of disquieting power. One would suppose, however, after reading Nordau, that it was a pictorial crime. And "Olympe" hangs in the Louvre, near the Davids and the can-

vases of Ingres, and not out of key with them; he reveals himself, instead, in the line and tradition of sound French art. What does Nordau say to that fact? Possibly he makes wholesale intimations of decadence! He abuses Puvis de Chavannes, but praises Eugène Carrière. Why? Simply because the latter expresses as no painter since Raphael the idea of maternity. But as to the artistic merits of Carrière he is strangely silent. Possibly he fears some one with a long memory may recall the fact that he attacked this style of painting—"cavernous, swimming in a broth," &c.—in his *Degeneration* (in the introductory section). Gustave Moreau is ill-treated, and Whistler, to our amazement, is a morbid painter. The old cloven hoof of the truffle-hunter of degeneration is again revealed. Who is to blame, Nordau or Whistler? And to our further consternation we learn that there are suggestions of diabolism in the exceedingly graceful feminine portraits of our fellow-countryman, the late John W. Alexander. Wonderful Nordau! What a scent for evil!

We have endeavored to show the follies of this book, which is read and quoted by the ignorant and by all haters of art and artists. Max Nordau is the spokesman of this philistine class and the banner-bearer of all that is morbid and vulgar and commonplace in the criticism of art, life and literature. He breaks constantly the Thirteenth Commandment: Thou shalt not write about things of which thou art ignorant!

IV

Dr. Nordau, returned to his earlier and much more plausible manner, the manner of his clever and readable *Paradoxes*, though he has "tackled" a rather "large order" in the shape of universal history. His book bears the modest title of *The Meaning of History*. We have not seen the original German, only the French version, *Le Sens de l'Histoire*, translated into that tongue by Dr. Jankelevitch. The essay is bound to be read, and is extremely iconoclastic, as is the wont of its author. But—and there is always a capital "but" in the Nordau case—the

main thesis is directly derived from the sterling essay of Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Use and Abuse of History*, written in January, 1874, when Nietzsche was mentally most vigorous; it will be found in his volume *Thoughts Out-of-Season* (Part II). It may be recalled that this is not the first time Dr. Nordau has adapted a leading idea from Nietzsche.

We say the chief arguments in Nordau's book are taken from Nietzsche, but with a difference, and that lies in the lack of measure to be found in the living man's plan of attack. For him the historical sense is not a "sixth sense"; indeed it is no sense at all, unless a flowering of the æsthetic sense. Mythomania is all history, and all historians are mythomaniacs. This he does not express in such exact terms, though his import is unmistakable. We detect in his work the currents of pragmatism, or of its superior French variety, the realism of Henri Bergson. Let us first survey a few sentences of Nietzsche on the abuse of history. For him the historical sense is a malady from which men suffer, the world process an illusion, evolutionary theories a subtle excuse for inactivity. "History," he is never tired of repeating, "is for the few, not the many; for man, not youth, for the great, not the small. . . . History has no meaning except as the servant of life and action; the most of us can only act if we forget." He condemns the "noisy little fellows" who measure the motives of the great men of the past by their own and use the past to justify the present. "The historical sense makes its servants passive and retrospective. . . ." You can only explain the past by what is highest in the present.

Thus Nietzsche. Nordau is not so broad-minded. History has no scientific value, he stoutly declares, and supports his contention with a wealth of illustration, some, it may be confessed, ingenious, even convincing. And he does it all with a freedom from metaphysical verbiage that is refreshing. History is not a descriptive science, because objective reality will always remain inaccessible to the human brain, constructed as it is to formulate *a priori* notions, but so impotent in the apprehension of actuality. If history were a rational science it would be possible for a historian to foresee events, which, of course, is impossible. History does not repeat itself; a facile epigram is the

converse. History is fiction, the product of highly specialized brains selecting, as do all artists, their particular themes or events or material and dilating upon them in all good faith, though often naively. A novel with a strong tendency motive is history; therefore its educative value is next to nil. It is a form of æsthetic activity delightful in the hands of those great imaginations we call historians.

Consider, exclaims Nordau, how near to us is Napoleon. Yet, which Napoleon are we to accept from the historians? The Napoleon of Taine, that Corsican bandit, or the Napoleon of Sir Hudson Lowe; or of Lanfrey, or of the subtly destructive Anatole France (Nordau does not quote the gentle Anatole, but he should read *The Red Lily* for a poisonous depreciation of the First Consul). Then, there are the Napoleons of Hugo, Lamartine, Tolstoi, and Rémusat. Or the hero of Heine, with a hand as white as marble. Which is the real Napoleon? All or none! Possibly the latter, according to Nordau, for no man, not even the conqueror himself, knew the genuine Napoleon; every judgment of him is subjective, *ergo* imperfect. This argument, as old as Pyrrho, might be applied as a sort of acid test to the silver and gold of historians, and baser metals be discovered as the result. But we must endure the limitations of the human intellect or leave the field to the absolutists. We know without being reminded by Nordau that whether it be Niebuhr or Mommsen, Gregorovius or Porson, Gibbons or Michelet, Jacob Burckhardt, Montesquieu, Thiers, Mignet, or Guizot, that their pictures of a vanished civilization are more or less evocations of powerful imaginations sustained by erudition. Herodotus and Plutarch drew the long-bow; but we could ill spare them. Which we may ask, in the Nordau vein, is, what is the real England—the England of Hume or Macaulay, of Froude or Freeman? And we are sure that the Paris of Carlyle's French Revolution was such a pit of fuliginous gloom as set forth by the atrabilious Scotch philosopher. Despite the inevitable subtraction of the personal equation, history hath its uses and though this is a truism we should like to ask Dr. Nordau how he would fill in the mental chasm in his memory if all that he knows of history suddenly became *tabula rasa*?

The body of the book is devoted to theories long since formulated by Professor Quinton of Paris, as to the origins and development of life on the planet. The law of biological constancy has been studied and expounded by Quinton and the late Remy de Gourmont. Nordau falls into line of the necessitarian argument; he is a determinist, and he believes that the spur of pain has been the chiefest factor in the struggle for existence; man has ever been in flight before suffering, whether hunger, fear of his wild environment, or the inhospitality of climate. Yet he has lived in a perpetual effort to adapt himself to his surroundings. He is not the highest point of the evolutionary ladder; there is no such ladder. He is the highest of his own genera; a primate, who because of some favoring accident, a richer nourishment than his first cousin the anthropoid secured, was enabled to develop his cranial convolutions. With the appearance of sensibility came an increased capacity for pain. The evolution of the hairy precursor of man to the dweller of the stone age, or a previous age—for all this is in the haze and conjecture of history (always history!)—must have been slow and uncertain. Naturally there was no beginning, as there will be no end, to matter; eternity is now. And while Dr. Nordau did not say all these things in the precise way I write them, he, as may be seen in his *Paradoxes*, practically subscribes to them. In a word he, too, is a man of certitudes; he denies history in the very making of it; he even adds to it with such an interesting, withal sophistical book as his latest one.

In conclusion, Nordau's amiable opinion of both Walt Whitman and America (in his *Degeneration*, p. 231) may throw some light on his conception of our form of government: "In his patriotic poems he—Whitman—is a sycophant of the corrupt American vote-buying, official-bribing, power-abusing, dollar-democracy, and a cringer to the most arrogant Yankee conceit."

THE GARDEN OF GEDDES*

HUNTLY CARTER

VI

AFTER the visualization and re-interpretation of Edinburgh came the return to London. In the darkened room at Mexico Geddes conceived the plan of that great work which was to be the central activity of his life. In the years that followed he offered to Edinburgh the first fruits of this activity. And now he attempted to continue this work in London. So we can imagine him arriving in the great metropolis of the Empire with an impelling civic ideal and the ever-pressing question, "How is this to be realized? How are my theories of civic degeneration and regeneration to be expanded and applied so as to make this vast city, and indeed all other vast cities, less ignoble and more desirable avenues to the ideal human life?" This doubtless was the large and ambitious query at the back of his mind. But the way of science is always indirect and mostly circuitous. Hence one of the approaches to the civic problem of London was the formation of the Sociological Society. In the moulding of this organization he was greatly assisted by an old colleague, Mr. Victor V. Branford, to whose ability, encyclopædic knowledge, long and incomparable loyalty and organizing power, Geddesian movement owes much. To those who desire, not a systematic exposition of the Geddesian philosophy, but a presentment of it as illustrated in its practical application, Mr. Branford's book *Interpretations and Forecasts* may be commended.

The Sociological Society, then, was organized by Mr. Branford, aided by the generous benefactions of Mr. Martin White and welcomed by the brilliant group of present-day sociologists living and working in all parts of the world who were seeking to bring, in London and elsewhere, their ideas to a focus. It was formed for the purpose of the application to society of

* Commenced in the October number.

scientific method. Systematic Sociology was but little understood in this country, the general opinion being that sociology was assuredly an idle, apparently a dangerous pursuit. This opinion is clearly indicated in the following extract from Mr. Branford's published lecture on *Science and Citizenship*, wherein he says: "There are those who tell us that there is no proper science of society because there are no known sociological laws. Others go still farther and say that the nature of human society is such that no social laws are discoverable, that there is no science of human society, that sociology not only does not, but never will, exist." The frank proposal to make an application of scientific principles to the whole of society has in the past been received with scepticism, in some quarters with ridicule. Socialism, hopelessly engaged in ransacking its little economic world in search of a means of reconstructing a society slowly crumbling to pieces beneath the weight of materialism, placed the followers of the new science among the infidels; thereby reserving to itself the right to prove that it is capable of making unheard of mistakes. Perhaps the best answer to the question whether the Sociological movement was a necessary and right one is to be found in the fact that to-day Socialism has widened its basis of action and having assumed the cloak of Sociology exhibits as its main object the application of science to social organization.

In the papers which he read before the Sociological Society, Geddes revealed the need, aim and scope of his science of Civics, and showed that not the last word had been said on the subject;—perhaps the highest, certainly not the last word. These contributions to applied Sociology may be summed up in the words of Professor J. Arthur Thomson, where he says: "Just as Galton has been for much of his life a practical investigator of heredity problems, so Geddes has for many years given much of his time and energy to practical experiments in city improvement, or, more generally, in Civics, which may be defined as the application of Social Survey to Social Service." Galton sets forth the intimate connection between a scientific demography and a practical eugenics; Geddes sets forth "the indispensable foundation which a scientific survey—geographic

and historical—of cities affords to those who would work toward the legitimate Eutopia possible in any given city, and characteristic of it." Galton discovered the word "Eugenics" and Geddes has capped it with "Eutopia." The one ideal concerns the organism—the citizen; the other the environment—the city; to complete the prism we must have the ideal of function or occupation. The lectures then revealed that Geddes' main ambition was now the Survey of Cities. The problem before him was of the deepest significance and complexity. He knew that men's knowledge of their environment, in town and cities, if deep and intimate enough would set them mining and moulding—seeking for the truth and beauty of the human soul that reside in the things of the past, and shaping the things of the present according to the new desire thus created. He saw that men ought to have some conception of the whole of that of which they are a part before they attempt to make anything new of it. They must, accordingly, learn to see the town or city in its three-fold aspect, as an eloquent note of the past, as a living image of the present and as a distinctive prophecy of the future. They ought in fact to know out of what conditions the town or city grew; to ascertain what is the true or false in these conditions; to trace the effect of such truth or corruption in everything around them; finally, to understand how in the truth of things lie the incipient growths by which the fulness of the past is connected with that of to-morrow. And all this had to be taught practically; not for the sake of merely teaching others to speculate on what has been, is, or might be; but to set them actively to work in the direction of realizing things that are to be.

His first object was to get established some fixed centre in every town and city throughout England for the teaching of the meaning and significance of City and Sociological Survey to citizens even of the humblest degree. He wanted indeed an institution which he called a Civic Museum wherein should be centralized and focussed the whole life, both historical and contemporary, of the centre to which it belonged. Such an institution, if properly adapted as a centre of vision, would form a much-needed civic observatory for the training of the citizen to

a proper knowledge and appreciation of his own city. It would be at once an Outlook Tower affording a concrete view of the city and its surroundings, and an Inlook Tower affording a reconstruction in minute detail of the same concrete view of the city, citizen and occupation, by means of models, pictures, diagrams, bibliographies, indices, etc., enabling all alike to obtain a clear idea of the city, its region, and its relations to the world both from the point of geography and history. It will be gathered from this that Geddes made a great deal of the civic function of government and foresaw that the supreme Temple of the future would be this Civic Epic in Stone to which all the ways of the city would lead up and wherein man would be initiated in the mysteries of his civic soul and go forth inspired with a great vision.

In the attempt to establish a Civic Museum as a means of City Survey, we find Geddes seeking and obtaining help in his task from the reading of his papers before the Sociological Society, and by setting forth in this and other ways, practical proposals for the application of his ideas to Libraries and Museums by Librarians and Curators. By his University of London lectures he also made many converts as much by his personal qualities as by his illuminating methods of teaching; while conferences and congresses which he attended as delegate of the Sociological Society still further enabled him to promote the interests of his great work.

The avenue to the beginnings of a "Cities Exhibition," the germ of what Geddes termed "a future 'Towneries'" and likely to be of "great interest in itself in provoking innumerable comparisons and suggestions," was opened to him by the Town-Planning Congress at the London Guildhall in 1907. The results of this conference of distinguished men interested in the growth and renewal of cities, pointed to the increasing interest in town-planning, the awakening of the civic conscience, the coming of annual civic stock-takings, the survey of town and city areas with a view to improvement, embellishment and extension, and the urgent need of the coördination and systematization of the parts, and the extension of the whole of the work to be undertaken. Accordingly, it was suggested

"that the congress should not disperse without leaving among its permanent results an impulse toward the formation of a Cities Survey Committee. This would attract and supply Town-Planners with the basis of knowledge which they require, and help toward civic interpretations as well. It would advance positive opinion in every city." The proposals were placed before the Sociological Society and in 1908 a Cities' Committee was formed to promote the Survey and Investigation of Cities and the Study of Civics. The Committee was no sooner formed than its work was rapidly proceeded with. Under the active direction of Geddes, Surveys were initiated at Chelsea, Battersea, Woolwich, Leicester and elsewhere. Local committees were formed for the purpose of surveying the geographical and historical developments of towns and cities, their industrial and other present conditions, their advantages and defects, and of promoting the conditions of their future developments. Exhibitions of plans, pictures and other illustrative material bearing upon the subject of the Survey were held in suitable institutions, and in this and other ways the foundations of Civic Museums were laid.

So from the Sociological Society Geddes may be said to have obtained the first stones of the Temples of his projected Earthly Paradise. Chelsea also contributed materially toward the new structure. It provided him with exceptional means of illustrating his methods of City Development. Thus the borough which in former days had brought him so close to Carlyle and Ruskin now became again one of the centres of his life and activities. Geddes saw the immense practical possibilities of Chelsea. A meeting was convened by "The Utopians" (a small group of workers actuated by the inspiring ideals of their founder, Miss Dorothea Hollins) at which Geddes pointed out the special features of Chelsea which would render it "a most hopeful starting point for voluntary effort in the betterment of town-life." He pleaded for the coöperation of Chelsea people representative of all interests, cultural and practical, historic and idealistic, and in response a committee was formed to carry out his ideas. Chelsea was invited to become once more the cloister of art and thought, of deed and action; its Town

Hall and Library were invited to exhibit it in its three-fold aspect in the past, present and possible; local and adjacent institutions were invited to unite and give it its true development as a University City; its growing University Hall of Residence designed on the lines of the Edinburgh one, and appropriately built on a site associated with Sir Thomas More, was planned to form a meeting ground for all classes of workers; by a brilliant stroke of policy (backed by a noble benefaction from an anonymous donor) London's famous Crosby Hall, also associated with Sir Thomas More, was added to its historic attractions, and furnished a possible centre for artistic, musical and dramatic activities. Further, the great enigma of modern social life—the separateness of its individuals and groups—was faced, and Chelsea was made to extend its welcome across the river to the working citizens and social reformers of Battersea. These came, and contributed largely to the solution of the enigma by beginning the destruction of those class barriers which had given it birth. Thus Geddes conceived greatly, whatever Chelsea's limitations be, of the possibility of the restoration of this important suburb to serve as a working model of the application of his ideas to City Development; and Chelsea in its representative people did something toward the working out of his plan.

A further and very important contribution toward Geddes' attempt to promote the Survey of Cities came from the Town-Planning Exhibition and Conference organized on a great scale at Burlington House in 1910. Here for the first time in our history distinguished town-planners gathered from all parts of the world seeking to focus their ideas and ideals in an exhibition of plans of cities both made and in the making. Never before had the problem of the city been so vastly presented. Never had its solution in the union of imagination and fact in city development been so clearly demonstrated. It seemed indeed as though the world, thrilled by the magnificence of the idea of civic replanning and renewal, had come forward with all these cases to show that something really definite was being done at last to make it not merely a useful place but a beautiful picture. Imagination was filled with joy at the

contemplation of this renewed activity, and with hope as the long processional of stately streets and squares and embellished open-spaces and sunlit and air-saturated dwelling places preluding the artistic and hygienic city, swept like a stimulating vision of so much that is going to be. From amid so much that told of man's intelligence put to splendid uses, one section stood out. It was Geddes' Edinburgh section, which was admitted to be, without doubt, the most fertile in general ideas, as well as the most comprehensive panorama of a city's origin, growth and development contained in the exhibition.

This likeness of Edinburgh was not destroyed; but at the close of the exhibition it was used as the foundation of an itinerant "Cities and Town-Planning Exhibition" designed to be sent to any city in Great Britain, America and the colonies. It was felt that nothing could be "more valuable for arousing, informing and guiding an active sense of citizenship." And indeed nothing has done more to stimulate live interest in the Survey of Cities in the centres, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, Ghent, Calcutta, Bombay, and other cities at home and abroad, which it has since visited. The original exhibition was on its way to India in one of the ships sunk by that notorious raider, the *Emden*. But in an incredibly short space of time another exhibition, almost as comprehensive, was got together. Contributory material was sent not only from many places at home, but from European countries, and even from stricken Belgium. Nothing could have shown more clearly the manifoldness of Geddes' personal contacts.

VII

So we leave Geddes busy "hawking Civics in a barrow round the world," as he once termed it, and come to his sixth decade, now beginning. At the same time we find him engaged in the development of pageantry and, by the inexhaustible profusion and versatility of his genius, bringing it to unheard of proportions. His latest achievement in this direction is the visualization of history not as mere annals but humanized and presented as drama. His *Masques of Learning* offer an historic pageant of

the progress of culture and of the history of learning from the earliest times to the latest. Each epoch of civilization is expressed by a dramatized setting in which a characteristic rôle is attributed to its great representative men. Thus as the splendid chain of interpreters of human aspiration unfolds we are drawn into the magic procession of all that is most powerful and dignified in human life. Edinburgh and London have both seen this pageant and acclaimed its surpassing merits. Education generally will feel its impulse. And the spirit which animates it will surely find an echo in all parts of the world. Is not Mr. Percy MacKaye's inspiring book *The Civic Theatre* a proof of it?

VIII

Geddes' seventh decade will certainly see him carrying his work to completion in all parts of the civilized world. How could it be otherwise? Was there ever a man better fitted to conceive and carry out a great plan greatly; better equipped for seeking and shaping; more illuminating as a teacher and a guide? Have we not watched him from the very beginning extending his personality in all directions, undergoing the widest experience, utilizing every possible resource? Have we not seen him holding up to view "a general picture of the efforts of the human spirit in every field in every age" and making a courageous application to knowledge and methods of his own inspired and fertilizing ideas? Have we not heard his ever-pressing questions, "How can we create the *Real* Human Life? How can we create the Garden where such a life may be lived?" Have we not followed the gardener in his quest for an answer in Science, Philosophy, Ethics, Religion, Art, Social Service, and above all in the labyrinthine ways of Life itself? And finally, have we not come up to the mountain of Light than which Fuji is not more beautifully crowned?

HERBERT SPENCER'S "OVER-LEGISLATION"

WITH COMMENTS BY

E. H. GARY

[As explained in Mr. Truxtun Beale's article on "The State v. the Man in America," in the August number of THE FORUM, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive governmental activity are being reprinted, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among future contributors will be Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Augustus P. Gardner and William Howard Taft.—EDITOR]

JUDGE GARY'S COMMENTS

LEGISLATION represents the effort of human beings to protect moral, physical and property rights and to promote general prosperity.

There are two kinds of legislation, prohibitive and constructive. There is the third, foolish kind: over-legislation, destructive and interfering.

Of the two useful branches of legislation, the prohibitive tells us what we must not do; its foundation is the Ten Commandments. Constructive legislation, which includes laws as to tariff, financial systems, road-building, coöperating with farmers at public expense, *et cetera*, aims to promote the prosperity of the people as a whole.

The law says, to the individual, "You shall not do this, it would interfere with the rights of others."

The law says to the community or the nation, "You may jointly do this," or "You must do this, to promote the prosperity of all."

As to over-legislation, so brilliantly discussed by Herbert Spencer, it has been the curse of nations, the cause of their downfall; it has interfered with liberty and human progress for as

many years as we have records, and many more years undoubtedly.

Over-legislation is abuse of power, self-conceit written into laws, and the arbitrary "You shall do it because I say so." The struggle of men under autocracy has been to obtain freedom from over-legislation. In Magna Charta, the English got from the King the most valuable thing they possess. And it was nothing but a guarantee against over-legislation, a limiting of the King's right to tax, dispossess, murder or otherwise oppress them in the name of Law.

My friend, who conceived the idea of this interesting series, requests that Herbert Spencer's admirable summary of conditions in England be supplemented with instances of over-legislation in the United States. Details are not needed, for the existence of this nation is in itself a protest against over-legislation.

Our Revolution was a protest against over-legislation inflicted upon us from England.

And note particularly that the very thing which we value most, the Constitution of the United States, the solid wall that stands between the people and the whim of the moment, the caprice of the legislator, tells to the highest as to the lowest what he shall and shall not do.

"Your powers are such, and you shall not go beyond them. You, the executive, shall do thus and so, and not exceed.

"You, the law-maker, you, the judge, shall stay within limits set. You shall not transgress, or through over-legislation violate the rights of others or exceed your powers."

This country is in its essence a protest against over-legislation, and what we call freedom is the result of the constitutional guaranty against over-legislation.

The continued development of this country, of freedom for the individual and the community, with increase of prosperity through developing the power of man, depends upon the life and the power of the Constitution, that instrument of common sense which says: "Keep your hands off, let men work; protect, encourage, but do not interfere."

"Law" fortunately is of all words most respected. But, unfortunately, not enough attention has been paid to differences

in law, and to the fact that law like every other force can be abused. Let us take homely comparisons.

Clothing is an excellent thing. A pair of comfortable woollen trousers is a fine thing for man in cold, damp weather.

But our genial friend of olden days in Holland, wearing seven pairs of heavy woollen trousers, was really not seven times happy. And his wife, wearing eight heavy skirts that spread out her hip measure so magnificently, was not to be envied as against her sister of another country moving free and unrestrained in one skirt warm enough.

One warm pair of trousers is common sense law. Seven pairs are over-legislation.

In this country, gentlemen are forever trying to give each of us seven trousers or skirts of over-legislation.

A man well known, enormously rich, had one child, a boy. His wealth came suddenly. Nurses, governesses and tutors surrounded the child. All that he heard was, "Look out, Take care, Don't fall down, You mustn't do this, You mustn't do that. Mamma doesn't like that, Papa doesn't allow that. Sit straight, Look out for your nice clothes, No, you can't play with that little boy."

There was a poor child suffering from over-legislation. No wonder his father, now dead, said, "I would give a great deal if somebody would tell me how a rich man's child can be brought up so as to have a decent chance in life."

What would Abraham Lincoln have been had he been brought up in a court of nurses, tutors and governesses, listening all day to the monotonous "Don't do it"?

Lincoln was born in freedom, lived, grew and developed in it. He was told emphatically, "You mustn't take what does not belong to you"; and "If you want anything you must work for it." This was all the legislation that his boyhood knew. When he wanted to read at night he built a fire and held his book close to the fire. When he wanted another book he walked miles to get it. A few tutors with their laws, and a few governesses with their "Don'ts," would have made it necessary for somebody else to settle the Civil War. The effect of over-legislation on

Lincoln's backbone would have made it impossible for him to do it.

Do you wonder why successful men are so often boys from the country? In the country there is freedom. In the city, the first thing that the child sees is the policeman who says, "Don't," the sign that says, "Keep off the grass," the rule against playing baseball. Over-legislation presses upon the mind of a child in the city, as it presses upon the brain of a community, killing originality and personality.

A man grows by the exercise of his faculties, and his most important faculty is the will. Over-legislation is an interference with the development of the individual and of the community.

Our ancestors displayed much over-legislating ingenuity. Consider—

The New England law forbidding a man to kiss his wife on Sunday.

A law against exhibiting flowers in the window on Sunday.

They were mild compared with the old laws which said, "If you don't believe in my kind of a god you must be burned alive." In the England of Shakespeare, a man of noble heart could be done to death, because he did not adopt the accepted Protestant religion.

An interesting case of exaggerated use of law is cited, I have not been able to establish its authenticity, but it is typical.

An enterprising Yankee printed some Bibles to sell to colored people in the South. In these Bibles all the saints and angels were colored ladies and gentlemen, quite black. This appealed to the spirit of some of the colored men, and they were persuaded to pay seventy-five dollars apiece for these rare Bibles which showed colored angels.

Thereupon came a law forbidding in that State the sale of Bibles to colored people. That was over-legislation. It would have been more simple to put in jail the man who swindled his simple-minded customers. To prevent all the honest manufacturers of Bibles from selling to the colored people was not necessary.

And similarly, in our own day, when one man, one group, or one corporation imposes upon public credulity, what is wanted

is punishment of that individual or group or corporation, not a hampering through unalterable law of the useful activities of all the citizens and groups and corporations.

Over-legislation sometimes expresses the desire of one class to keep another in mental subjection. For instance, the old law against teaching a slave to read.

Professor White in his admirable book on the warfare between science and theology mentions the fact that "even to the end of the seventeenth century, the oath generally required of professors of astronomy over a large part of Europe prevented their teaching that comets are heavenly bodies obedient to law."

If a slave were taught to read, he might not remain a slave. Over-legislation was designed to prevent that.

If the peasant were taught that the comet that frightened him as a threatening monstrosity is merely a mass of matter obedient to eternal law he would be less easily managed through his superstition. Over-legislation forbade the teaching of the truth, even during the life of Halley, who measured the comet's path, and accurately predicted the day and hour of its return.

If labor is free to-day, it is because over-legislation never has been and never could be permanently effective.

The Venetians possessed industrial secrets and great efficiency. Their law said that if a man should wander away from Venice, taking the skill of his fellow-workers with him, he should first be warned to come back. If he persisted, competent men should be sent to assassinate him.

But this did not keep the art of making glass and other arts that Venice boasted from spreading over the world.

English law at one time forbade the miserable laborer out of work to go from his own parish, seeking work in another. For this crime the punishment was branding with a red-hot iron. But this over-legislation did not permanently prevent men taking work wherever it was offered them. And no legislation, public or private, will prevent that at any time.

It is known to every citizen that the chief work of our Supreme Court is to prevent over-legislation. The learned judges spend their years of hard work repeating over and over again, "You cannot legislate in this manner. The Constitution forbids

it." Without the limiting power of the Constitution, we should have every country constable making laws for his village, every ardent young political gentleman planning to perfect the human race offhand by the law-making power of his own brain.

Over and over the Supreme Court has laid down the law that excessive law-making is in itself a crime against law and the rights of every American citizen, and that excessive legislation, transgressing the established limitations, is forbidden to every law-making body, from a country board of freeholders to the Senate of the United States, from a justice of the peace to the Court of Appeals. "You cannot make laws that are excessive, you cannot twist or write new meanings into the laws." That is the constant order of the Supreme Court, expressing the common sense of the people and defining the one protection under which this country has grown. Over-legislation interferes with useful activity, it cannot prevent abuses. When the punishment for trivial theft was hanging, there was more stealing than to-day.

A friend reminds me that the first known code of laws, issued by Hamurabi in Babylon twenty-two centuries before Christ, provided for the punishment of women with the familiar ducking stool. Section 143 of that Hamurabi Code, edited by Professor Harper, says:

"If she have not been a careful mistress;
if she have gadded about, and have neglected her husband, they shall throw that woman in the water."

Almost four thousand years after that piece of over-legislation went into effect, they were still ducking women in Virginia—where the husband was to pay in tobacco for scandalous talk by his wife and the wife to be ducked once "for every five hundred pounds of tobacco" that the husband failed to pay.

Hamurabi said, "Throw the woman who gossips into the water." His ancestor probably did that very thing ten thousand years before, pushing the lady into a pond. Four thousand years after Hamurabi, Virginia provides a ducking stool for

every county, and Pennsylvania and other States have their ducking stools. Gradually we see this mechanical device of over-legislation disappearing. It did not stop gossip. And abandoning it, did not increase gossip.

On the stones before the House of Parliament in London, a few hundred years ago, merchants from small cities might be seen on their knees humbly making offers of fine fish to the lawmakers and begging for fewer gallows in the land. "The King has his gallows," they said, "the Bishop has his gallows. We must have our gallows to protect our shops from the thieves. But with all these gallows working, too many men are hanged."

There was over-legislation in the way of gallows, king, bishop, and the merchants insisting upon the right to hang somebody and each having his own private gallows. That was over-legislation. The number of gallows has fallen off and the number of hangings. Humanity has not suffered by it.

Admirable as is Herbert Spencer's essay on over-legislation, it is believed that the whole subject is condensed and better expressed in a line from Richter that Spencer quotes in his book on education. That the Government which governs least governs best does not mean that men are happy when they do as they please. It means that the best father brings his children up with the least possible nagging and scolding and fewest regulations. And the best Government is that which maintains order, protects the rights and promotes the prosperity of the people with the least possible amount of law writing, interference and ingenious devices for control of the individual.

There is nothing more dangerous than hampering the power of the human intellect, nothing more dangerous than any legislation that puts a limit to the daring or the enterprise of man. In the ancient days the sailors dared not go out of sight of land and the wanderings of their ships followed the coast line.

The Phœnicians, courageous Jews, who taught navigation to the world, did not say "You must not go out of sight of land." That law was not passed fortunately. For if it had been made part of the law of the sea, Columbus would have been compelled to stay within sight of the shore, and Pittsburgh would still be inhabited exclusively by Indians.

Well-meaning men in the United States believe that they serve the public, when they pass laws which say to business enterprise what Queen Isabella would have said to Columbus, if she had ordered him to remain within sight of land. Fortunately, instead of that she sold her jewelry and said to Columbus, "Go as far as you like." He went, and we who live in his discovered land get the benefit.

It will be said that those who oppose over-legislation demand freedom from wise legislation. All men make mistakes, and checks and counter-checks are needed. Herbert Spencer, for instance, whose wisdom is shown in this essay, most ardently implored his contemporaries to give up their foolish efforts to use "the electro-magnetic battery." He said that the most foolish thing, the most useless squandering of money was represented in the effort to make electricity take the place of steam. He declared solemnly that if men understood anything about science they would know that it was impossible.

He would be surprised if to-day he rode on a trolley car, or was towed by one of the electric engines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and would be glad that his attempt at intellectual over-legislation, the effort to persuade men to stop men trying to use electricity in place of steam, had failed.

In all the effort for wise legislation and against over-legislation two great tasks and duties should be borne in mind. To protect the individual against the greed and cunning of others, and to prevent interfering with the fullest development of human ingenuity and power.

Enforce the law of Plimsoll line by all means, do not let the owner of the ship through greed risk his sailors' lives; but do not tell him that he shall not build a ship larger than his grandfather built it, or that he shall not carry soup and coal in the same ship if he wants to, and can do it.

Protect the children against those that exploit them, protect the workers of all kinds, big and little, against unfair competition from abroad, harsh conditions and unreasonable and unhealthful hours. But do not limit opportunity by limiting power. We know that what seems over-legislation in one phase of society may be simple common sense in another. The Red Indian

would find it hard to express his contempt for game laws. The cannibal islander would have said to you innocently, "If you forbid cannibalism, my children will starve."

The nomadic Tartars, described by Reclus, while on the march cut meat from the bodies of the miserable animals that they drove before them and kept those animals moving, as they were gradually eaten. They would have resented as foolish over-legislation any law for prevention of cruelty to animals.

It is necessary for a democracy to protect itself against crimes by the individual, and unjust exploitation by the men of unusual cunning, but it is not necessary and it is not wise by over-legislation to limit man's efficiency and productive power.

Those who sought by law to prevent the use of locomotives because they would put hundreds of stage-coach drivers out of work could not see that the same locomotives would employ millions of men.

The woman who persuaded her husband to destroy his first model of a sewing machine because it would take work from poor sewing girls represented the over-legislation idea admirably.

If she had had her way, Hood's *Song of the Shirt* would still be sung. The electric sewing machine to which the sewing woman is now harnessed is not ideal, but it is better than the needle and the eyesight destroyed.

When we read Herbert Spencer quoting with approval the official statement, "Wherever there is government there is villainy," we remember that it is also true that wherever there is no government there is anarchy.

The task of mankind is still, as in the day of Aristotle, to find the just medium, to avoid excess, to strive for the ideal, "Not too much, not too little."

There is a dangerous excess of law-making at the present time, especially in the States, though they have no monopoly of it. Almost every conceivable form of bill is introduced and too many of them passed; and as to a large percentage of them, there is much waste of time and expense in determining whether or not they are constitutional or practical. The adjournment of legislatures brings a general sigh of relief.

FROM time to time there returns on the cautious thinker, the conclusion that, considered simply as a question of probabilities, it is unlikely that his views upon any debatable topic are correct. "Here," he reflects, "are thousands around me holding on this or that point opinions differing from mine—wholly in many cases; partially in most others. Each is as confident as I am of the truth of his convictions. Many of them are possessed of great intelligence; and, rank myself high as I may, I must admit that some are my equals—perhaps my superiors. Yet, while every one of us is sure he is right, unquestionably most of us are wrong. Why should not I be among the mistaken? True, I cannot realize the likelihood that I am so. But this proves nothing; for though the majority of us are necessarily in error, we all labor under the inability to think we are in error. Is it not then foolish thus to trust myself? When I look back into the past, I find nations, sects, theologians, philosophers, cherishing beliefs in science, morals, politics, and religion, which we decisively reject. Yet they held them with a faith quite as strong as ours: nay—stronger, if their intolerance of dissent is any criterion. Of what little worth, therefore, seems this strength of my conviction that I am right! A like warrant has been felt by men all the world through; and, in nine cases out of ten, has proved a delusive warrant. Is it not then absurd in me to put so much faith in my judgments?"

Barren of practical results as this reflection at first sight appears, it may, and indeed should, influence some of our most important proceedings. Though in daily life we are constantly obliged to act out our inferences, trustless as they may be—though in the house, in the office, in the street, there hourly arise occasions on which we may not hesitate; seeing that if to act is dangerous, never to act at all is fatal—and though, consequently, on our private conduct, this abstract doubt as to the worth of our judgments, must remain inoperative; yet, in our public conduct, we may properly allow it to weigh. Here decision is no longer imperative; while the difficulty of deciding aright is incalculably greater. Clearly as we may think we see how a given measure will work, we may infer, drawing the above induction from human experience, that the chances are many against the truth of our anticipations. Whether in most cases it is not wiser to do nothing, becomes now a rational question. Continuing his self-criticism, the cautious thinker may reason:—"If in these personal affairs, where all the conditions of the case were known to me, I have so often miscalculated, how much oftener shall I miscalculate in political affairs, where the conditions are too numerous, too wide-spread, too complex, too obscure to be understood. Here, doubtless, is a social evil and there a desideratum; and were I sure of doing no mischief I would forthwith try to cure the one and achieve the other. But when I remember how many of my private schemes have miscarried—how speculations have failed, agents proved dishonest, marriage been a disappoint-

ment—how I did but pauperize the relative I sought to help—how my carefully-governed son has turned out worse than most children—how the thing I desperately strove against as a misfortune did me immense good—how while the objects I ardently pursued brought me little happiness when gained, most of my pleasures have come from unexpected sources; when I recall these and hosts of like facts, I am struck with the incompetence of my intellect to prescribe for society. And as the evil is one under which society has not only lived but grown, while the desideratum is one it may spontaneously obtain, as it has most others, in some unforeseen way, I question the propriety of meddling.”

There is a great want of this practical humility in our political conduct. Though we have less self-confidence than our ancestors, who did not hesitate to organize in law their judgments on all subjects whatever, we have yet far too much. Though we have ceased to assume the infallibility of our theological beliefs and so ceased to enact them, we have not ceased to enact hosts of other beliefs of an equally doubtful kind. Though we no longer presume to coerce men for their *spiritual good*, we still think ourselves called upon to coerce them for their *material good*: not seeing that the one is as useless and as unwarrantable as the other. Innumerable failures seem, so far, powerless to teach this. Take up a daily paper and you will probably find a leader exposing the corruption, negligence, or mismanagement of some State-department. Cast your eye down the next column, and it is not unlikely that you will read proposals for an extension of State-supervision. Yesterday came a charge of gross carelessness against the Colonial office. To-day Admiralty bunglings are burlesqued. To-morrow brings the question—“Should there not be more coal-mine inspectors?” Now there is a complaint that the Board of Health is useless; and now an outcry for more railway regulation. While your ears are still ringing with denunciations of Chancery abuses, or your cheeks still glowing with indignation at some well-exposed iniquity of the Ecclesiastical Courts, you suddenly come upon suggestions for organizing “a priesthood of science.” Here is a vehement condemnation of the police for stupidly allowing sight-seers to crush each other to death. You look for the corollary that official regulation is not to be trusted; when, instead, *à propos* of a shipwreck, you read an urgent demand for government-inspectors to see that ships always have their boats ready for launching. Thus, while every day chronicles a failure, there every day reappears the belief that it needs but an Act of Parliament and a staff of officers to effect any end desired. Nowhere is the perennial faith of mankind better seen. Ever since society existed Disappointment has been preaching—“Put not your trust in legislation”; and yet the trust in legislation seems scarcely diminished.

Did the State fulfil efficiently its unquestionable duties, there would be some excuse for this eagerness to assign it further duties. Were there no

complaints of its faulty administration of justice; of its endless delays and untold expenses; of its bringing ruin in place of restitution; of its playing the tyrant where it should have been the protector—did we never hear of its complicated stupidities; its 20,000 statutes, which it assumes all Englishmen to know, and which not one Englishman does know; its multiplied forms, which, in the effort to meet every contingency, open far more loopholes than they provide against—had it not shown its folly in the system of making every petty alteration by a new act, variously affecting innumerable preceding acts; or in its score of successive sets of Chancery rules, which so modify, and limit, and extend, and abolish, and alter each other, that not even Chancery lawyers know what the rules are—were we never astounded by such a fact as that, under the system of land registration in Ireland, 6,000*l.* have been spent in a "negative search" to establish the title of an estate—did we find in its doings no such terrible incongruity as the imprisonment of a hungry vagrant for stealing a turnip, while for the gigantic embezzlements of a railway director it inflicts no punishment;—had we, in short, proved its efficiency as judge and defender, instead of having found it treacherous, cruel, and anxiously to be shunned, there would be some encouragement to hope other benefits at its hands.

Or if, while failing in its judicial functions, the State had proved itself a capable agent in some other department—the military for example—there would have been some show of reason for extending its sphere of action. Suppose that it had rationally equipped its troops, instead of giving them cumbrous and ineffective muskets, barbarous grenadier caps, absurdly heavy knapsacks and cartouche-boxes, and clothing colored so as admirably to help the enemy's marksmen—suppose that it organized well and economically, instead of salarizing an immense superfluity of officers, creating sinecure colonelcies of 4,000*l.* a year, neglecting the meritorious and promoting incapables—suppose that its soldiers were always well housed instead of being thrust into barracks that invalid hundreds, as at Aden, or that fall on their occupants, as at Loodianah, where ninety-five were thus killed—suppose that, in actual war, it had shown due administrative ability, instead of occasionally leaving its regiments to march barefoot, to dress in patches, to capture their own engineering tools, and to fight on empty stomachs, as during the Peninsular campaign;—suppose all this, and the wish for more State-control might still have had some warrant.

Even though it had bungled in everything else, yet had it in one case done well—had its naval management alone been efficient—the sanguine would have had a colorable excuse for expecting success in a new field. Grant that the reports about bad ships, ships that will not sail, ships that have to be lengthened, ships with unfit engines, ships that will not carry their guns, ships without stowage, and ships that have to be broken up, are all untrue—assume those to be mere slanderers who say that the *Megæra* took double the time taken by a commercial steamer to reach the Cape; that during the same voyage the *Hydra* was three times on fire, and needed the

pumps kept going day and night; that the *Charlotte* troop-ship set out with 75 days' provisions on board, and was three months in reaching her destination; that the *Harpy*, at an imminent risk of life, got home in 110 days from Rio—disregard as calumnies the statements about septuagenarian admirals, dilettante ship building, and "cooked" dockyard accounts—set down the affair of the Goldner preserved meats as a myth, and consider Professor Barlow mistaken when he reported of the Admiralty compasses in store, that "at least one-half were mere lumber";—let all these, we say, be held groundless charges, and there would remain for the advocates of much government some basis for their political air-castles, spite of military and judicial mismanagement.

As it is, however, they seem to have read backwards the parable of the talents. Not to the agent of proved efficiency do they consign further duties, but to the negligent and blundering agent. Private enterprise has done much, and done it well. Private enterprise has cleared, drained, and fertilized the country, and built the towns—has excavated mines, laid out roads, dug canals, and embanked railways—has invented, and brought to perfection ploughs, looms, steam-engines, printing-presses, and machines innumerable—has built our ships, our vast manufactories, our docks—has established banks, insurance societies, and the newspaper press—has covered the sea with lines of steam-vessels, and the land with electric telegraphs. Private enterprise has brought agriculture, manufactures, and commerce to their present height, and is now developing them with increasing rapidity. Therefore, do not trust private enterprise. On the other hand, the State so fulfils its judicial function as to ruin many, delude others, and frighten away those who most need succor; its national defences are so extravagantly and yet inefficiently administered, as to call forth almost daily complaint, expostulation, or ridicule; and as the nation's steward, it obtains from some of our vast public estates a minus revenue. Therefore, trust the State. Slight the good and faithful servant, and promote the unprofitable one from one talent to ten.

Seriously, the case, while it may not, in some respects, warrant this parallel, is, in one respect, even stronger. For the new work is not of the same order as the old, but of a more difficult order. Ill as government discharges its true duties, any other duties committed to it are likely to be still worse discharged. To guard its subjects against aggression, either individual or national, is a straightforward and tolerably simple matter; to regulate, directly or indirectly, the personal actions of those subjects is an infinitely complicated matter. It is one thing to secure to each man the unhindered power to pursue his own good; it is a widely different thing to pursue the good for him. To do the first efficiently, the State has merely to look on while its citizens act; to forbid unfairness; to adjudicate when called on; and to enforce restitution for injuries. To do the last efficiently, it must become an ubiquitous worker—must know each man's needs better than he knows them himself—must, in short, possess super-

human power and intelligence. Even, therefore, had the State done well in its proper sphere, no sufficient warrant would have existed for extending that sphere; but seeing how ill it has discharged those simple offices which we cannot help consigning to it, small indeed is the probability that it will discharge well offices of a more complicated nature.

Change the point of view however we may, and this conclusion still presents itself. If we define the primary State-duty to be that of protecting each individual against others, then, all other State-action comes under the definition of protecting each individual against himself—against his own stupidity, his own idleness, his own improvidence, rashness, or other defect—his own incapacity for doing something or other which should be done. There is no questioning this classification. For manifestly all the obstacles that lie between a man's desires and the satisfaction of them are either obstacles arising from other men's counter desires, or obstacles arising from inability in himself. Such of these counter desires as are just, have as much claim to satisfaction as his; and may not, therefore, be thwarted. Such of them as are unjust, it is the State's duty to hold in check. The only other possible sphere for it, therefore, is that of saving the individual from the consequences of his nature, or, as we say—protecting him against himself. Making no comment, at present, on the policy of this, and confining ourselves solely to the practicability of it, let us inquire how the proposal looks when reduced to its simplest form. Here are men possessed of instincts, and sentiments, and perceptions, all conspiring to self-preservation. The due action of each brings its quantum of pleasure; the inaction, its more or less of pain. Those provided with these faculties in due proportions prosper and multiply; those ill-provided tend to die out. And the general success of this human organization is seen in the fact that under it the world has been peopled, and by it the complicated appliances and arrangements of civilized life have been developed. It is complained, however, that there are certain directions in which this apparatus of motives works but imperfectly. While it is admitted that men are duly prompted by it to bodily sustenance, to the obtaining of clothing and shelter, to marriage and the care of offspring, and to the establishment of the more important industrial and commercial agencies; it is argued that there are many desiderata, as pure air, more knowledge, good water, safe travelling, and so forth, which it does not duly achieve. And these shortcomings being assumed permanent, it is urged that some supplementary means must be employed. It is therefore proposed that out of the mass of men a certain number, constituting the legislature, shall be instructed to attain these various objects. The legislators thus instructed (all characterized, on the average, by the same defects in this apparatus of motives as men in general), being unable personally to fulfil their tasks, must fulfil them by deputy—must appoint commissions, boards, councils, and staffs of officers; and must construct their agencies of this same defective humanity that acts so ill. Why now should this system of complex

deputation succeed where the system of simple deputation does not? The industrial, commercial, and philanthropic agencies, which citizens form spontaneously, are directly deputed agencies; these governmental agencies made by electing legislators who appoint officers are indirectly deputed ones. And it is hoped that, by this process of double deputation, things may be achieved which the process of single deputation will not achieve. What is the rationale of this hope? Is it that legislators, and their employes, are made to feel more intensely than the rest these evils they are to remedy, these wants they are to satisfy? Hardly; for by position they are mostly relieved from such evils and wants. Is it, then, that they are to have the primary motive replaced by a secondary motive—the fear of public displeasure, and ultimate removal from office? Why scarcely; for the minor benefits which citizens will not organize to secure *directly*, they will not organize to secure *indirectly*, by turning out inefficient servants: especially if they cannot readily get efficient ones. Is it, then, that these State-agents are to do from a sense of duty, what they would not do from any other motive? Evidently this is the only possibility remaining. The proposition on which the advocates of much government have to fall back is, that things which the people will not unite to effect for personal benefit, a law-appointed portion of them will unite to effect for the benefit of the rest. Public men and functionaries love their neighbors better than themselves! The philanthropy of statesmen is stronger than the selfishness of citizens!

No wonder, then, that every day adds to the list of legislative mis-carriages. If colliery explosions increase, notwithstanding the appointment of coal-mine inspectors, why it is but a natural sequence to these false methods. If Sunderland shipowners complain that, as far as tried, “the Mercantile Marine Act has proved a total failure”; and if, meanwhile, the other class affected by it—the sailors—show their disapprobation by extensive strikes; why it does but exemplify the folly of trusting a theorizing benevolence rather than an experienced self-interest. On all sides we may expect such facts; and on all sides we find them. Government, turning engineer, appoints its lieutenant, the Sewers’ Commission, to drain London. Presently Lambeth sends deputations to say that it pays heavy rates, and gets no benefit. Tired of waiting, Bethnal-green calls meetings to consider “the most effectual means of extending the drainage of the district.” From Wadsworth come complainants, who threaten to pay no more until something is done. Camberwell proposes to raise a subscription and do the work itself. Meanwhile, no progress is made towards the purification of the Thames; the weekly returns show an increasing rate of mortality; in Parliament, the friends of the Commission have nothing save good intentions to urge in mitigation of censure; and, at length, despairing ministers gladly seize an excuse for quietly shelving the Commission and its plans altogether. As architectural surveyor, the State has scarcely succeeded better than as engineer; witness the Metropolitan Buildings’ Act. New houses still tumble down from time to time. A few months since

two fell at Bayswater, and one more recently near the Pentonville Prison: all notwithstanding prescribed thicknesses, and hoop-iron bond, and inspectors. It never struck those who provided these delusive sureties, that it was possible to build walls without bonding the two surfaces together, so that the inner layer might be removed after the surveyor's approval. Nor did they foresee that, in dictating a larger *quantity* of bricks than experience proved absolutely needful, they were simply insuring a slow deterioration of *quality* to an equivalent extent. The government guarantee for safe passenger ships answers no better than its guarantee for safe houses. Though the burning of the *Amazon* arose from either bad construction or bad stowage, she had received the Admiralty certificate before sailing. Notwithstanding official approval, the *Adelaide* was found, on her first voyage, to steer ill, to have useless pumps, ports that let floods of water into the cabins, and coals so near the furnaces that they twice caught fire. The *W. S. Lindsay*, which turned out unfit for sailing, had been passed by the government agent; and, but for the owner, might have gone to sea at a great risk of life. The *Melbourne*—originally a State-built ship—which took twenty-four days to reach Lisbon, and then needed to be docked to undergo a thorough repair, had been duly inspected. And lastly, the notorious *Australian*, before her third futile attempt to proceed on her voyage, had, her owners tell us, received "the full approbation of the government inspector." Neither does the like supervision give security to land-travelling. The iron bridge at Chester, which, breaking, precipitated a train into the Dee, had passed under the official eye. Inspection did not prevent a column on the South-Eastern from being so placed as to kill a man who put his head out of the carriage window. The locomotive that burst at Brighton lately did so notwithstanding a State-approval given but ten days previously. And—to look at the facts in the gross—this system of supervision has not prevented the increase of railway accidents; which, be it remembered, has arisen *since* the system was commenced.

"Well; let the State fail. It can but do its best. If it succeed, so much the better: if it do not, where is the harm? Surely it is wiser to act, and take the chance of success, than to do nothing." To this plea the rejoinder is that, unfortunately, the results of legislative intervention are not only negatively bad, but often positively so. Acts of Parliament do not simply fail; they frequently make worse. The familiar truth that persecution aids rather than hinders proscribed doctrines—a truth lately afresh illustrated by the forbidden work of Gervinus—is a part of the general truth that legislation often does indirectly the reverse of that which it directly aims to do. Thus has it been with the Metropolitan Buildings' Act. As was lately agreed unanimously by the delegates from all the parishes in London, and as was stated by them to Sir William Molesworth, this act "has encouraged bad building, and has been the means of covering the suburbs of the metropolis with thousands of wretched hovels, which are a disgrace to a civilized country." Thus, also, has it been in provincial

towns. The Nottingham Inclosure Act of 1845, by prescribing the structure of the houses to be built, and the extent of yard or garden to be allotted to each, has rendered it impossible to build working-class dwellings at such moderate rents as to compete with existing ones. It is estimated that, as a consequence, 10,000 of the population are debarred from the new homes they would otherwise have, and are forced to live crowded together in miserable places unfit for human habitation; and so, in its anxiety to insure healthy accommodation for artisans, the law has entailed on them still worse accommodations than before. Thus, too, has it been with the Passengers' Act. The terrible fevers which arose in the Australian emigrant ships a few months since, causing in the *Bourneuf* 83 deaths, in the *Wanota* 39 deaths, in the *Marco Polo* 53 deaths, and in the *Ticonderoga* 104 deaths, arose in vessels sent out by the government; and arose *in consequence* of the close packing which the Passengers' Act authorizes. Thus, moreover, has it been with the safeguards provided by the Mercantile Marine Act. The examinations devised for insuring the efficiency of captains have had the effect of certifying the superficially-clever and unpractised men, and, as we are told by a shipowner, rejecting many of the long-tried and most trustworthy: the general result being that *the ratio of shipwrecks has increased*. Thus also has it happened with Boards of Health, which have, in sundry cases, exacerbated the evils to be removed; as, for instance, at Croydon, where, according to the official report, the measures of the sanitary authorities produced an epidemic, which attacked 1,600 people and killed 70. Thus again has it been with the Joint Stock Companies Registration Act. As was shown by Mr. James Wilson, in his late motion for a select committee on life-assurance associations, this measure, passed in 1844 to guard the public against bubble schemes, actually facilitated the rascalities of 1845 and subsequent years. The legislative sanction, devised as a guarantee of genuineness, and supposed by the people to be such, clever adventurers have without difficulty obtained for the most worthless projects. Having obtained it, an amount of public confidence has followed which they could never otherwise have gained. In this way literally hundreds of sham enterprises that would not else have seen the light have been fostered into being; and thousands of families have been ruined who would never have been so but for legislative efforts to make them more secure.

Moreover, when these topical remedies applied by statesmen do not exacerbate the evils they were meant to cure, they constantly induce collateral evils; and these often graver than the original ones. It is the vice of this empirical school of politicians that they never look beyond proximate causes and immediate effects. In common with the uneducated masses they habitually regard each phenomenon as involving but one antecedent and one consequent. They do not bear in mind that each phenomenon is a link in an infinite series—is the result of myriads of preceding phenomena, and will have a share in producing myriads of succeeding ones. Hence

they overlook the fact that, in disturbing any natural chain of sequences, they are not only modifying the result next in succession, but all the future results into which this will enter as a part cause. The serial genesis of phenomena, and the interaction of each series upon every other series, produces a complexity utterly beyond human grasp. Even in the simplest cases this is so. A servant who puts coals on the fire sees but few effects from the burning of a lump. The man of science, however, knows that there are very many effects. He knows that the combustion establishes numerous atmospheric currents, and through them moves thousands of cubic feet of air inside the house and out. He knows that the heat diffused causes expansions and subsequent contractions of all bodies within its range. He knows that the persons warmed are affected in their rate of respiration and their waste of tissue; and that these physiological changes must have various secondary results. He knows that, could he trace to their ramified consequences all the forces disengaged, mechanical, chemical, thermal, electric—could he enumerate all the subsequent effects of the evaporation caused, the gases generated, the light evolved, the heat radiated; a volume would scarcely suffice to enter them. If, now, from a simple inorganic change such numerous and complex results arise, how infinitely multiplied and involved must be the ultimate consequences of any force brought to bear upon society. Wonderfully constructed as it is—mutually dependent as are its members for the satisfaction of their wants—affected as each unit of it is by his fellows, not only as to his safety and prosperity, but in his health, his temper, his culture; the social organism cannot be dealt with in any one part, without all other parts being influenced in ways which cannot be foreseen. You put a duty on paper, and by-and-by find that, through the medium of the jacquard-cards employed, you have inadvertently taxed figured silk, sometimes to the extent of several shillings per piece. On removing the impost from bricks, you discover that its existence had increased the dangers of mining, by preventing shafts from being lined and workings from being tunnelled. By the excise on soap, you have, it turns out, greatly encouraged the use of caustic washing-powders; and so have unintentionally entailed an immense destruction of clothes. In every case you perceive, on careful inquiry, that besides acting upon that which you sought to act upon, you have acted upon many other things, and each of these again on many others; and so have propagated a multitude of changes in all directions. We need feel no surprise, then, that in their efforts to cure specific evils, legislators have continually caused collateral evils they never looked for. No Carlyle's wisest man, nor any body of such, could avoid causing them. Though their production is explicable enough after it has occurred, it is never anticipated. When, under the New Poor-law, provision was made for the accommodation of vagrants in the Union-houses, it was hardly expected that a body of tramps would be thereby called into existence, who would spend their time in walking from Union to Union throughout the kingdom. It was little thought by those who in

past generations assigned parish-pay for the maintenance of illegitimate children, that, as a result, a family of such would by-and-by be considered a small fortune, and the mother of them a desirable wife; nor did the same statesmen see that, by the law of settlement, they were organizing a disastrous inequality of wages in different districts, and entailing a system of clearing away cottages, which would result in the crowding of bedrooms, and in a consequent moral and physical deterioration. The English tonnage law was enacted simply with a view to regulate the mode of measurement. Its framers overlooked the fact that they were practically providing "for the effectual and compulsory construction of bad ships"; and that "to cheat the law, that is, to build a tolerable ship in spite of it, was the highest achievement left to an English builder." Greater commercial security was alone aimed at by the partnership law. We now find, however, that the unlimited liability it insists upon is a serious hindrance to progress; it practically forbids the association of small capitalists; it is found a great obstacle to the building of improved dwellings for the people; it prevents a better relationship between artisans and employers; and by withholding from the working-classes good investments for their savings, it checks the growth of provident habits and encourages drunkenness. Thus on all sides are well-meant measures producing unforeseen mischiefs—a licensing law that promotes the adulteration of beer; a ticket-of-leave system that encourages men to commit crime; a police regulation that forces street-huxters into the workhouse. And then, in addition to the obvious and proximate evils, come the remote and less distinguishable ones, which, could we estimate their accumulated result, we should probably find even more serious.

But the thing to be discussed is, not so much whether, by any amount of intelligence, it is *possible* for a government to work out the various ends consigned to it, as whether its fulfilment of them is *probable*. It is less a question of *can* than a question of *will*. Granting the absolute competence of the State, let us consider what hope there is of getting from it satisfactory performance. Let us look at the moving force by which the legislative machine is worked, and then inquire whether this force is thus employed as economically as it would otherwise be.

Manifestly, as desire of some kind is the invariable stimulus to action in the individual, every social agency, of what nature soever, must have some aggregate of desires for its motive power. Men in their collective capacity can exhibit no result but what has its origin in some appetite, feeling, or taste common among them. Did not they like meat, there could be no cattle-graziers, no Smithfield, no distributing organization of butchers. Operas, Philharmonic Societies, song-books, and street organ-boys, have all been called into being by our love of music. Look through the trades' directory; take up a guide to the London sights; read the index of Bradshaw's time-tables, the reports of the learned societies, or the advertisements of new books; and you see in the publication itself, and in the things it

describes, so many products of human activities, stimulated by human desires. Under this stimulus grow up agencies alike the most gigantic and the most insignificant, the most complicated and the most simple—agencies for national defence and for the sweeping of crossings; for the daily distribution of letters, and for the collection of bits of coal out of the Thames mud—agencies that subserve all ends, from the preaching of Christianity to the protection of ill-treated animals; from the production of bread for a nation to the supply of groundsel for caged singing-birds. The accumulated desires of individuals being, then, the moving power by which every social agency is worked, the question to be considered is—Which is the most economical kind of agency? The agency having no power in itself, but being merely an instrument, our inquiry must be for the most efficient instrument—the instrument that costs least, and wastes the smallest amount of the moving power—the instrument least liable to get out of order, and most readily put right again when it goes wrong. Of the two kinds of social mechanism exemplified above, the spontaneous and the governmental, which is the best?

From the form of this question will be readily foreseen the intended answer—that is the best mechanism which contains the fewest parts. The common saying—"What you wish well done you must do yourself," embodies a truth equally applicable to political life as to private life. The experience that farming by bailiff entails loss, while tenant-farming pays, is an experience still better illustrated in national history than in a landlord's account books. This transference of power from constituencies to members of parliament, from these to the executive, from the executive to a board, from the board to inspectors, and from inspectors through their subs down to the actual workers—this operating through a series of levers, each of which absorbs in friction and inertia part of the moving force; is as bad, in virtue of its complexity, as the direct employment by society of individuals, private companies, and spontaneously-formed institutions, is good in virtue of its simplicity. Fully to appreciate the contrast, we must compare in detail the working of the two systems.

Officialism is habitually slow. When non-governmental agencies are dilatory, the public has its remedy: it ceases to employ them and soon finds quicker ones. Under this discipline all private bodies are taught promptness. But for delays in State-departments there is no such easy cure. Life-long Chancery suits must be patiently borne; Museum-catalogues must be wearily waited for. While, by the people themselves, a Crystal Palace is designed, erected, and filled, in the course of a few months, the legislature takes twenty years to build itself a new house. While, by private persons, the debates are daily printed and dispersed over the kingdom within a few hours of their utterance, the Board of Trade tables are regularly published a month, and sometimes more, after date. And so throughout. Here is a Board of Health which, since 1849, has been about to close the metropolitan graveyards, but has not done it yet; and which has so long dawdled

over projects for cemeteries, that the London Necropolis Company has taken the matter out of its hands. Here is a patentee who has had fourteen years' correspondence with the Horse Guards, before getting a definite answer respecting the use of his improved boot for the Army. Here is a Plymouth port-admiral who delays sending out to look for the missing boats of the *Amazon* until ten days after the wreck.

Again, officialism is stupid. Under the natural course of things each citizen tends towards his fittest function. Those who are competent to the kind of work they undertake, succeed, and, in the average of cases, are advanced in proportion to their efficiency; while the incompetent, society soon finds out, ceases to employ, forces to try something easier, and eventually turns to use. But it is quite otherwise in State-organizations. Here, as every one knows, birth, age, back-stairs intrigue, and sycophancy, determine the selections rather than merit. The "fool of the family" readily finds a place in the Church, if "the family" have good connections. A youth too ill-educated for any profession does very well for an officer in the Army. Grey hair, or a title, is a far better guarantee of naval promotion than genius is. Nay, indeed, the man of capacity often finds that, in government offices, superiority is a hindrance—that his chiefs hate to be pestered with his proposed improvements, and are offended by his implied criticisms. Not only, therefore, is legislative machinery complex, but it is made of inferior materials. Hence the blunders we daily read of—the supplying to the dockyards from the royal forests of timber unfit for use; the administration of relief during the Irish famine in such a manner as to draw laborers from the field, and diminish the subsequent harvest by one-fourth; the filing of patents at three different offices and keeping an index at none. Everywhere does this bungling show itself, from the elaborate failure of House of Commons ventilation down to the publication of *The London Gazette*, which invariably comes out wrongly folded.

A further characteristic of officialism is its extravagance. In its chief departments, Army, Navy, and Church, it employs far more officers than are needful, and pays some of the useless ones exorbitantly. The work done by the Sewers Commission has cost, as Sir B. Hall tells us, from 300 to 400 per cent. over the contemplated outlay; while the management charges have reached 35, 40, and 45 per cent. on the expenditure. The trustees of Ramsgate Harbor—a harbor, by the way, that has taken a century to complete—are spending 18,000*l.* a year in doing what 5,000*l.* has been proved sufficient for. The Board of Health is causing new surveys to be made of all the towns under its control—a proceeding which, as Mr. Stephenson states, and as every tyro in engineering knows, is, for drainage purposes, a wholly needless expense. These public agencies are subject to no such influence as that which obliges private enterprise to be economical. Traders and mercantile bodies succeed by serving society cheaply. Such of them as cannot do this are continually supplanted by those who can. They cannot saddle the nation with the results of their

extravagance, and so are prevented from being extravagant. On works that are to return a profit it does not answer to spend 48 per cent. of the capital in superintendence, as in the engineering department of the Indian Government; and Indian railway companies, knowing this, manage to keep their superintendence charges within 8 per cent. A shopkeeper leaves out of his accounts no item analogous to that 6,000,000*l.* of its revenues, which Parliament allows to be deducted on the way to the Exchequer. Walk through a manufactory, and you see that the stern alternatives, carefulness or ruin, dictate the saving of every penny; visit one of the national dockyards, and the comments you make on any glaring wastefulness are carelessly met by the slang phrase—"Nunky pays."

The unadaptiveness of officialism is another of its vices. Unlike private enterprise which quickly modifies its actions to meet emergencies—unlike the shopkeeper who promptly finds the wherewith to satisfy a sudden demand—unlike the railway company which doubles its trains to carry a special influx of passengers; the law-made instrumentality lumbers on under all varieties of circumstances through its ordained routine at its habitual rate. By its very nature it is fitted only for average requirements, and inevitably fails under unusual requirements. You cannot step into the street without having the contrast thrust upon you. Is it summer? You see the water-carts going their prescribed rounds with scarcely any regard to the needs of the weather—to-day sprinkling afresh the already moist roads; to-morrow bestowing their showers with no greater liberality upon roads cloudy with dust. Is it winter? You see the scavengers do not vary in number and activity according to the quantity of mud; and if there comes a heavy fall of snow, you find the thoroughfares remaining for nearly a week in a scarcely passable state, without an effort being made, even in the heart of London, to meet the exigency. The late snow-storm, indeed, supplied a neat antithesis between the two orders of agencies in the effects it respectively produced on omnibuses and cabs. Not being under a law-fixed tariff, the omnibuses put on extra horses and raised their fares. The cabs, on the contrary, being limited in their charges by an Act of Parliament which, with the usual shortsightedness, never contemplated such a contingency as this, declined to ply, deserted the stands and the stations, left luckless travellers to stumble home with their luggage as best they might, and so became useless at the very time of all others when they were most wanted! Not only by its unsusceptibility of adjustment does officialism entail serious inconveniences, but it likewise entails great injustices. In this case of cabs, for example, it has resulted since the late change of law, that old cabs, which were before saleable at 10*l.* and 12*l.* each, are now unsaleable and have to be broken up; and thus legislation has robbed cab-proprietors of part of their capital. Again, the recently-passed Smoke-Bill for London, which applies only within certain prescribed limits, has the effect of taxing one manufacturer while leaving untaxed his competitor working within a quarter of a mile; and so, as we are credibly informed, gives one an advantage

of 1,500*l.* a year over another. These typify the infinity of wrongs, varying in degrees of hardship, which legal regulations necessarily involve. Society, a living, growing organism, placed within apparatuses of dead, rigid, mechanical formulas, cannot fail to be hampered and pinched. The only agencies which can efficiently serve it are those through which its pulsations hourly flow, and which change as it changes.

How invariably officialism becomes corrupt every one knows. Exposed to no such antiseptic as free competition—not dependent for existence, as private unendowed organizations are, on the maintenance of a vigorous vitality; all law-made agencies fall into an inert, over-fed state, from which to disease is a short step. Salaries flow in irrespective of the activity with which duty is performed; continue after duty wholly ceases; become rich prizes for the idle well born; and prompt to perjury, to bribery, to simony. East India directors are elected not for any administrative capacity they have; but they buy votes by promised patronage—a patronage alike asked and given in utter disregard of the welfare of a hundred millions of people. Registrars of wills not only get many thousands a year each for doing work which their miserably paid deputies leave half done; but they, in some cases, defraud the revenue, and that after repeated reprimands. Dockyard promotion is the result not of efficient services, but of political favoritism. That they may continue to hold rich livings, clergymen preach what they do not believe; bishops make false returns of their revenues; and at their elections to fellowships, well-to-do priests severally make oath that they are *pauper, pius et doctus*. From the local inspector whose eyes are shut to an abuse by a contractor's present, up to the prime minister who finds lucrative berths for his relations, this venality is daily illustrated; and that in spite of public reprobation and perpetual attempts to prevent it. As we once heard said by a State-official of twenty-five years' standing—"Wherever there is government there is villainy." It is the inevitable result of destroying the direct connexion between the profit obtained and the work performed. No incompetent person hopes, by offering a *douceur* in the *Times*, to get a permanent place in a mercantile office. But where, as under government, there is no employer's self-interest to forbid—where the appointment is made by some one on whom inefficiency entails no loss; there a *douceur* is operative. In hospitals, in public charities, in endowed schools, in all social agencies in which duty done and income gained do not go hand in hand, the like corruption is found; and is great in proportion as the dependence of income upon duty is remote. In State-organizations, therefore, corruption is unavoidable. In trading-organizations it rarely makes its appearance, and when it does, the instinct of self-preservation soon provides a remedy.

To all which broad contrasts add this, that while private bodies are enterprising and progressive, public bodies are unchanging, and, indeed, obstructive. That officialism should be inventive nobody expects. That it should go out of its easy mechanical routine to introduce improvements,

and this at a considerable expense of thought and application, without the prospect of profit, is not to be supposed. But it is not simply stationary; it resists every amendment either in itself or in anything with which it deals. Until now that County Courts are taking away their practice, all agents of the law have doggedly opposed law-reform. The universities have maintained an old *curriculum* for centuries after it ceased to be fit; and are now struggling to prevent a threatened reconstruction. Every postal improvement has been vehemently protested against by the postal authorities. Mr. Whiston can say how pertinacious is the conservatism of Church grammar-schools. Not even the gravest consequences in view preclude official resistance: witness the fact that though, as already mentioned, Professor Barlow reported in 1820, of the Admiralty compasses then in store, that "at least one-half were mere lumber," yet notwithstanding the constant risk of shipwrecks thence arising, "very little amelioration in this state of things appears to have taken place until 1838 to 1840." Nor is official obstructiveness to be readily overborne even by a powerful public opinion: witness the fact that though, for generations, nine-tenths of the nation have disapproved this ecclesiastical system which pampers the drones and starves the workers, and though commissions have been appointed to rectify it, it still remains substantially as it was: witness again the fact that though, since 1818, there have been a score attempts to rectify the scandalous maladministration of Charitable Trusts—though ten times in ten successive years remedial measures have been brought before Parliament—the abuses still continue in all their grossness. Not only do these legal instrumentalities resist reforms in themselves, but they hinder reforms in other things. In defending their vested interests the clergy delay the closing of town burial-grounds. As Mr. Lindsay can show, government emigration-agents are checking the use of iron for sailing-vessels. Excise officers prevent improvements in the processes they have to overlook. That organic conservatism which is visible in the daily conduct of all men is an obstacle which in private life self-interest slowly overcomes. The prospect of profit does, in the end, teach farmers that deep draining is good; though it takes long to do this. Manufacturers do, ultimately, learn the most economical speed at which to work their steam-engines; though precedent has long misled them. But in the public service, where there is no self-interest to overcome it, this conservatism exerts its full force; and produces results alike disastrous and absurd. For generations after bookkeeping had become universal the Exchequer accounts were kept by notches cut on sticks. In the estimates for the current year appears the item, "Trimming the oil-lamps at the Horse-Guards."

Between these law-made agencies and the spontaneously formed ones, who then can hesitate? The one class are slow, stupid, extravagant, unadaptive, corrupt, and obstructive: can any point out in the other, vices that balance these? It is true that trade has its dishonesties, speculation its follies. These are evils inevitably entailed by the existing imperfections

of humanity. It is equally true, however, that these imperfections of humanity are shared by State-functionaries; and that being unchecked in them by the same stern discipline, they grow to far worse results. Given a race of men having a certain proclivity to misconduct, and the question is, whether a society of these men shall be so organized that ill-conduct directly brings punishment, or whether it shall be so organized that punishment is but remotely contingent on ill-conduct? Which will be the most healthful community—that in which agents who perform their functions badly, immediately suffer by the withdrawal of public patronage; or that in which such agents can be made to suffer only through an apparatus of meetings, petitions, polling booths, parliamentary divisions, cabinet-councils, and red-tape documents? Is it not an absurdly utopian hope that men will behave better when correction is far removed and uncertain than when it is near at hand and inevitable? Yet this is the hope which most political schemers unconsciously cherish. Listen to their plans, and you find that just what they propose to have done, they assume the appointed agents will do. That functionaries are trustworthy is their first postulate. Doubtless could good officers be ensured, much might be said for officialism; just as despotism would have its advantages could we ensure a good despot.

If, however, we would duly appreciate the contrast between the artificial modes and the natural modes of achieving social desiderata, we must look not only at the vices of the one but at the virtues of the other. These are many and important. Consider first how immediately every private enterprise is dependent on the need for it; and how impossible it is for it to continue if there be no need. Daily are new trades and new companies established. If they subserve some existing public want, they take root and grow. If they do not, they die of inanition. It needs no agitation, no act of Parliament, to put them down. As with all natural organizations, if there is no function for them no nutriment comes to them, and they dwindle away. Moreover, not only do the new agencies disappear if they are superfluous, but the old ones cease to be when they have done their work. Unlike public instrumentalities—unlike Heralds' Offices, which are maintained for ages after heraldry has lost all value—unlike Ecclesiastical Courts, which continue to flourish for generations after they have become an abomination; these private instrumentalities dissolve when they become needless. A widely ramified coaching-system ceases to exist as soon as a more efficient railway-system comes into being. And not simply does it cease to exist, and to abstract funds, but the materials of which it was made are absorbed and turned to use. Coachmen, guards, and the rest, are employed to profit elsewhere—do not continue for twenty years a burden, like the compensated officials of some abolished department of the State. Consider, again, how necessarily these unordained agencies fit themselves to their work. It is a law of all organized things that efficiency presupposes apprenticeship. Not only is it true that the young merchant must begin by carrying letters to the post, that the way to be a successful inn-

keeper is to commence as waiter—not only is it true that in the development of the intellect there must come first the perceptions of identity and duality, next of number, and that without these, arithmetic, algebra, and the infinitesimal calculus, remain impracticable; but it is true that there is no part of an organism but begins in some simple form with some insignificant function, and passes to its final stage through successive phases of complexity. Every heart is at first a mere pulsatile sac; every brain begins as a slight enlargement of the spinal cord. This law equally extends to the social organism. An instrumentality that is to work well must not be designed and suddenly put together by legislators, but must grow gradually from a germ; each successive addition must be tried and proved good by experience before another addition is made; and by this tentative process only, can an efficient instrumentality be produced. From a trustworthy man who receives deposits of money, insensibly grows up a vast banking system, with its notes, checks, bills, its complex transactions, and its Clearing-house. Pack-horses, then waggons, then coaches, then steam-carriages on common roads, and, finally, steam-carriages on roads made for them—such has been the slow genesis of our present means of communication. Not a trade in the directory but has formed itself an apparatus of manufacturers, brokers, travellers, and retailers, in so gradual a way that no one can trace the steps. And so with organizations of another order. The Zoological Gardens began as the private collection of a few naturalists. The best working-class school known—that at Price's factory—commenced with half-a-dozen boys sitting among the candle-boxes, after hours, to teach themselves writing with worn-out pens. Mark, too, that as a consequence of their mode of growth, these spontaneously-formed agencies expand to any extent required. The same stimulus which brought them into being makes them send their ramifications wherever they are needed. But supply does not thus readily follow demand in governmental agencies. Appoint a board and a staff, fix their duties, and let the apparatus have a generation or two to consolidate, and you cannot get it to fulfil larger requirements without some act of parliament obtained only after long delay and difficulty.

Were there space, much more might be said upon the superiority of what naturalists would call the *exogenous* order of institutions over the *endogenous* one. But, from the point of view indicated, the further contrasts between their characteristics will be sufficiently visible.

Hence then the fact, that while the one order of means is ever failing, making worse, or producing more evils than it cures, the other order of means is ever succeeding, ever improving. Strong as it looks at the outset, State-agency perpetually disappoints every one. Puny as are its first stages, private effort daily achieves results that astound the world. It is not only that joint-stock companies do so much—it is not only that by them a whole kingdom is covered with railways in the same time that it takes the Admiralty to build a hundred-gun ship; but it is that public instrumentalities are outdone even by individuals. The often quoted contrast between the

Academy whose forty members took fifty-six years to compile the French Dictionary, while Dr. Johnson alone compiled the English one in eight—a contrast still marked enough after making due set-off for the difference in the works—is by no means without parallel. That great sanitary desideratum—the bringing of the New River to London—which the wealthiest corporation in the world attempted and failed, Sir Hugh Myddleton achieved single-handed. The first canal in England—a work of which government might have been thought the fit projector, and the only competent executor—was undertaken and finished as the private speculation of one man—the Duke of Bridgewater. By his own unaided exertions, William Smith completed that great achievement, the geological map of Great Britain; meanwhile, the Ordnance Survey—a very accurate and elaborate one, it is true—has already occupied a large staff for some two generations, and will not be completed before the lapse of another. Howard and the prisons of Europe; Bianconi and Irish travelling; Waghorn and the Overland route; Dargan and the Dublin Exhibition—do not these suggest startling contrasts? While private gentlemen like Mr. Denison build model lodging-houses in which the deaths are greatly below the average, the State builds barracks in which the deaths are greatly above the average, even of the much-pitied town populations; barracks which, though filled with picked men under medical supervision, show an annual mortality per thousand of 13.6, 17.9 and even 20.4; though among civilians of the same age in the same places, the mortality per thousand is but 11.9. While the State has laid out large sums at Parkhurst in the effort to reform juvenile criminals, who are *not* reformed, Mr. Ellis takes fifteen of the worst young thieves in London—thieves considered by the police irreclaimable—and reforms them all. Side by side with the Emigration Board, under whose management hundreds die of fever from close packing, and under whose licence sail vessels which, like the *Washington*, are the homes of fraud, brutality, tyranny, and obscenity, stands Mrs. Chisholm's Family Colonisation Loan Society, which does not provide worse accommodation than ever before but much better; which does not demoralize by promiscuous crowding but improves by mild discipline; which does not pauperize by charity but encourages providence; which does not increase our taxes, but is self-supporting. Here are lessons for the lovers of legislation. The State outdone by a working shoemaker! The State beaten by a woman!

Stronger still becomes this contrast between the results of public action and private action, when we remember that the one is constantly eked out by the other, even in doing the things unavoidably left to it. Passing over military and naval departments, in which much is done by contractors and not by men receiving government pay,—passing over the Church, which is constantly extended not by law but by voluntary effort—passing over the Universities, where the efficient teaching is given not by the appointed officers but by private tutors; let us look at the mode in which our judicial system is worked. Lawyers perpetually tell us that codification is impos-

sible; and some are simple enough to believe them. Merely remarking, in passing, that what government and all its employés cannot do for the Acts of Parliament in general, was done for the 1,500 Customs acts in 1825 by the energy of one man—Mr. Deacon Hume—let us see how the absence of a digested system of law is made good. In preparing themselves for the bar, and finally the bench, law-students, by years of research, have to gain an acquaintance with this vast mass of unorganized legislation; and that organization which it is held impossible for the State to effect, it is held possible (sly sarcasm on the State!) for each student to effect for himself. Every judge can privately codify, though "united wisdom" cannot. But how is each judge enabled to codify? By the private enterprise of men who have prepared the way for him; by the partial codifications of Blackstone, Coke, and others; by the digests of Partnership Law, Bankruptcy Law, Law of Patents, Laws affecting Women, and the rest that daily issue from the press; by abstracts of cases, and volumes of reports—every one of them unofficial products. Sweep away all these fractional codifications made by individuals, and the State would be in utter ignorance of its own laws! Had not the bunglings of legislators been made good by private enterprise, the administration of justice would have been impossible!

Where, then, is the warrant for the constantly proposed extensions of legislative action? If, as we have seen in a large class of cases, government measures do not remedy the evils they aim at; if, in another large class, they make these evils worse instead of remedying them; and if, in a third large class, while curing some evils they entail others, and often greater ones—if, as we lately saw, public action is continually outdone in efficiency by private action; and if, as just shown, private action is obliged to make up for the shortcomings of public action, even in fulfilling the vital functions of the State; what reason is there for wishing more public administrations? The advocates of such may claim credit for philanthropy, but not for wisdom; unless wisdom is shown by disregarding experience.

"Much of this argument is beside the question," will rejoin our opponents. "The true point at issue is, not whether individuals and companies outdo the State when they come in competition with it, but whether there are not certain social wants which the State alone can satisfy. Admitting that private enterprise does much, and does it well, it is nevertheless true that we have daily thrust upon our notice many desiderata which it has not achieved, and is not achieving. In these cases its incompetency is obvious; and in these cases, therefore, it behoves the State to make up for its deficiencies: doing this, if not well, yet as well as it can."

Not to fall back upon the many experiences already quoted, showing that the State is likely to do more harm than good in attempting this; nor to dwell upon the fact that, in most of the alleged cases, the apparent insufficiency of private enterprise is a *result* of previous State-interferences, as may be conclusively shown; let us deal with the proposition on its own

terms. Though there would have been no need for a Mercantile Marine Act to prevent the unseaworthiness of ships and the ill-treatment of sailors, had there been no Navigation Laws to produce these; and though were all like cases of evils and shortcomings directly or indirectly produced by law, taken out of the category, there would probably remain but small basis for the plea above put; yet let it be granted that, every artificial obstacle having been removed, there would still remain many desiderata unachieved, which there was no seeing how spontaneous effort could achieve. Let all this, we say, be granted; the propriety of legislative action may yet be rightly questioned.

For the said plea involves the unwarrantable assumption that social agencies will continue to work only as they are now working; and will produce no results but those they seem likely to produce. It is the habit of this school of thinkers to make a limited human intelligence the measure of phenomena which it requires omniscience to grasp. That which it does not see the way to, it does not believe will take place. Though society has, generation after generation, been growing to developments which none foresaw, yet there is no practical belief in unforeseen developments in the future. The parliamentary debates constitute an elaborate balancing of probabilities, having for data things as they are. Meanwhile every day adds new elements to things as they are, and seemingly improbable results constantly occur. Who, a few years ago, expected that a Leicester-square refugee would shortly become Emperor of the French? Who looked for free trade from a landlords' ministry? Who dreamed that Irish overpopulation would spontaneously cure itself, as it is now doing? So far from social changes arising in likely ways, they usually arise in ways which, to common sense, appear unlikely. A barber's shop was not a probable-looking place for the germination of the cotton manufacture. No one supposed that important agricultural improvements would come from a Leadenhall-street tradesman. A farmer would have been the last man thought of to bring to bear the screw propulsion of steamships. The invention of a new species of architecture we should have hoped from any one rather than a gardener. Yet while the most unexpected changes are daily wrought out in the strangest ways, legislation daily assumes that things will go just as human foresight thinks they will go. Though by the trite exclamation—"What would our forefathers have said!" there is a frequent acknowledgment of the fact that wonderful results have been achieved in modes wholly unforeseen, yet there seems no belief that this will be again. Would it not be wise to admit such a probability into our politics? May we not rationally infer that, as in the past so in the future?

This strong faith in State-agencies is, however, accompanied by so weak a faith in natural agencies (the two being antagonistic), that, spite of past experience, it will by many be thought absurd to rest in the conviction that existing social needs will be spontaneously met, though we cannot say how they will be met. Nevertheless, illustrations exactly to the point are

now transpiring before their eyes. Instance the scarcely credible phenomenon lately witnessed in the midland counties. Every one has heard of the distress of the stockings—a chronic evil of some generation or two's standing. Repeated petitions have prayed Parliament for remedy; and legislation has made attempts, but without success. The disease seemed incurable. Two or three years since, however, the circular knitting machine was introduced—a machine immensely outstripping the old stocking-frame in productiveness, but which can make only the legs of stockings, not the feet. Doubtless, the Leicester and Nottingham artizans regarded this new engine with alarm, as likely to intensify their miseries. On the contrary, it has wholly removed them. By cheapening production it has so enormously increased consumption, that the old stocking-frames, which were before too many by half for the work to be done, are now all employed in putting feet to the legs which the new machines make. How insane would he have been thought who anticipated cure from such a cause! If from the unforeseen removal of evils we turn to the unforeseen achievement of desiderata, we find like cases. No one recognized in Oersted's electro-magnetic discovery the germ of a new agency for the catching of criminals and the facilitation of commerce. No one expected railways to become agents for the diffusion of cheap literature, as they now are. No one supposed when the Society of Arts was planning an international exhibition of manufacturers in Hyde Park, that the result would be a place for popular recreation and culture at Sydenham.

But there is yet a deeper reply to the appeals of impatient philanthropists. It is not simply that social vitality may be trusted by-and-by to fulfil each much-exaggerated requirement in some quiet spontaneous way—it is not simply that when thus naturally fulfilled it will be fulfilled efficiently, instead of being botched as when attempted artificially; but it is that until thus naturally fulfilled it ought not to be fulfilled at all. A startling paradox, this, to many; but one quite justifiable, as we hope shortly to show.

It was pointed out some distance back, that the force which produces and sets in motion every social mechanism—governmental, mercantile, or other—is some accumulation of personal desires. As there is no individual action without a desire, so, it was urged, there can be no social action without an aggregate of desires. To which there here remains to add, that as it is a general law of the individual that the intenser desires—those corresponding to all-essential functions—are satisfied first, and if need be to the neglect of the weaker and less important ones; so, it must be a general law of society that the chief requisites of social life—those necessary to popular existence and multiplication—will, in the natural order of things, be subserved before those of a less pressing kind. As the private man first ensures himself food; then clothing and shelter; these being secured, takes a wife; and, if he can afford it, presently supplies himself with carpeted rooms, and piano, and wines, hires servants and gives dinner parties; so,

in the evolution of society, we see first a combination for defence against enemies, and for the better pursuit of game; by-and-by come such political arrangements as are needed to maintain this combination; afterwards, under a demand for more food, more clothes, more houses, arises division of labor; and when satisfaction of the animal wants has been provided for, there slowly grows up literature, science, and the arts. Is it not obvious that these successive evolutions occur in the order of their importance? Is it not obvious, that, being each of them produced by an aggregate of desires, they *must* occur in the order of their importance, if it be a law of the individual that the strongest desires correspond to the most needful actions? Is it not, indeed, obvious that the order of relative importance will be more uniformly followed in social action than in individual action; seeing that the personal idiosyncrasies which disturb that order in the latter case are *averaged* in the former? If any one does not see this, let him take up a book describing life at the gold-diggings. There he will find the whole process exhibited in little. He will read that as the diggers must eat, they are compelled to offer such prices for food that it pays better to keep a store than to dig. As the store-keepers must get supplies, they give enormous sums for carriage from the nearest town; and some men, quickly seeing they can get rich at that, make it their business. This brings drays and horses into demand; the high rates draw these from all quarters; and, after them, wheelwrights and harness-makers. Blacksmiths to sharpen pickaxes, doctors to cure fevers, get pay exorbitant in proportion to the need for them; and are so brought flocking in proportionate numbers. Presently commodities become scarce; more must be fetched from abroad; sailors must have increased wages to prevent them from deserting and turning miners; this necessitates higher charges for freight; higher freights quickly bring more ships; and so there rapidly develops an organization for supplying goods from all parts of the world. Every phase of this evolution takes place in the order of its necessity; or as we say—in the order of the intensity of the desires subserved. Each man does that which he finds pays best; that which pays best is that for which other men will give most; that for which they will give most is that which, under the circumstances, they most desire. Hence the succession must be throughout from the more important to the less important. A requirement which at any period remains unfulfilled, must be one for the fulfilment of which men will not pay so much as to make it worth any one's while to fulfil it—must be a *less* requirement than all the others for the fulfilment of which they will pay more; and must wait until other more needful things are done. Well, is it not clear that the same law holds good in every community? Is it not true of the latter phases of social evolution, as of the earlier, that when things are let alone the smaller desiderata will be postponed to the greater?

Hence, then, the justification of the seeming paradox, that until spontaneously fulfilled a public want should not be fulfilled at all. It must, on the average, result in our complex state, as in simpler ones, that the

thing left undone is a thing by doing which citizens cannot gain so much as by doing other things—is therefore a thing which society does not want done so much as it wants these other things done; and the corollary is, that to effect a neglected thing by artificially employing citizens to do it, is to leave undone some more important thing which they would have been doing—is to sacrifice the greater requisite to the smaller.

"But," it will perhaps be objected, "if the things done by a government, or at least by a representative government, are also done in obedience to some aggregate desire, why may we not look for this normal subordination of the more needful to the less needful in them too?" The reply is, that though they have a certain tendency to follow this order—though those primal desires for public defence and personal protection, out of which government originates, were satisfied through its instrumentality in proper succession—though, possibly, some other early and simple requirements may have been so too; yet, when the desires are not few, universal and intense, but, like those remaining to be satisfied in the latter stages of civilization, numerous, partial, and moderate, the judgment of a government is no longer to be trusted. To select out of an immense number of minor wants, physical, intellectual, and moral, felt in different degrees by different classes, and by a total mass varying in every case, the want that is most pressing, is a task which no legislature can accomplish. No man or men by inspecting society can *see* what it most needs; society must be left to *feel* what it most needs. The mode of solution must be experimental, not theoretical. When left, day after day, to experience evils and dissatisfactions of various kinds, affecting them in various degrees, citizens gradually acquire repugnance to these proportionate to their greatness, and corresponding desires to get rid of them, which by spontaneously fostering remedial agencies are likely to end in the worst inconvenience being first removed. And however irregular this process may be (and we admit that men's habits and prejudices produce many anomalies, or seeming anomalies, in it) it is a process far more trustworthy than are legislative judgments. For those who question this there are instances; and, that the parallel may be the more conclusive, we will take a case in which the ruling power is deemed specially fit to decide. We refer to our means of communication.

Do those who maintain that railways would have been better laid out and constructed by government, hold that the order of importance would have been as uniformly followed as it has been by private enterprise? Under the stimulus of an enormous traffic—a traffic too great for the then existing means—the first line sprung up between Liverpool and Manchester. Next came the Grand Junction and the London and Birmingham (now merged in the London and North Western); afterwards the Great Western, the South Western, the South Eastern, the Eastern Counties, the Midland. Since then subsidiary lines and branches have occupied our capitalists. As they were quite certain to do, companies made first the most needed, and therefore the best paying, lines; under the same impulse

that a laborer chooses high wages in preference to low. That government would have adopted a better order can hardly be, for the best has been followed; but that it would have adopted a worse, all the evidence we have goes to show. In default of materials for a direct parallel, we might cite from India and the colonies, cases of injudicious road-making. Or, as exemplifying State-efforts to facilitate communication, we might dwell on the fact that while our rulers have sacrificed hundreds of lives and spent untold treasure in seeking a North-west passage, which would be useless if found, they have left the exploration of the Isthmus of Panama, and the making railways and canals through it, to private companies. But, not to make much of this indirect evidence, we will content ourselves with the one sample of a State-made channel for commerce, which we have at home—the Caledonian Canal. Up to the present time (1853), this public work has cost upwards of 1,100,000*l.* It has now been open for many years, and salaried emissaries have been constantly employed to get traffic for it. The results, as given in its forty-seventh annual report, issued in 1852, are—receipts during the year, 7,909*l.*; expenditure ditto, 9,261*l.*; loss, 1,352*l.* Has any such large investment been made with such a pitiful result by a private canal company?

And if a government is so bad a judge of the relative importance of social requirements, when these requirements are of *the same kind*, how worthless a judge must it be when they are of different kinds. If, where a fair share of intelligence might be expected to lead them right, legislators and their officers go so wrong, how terribly will they err where no amount of intelligence would suffice them,—where they must decide among hosts of needs, bodily, intellectual, and moral, which admit of no direct comparisons; and how disastrous must be the results if they act out their erroneous decisions. Should any one need this bringing home to him by an illustration, let him read the following extract from the last of the series of letters some time since published in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the state of agriculture in France. After expressing the opinion that French farming is some century behind English farming, the writer goes on to say:—

“There are two causes principally chargeable with this. In the first place, strange as it may seem in a country in which two-thirds of the population are agriculturists, agriculture is a very unhonored occupation. Develop in the slightest degree a Frenchman’s mental faculties, and he flies to a town as surely as steel filings fly to a loadstone. He has no rural tastes, no delight in rural habits. A French amateur farmer would indeed be a sight to see. Again, this national tendency is directly encouraged by the centralizing system of government—by the multitude of officials, and by the payment of all functionaries. From all parts of France, men of great energy and resource struggle up, and fling themselves on the world of Paris. There they try to become great functionaries. Through every department of the eighty-four, men of less energy and resource struggle up to the

chef-lieu—the provincial capital. There they try to become little functionaries. Go still lower—deal with a still smaller scale—and the result will be the same. As is the department to France, so is the arrondissement to the department, and the commune to the arrondissement. All who have, or think they have, heads on their shoulders, struggle into towns to fight for office. All who are, or are deemed by themselves or others, too stupid for anything else, are left at home to till the fields, and breed the cattle, and prune the vines, as their ancestors did for generations before them. Thus there is actually no intelligence left in the country. The whole energy, and knowledge, and resource of the land are barreled up in the towns. You leave one city, and in many cases you will not meet an educated or cultivated individual until you arrive at another—all between is utter intellectual barrenness.”—*Morning Chronicle*. August, 1851.

To what end now is this constant abstraction of able men from rural districts? To the end that there may be enough functionaries to achieve those many desiderata which French governments have thought ought to be achieved—to provide amusements, to manage mines, to construct roads and bridges, to erect numerous buildings—to print books, encourage the fine arts, control this trade, and inspect that manufacture—to do all the hundred-and-one things which the State does in France. That the army of officers needed for this may be maintained, agriculture must go unofficered. That certain social conveniences may be better secured, the chief social necessity is neglected. The very basis of the national life is sapped, to gain a few non-essential advantages. Said we not truly, then, that until a requirement is spontaneously fulfilled, it should not be fulfilled at all?

And here indeed we may recognize the close kinship between the fundamental fallacy involved in these State-meddlings and the fallacy lately exploded by the free-trade agitation. These various law-made instrumentalities for effecting ends which might otherwise not yet be effected, all embody a subtler form of the protectionist hypothesis. The same short-sightedness which, looking at commerce, prescribed bounties and restrictions, looking at social affairs in general, prescribes these multiplied administrations; and the same criticism applies alike to all its proceedings.

For was not the error that vitiated every law aiming at the artificial maintenance of a trade, substantially that which we have just been dwelling upon; namely, this overlooking of the fact that, in setting people to do one thing, some other thing is inevitably left undone? The statesmen who thought it wise to protect home-made silks against French silks, did so under the impression that the manufacture thus secured constituted a pure gain to the nation. They did not reflect that the men employed in this manufacture would otherwise have been producing something else—a something else which, as they could produce it without legal help, they could more profitably produce. Landlords who have been so anxious to prevent

foreign wheat from displacing their own wheat, have never duly realized the fact that if their fields would not yield wheat so economically as to prevent the feared displacement, it simply proved that they were growing unfit crops in place of fit crops; and so working their land at a relative loss. In all cases where, by restrictive duties, a trade has been upheld that would otherwise not have existed, capital has been turned into a channel less productive than some other into which it would naturally have flowed. And so, to pursue certain State-patronized occupations, men have been drawn from more advantageous occupations.

Clearly then, as above alleged, the same oversight runs through all these interferences; be they with commerce, or be they with other things. In employing people to achieve this or that desideratum, legislators have not perceived that they were thereby preventing the achievement of some other desideratum. They have habitually assumed that each proposed good would, if secured, be a pure good, instead of being a good purchasable only by submission to some evil which would else have been remedied; and, making this error, have injuriously diverted men's labor. As in trade, so in other things, labor will spontaneously find out, better than any government can find out for it, the things on which it may best expend itself. Rightly regarded, the two propositions are identical. This division into commercial and non-commercial affairs is quite a superficial one. All the actions going on in society come under the generalization—human effort ministering to human desire. Whether the ministration be effected through a process of buying and selling, or whether in any other way, matters not so far as the general law of it is concerned. In all cases it must be true that the stronger desires will get themselves satisfied before the weaker ones; and in all cases it must be true that to get satisfaction for the weaker ones before they would naturally have it, is to deny satisfaction to the stronger ones.

To the immense positive evils entailed by over-legislation have to be added the equally great negative evils—evils which, notwithstanding their greatness, are scarcely at all recognized, even by the far-seeing. While the State does those things which it ought not to do, *as an inevitable consequence*, it leaves undone those things which it ought to do. Time and activity being limited, it necessarily follows that legislators' sins of *commission* entail sins of *omission*. Mischievous meddling involves disastrous neglect; and until statesmen are ubiquitous and omnipotent, must ever do so. In the very nature of things an agency employed for two purposes must fulfil both imperfectly; partly because, while fulfilling the one it cannot be fulfilling the other, and partly because its adaptation to both ends implies incomplete fitness for either. As has been well said *à propos* of this point,—“A blade which is designed both to shave and to carve, will certainly not shave so well as a razor or carve so well as a carving-knife. An academy of painting, which should also be a bank, would in all probability

exhibit very bad pictures and discount very bad bills. A gas company, which should also be an infant-school society, would, we apprehend, light the streets ill, and teach the children ill." And if an institution undertakes, not two functions but a score—if a government, whose office it is to defend citizens against aggressors, foreign and domestic, engages also to disseminate Christianity, to administer charity, to teach children their lessons, to adjust prices of food, to inspect coal-mines, to regulate railways, to superintend house-building, to arrange cab-fares, to look into people's stink-traps, to vaccinate their children, to send out emigrants, to prescribe hours of labor, to examine lodging-houses, to test the knowledge of mercantile captains, to provide public libraries, to read and authorize dramas, to inspect passenger-ships, to see that small dwellings are supplied with water, to regulate endless things from a banker's issues down to the boat-fares on the Serpentine—is it not manifest that its primary duty must be ill-discharged in proportion to the multiplicity of affairs it busies itself with? Must not its time and energies be frittered away in schemes, and inquiries, and amendments, in discussions, and divisions, to the neglect of its essential business? And does not a glance over the debates make it clear that this is the fact? and that, while parliament and public are alike occupied with these mischievous interferences, these utopian hopes, the one thing needful is left almost undone?

See here, then, the proximate cause of our legal abominations. We drop the substance in our efforts to catch shadows. While our firesides, and clubs, and taverns are filled with talk about corn-law questions, and church questions, and education questions, and poor-law questions—all of them raised by over-legislation—the justice question gets scarcely any attention; and we daily submit to be oppressed, cheated, robbed. This institution which should succor the man who has fallen among thieves, turns him over to solicitors, barristers, and a legion of law-officers; drains his purse for writs, briefs, affidavits, subpoenas, fees of all kinds and expenses innumerable; involves him in the intricacies of common courts, chancery courts, suits, counter-suits, and appeals; and often ruins where it should aid. Meanwhile, meetings are called, and leading articles written, and votes asked, and societies formed, and agitations carried on, not to rectify these gigantic evils, but partly to abolish our ancestors' mischievous meddlings and partly to establish meddlings of our own. Is it not obvious that this fatal neglect is a result of this mistaken officiousness? Suppose that external and internal protection had been the sole recognized functions of the ruling powers. Is it conceivable that our administration of justice would have been as corrupt as now? Can any one believe that had parliamentary elections been habitually contested on questions of legal reform, our judicial system would still have been what Sir John Romilly calls it,—“a technical system invented for the creation of costs?” Does any one suppose that, if the efficient defence of person and property had been the constant subject-matter of hustings pledges, we should yet be waylaid by

a Chancery Court which has now more than two hundred millions of property in its clutches—which keeps suits pending fifty years, until all the funds are gone in fees—which swallows in costs two millions annually? Dare any one assert that had constituencies been always canvassed on principles of law-reform versus law-conservatism, Ecclesiastical Courts would have continued for centuries fattening on the goods of widows and orphans? The questions are next to absurd. A child may see that with the general knowledge people have of legal corruptions and the universal detestation of legal atrocities, an end would long since have been put to them, had the administration of justice always been *the* political topic. Had not the public mind been constantly pre-occupied, it could never have been tolerated that a man neglecting to file an answer to a bill in due course, should be imprisoned fifteen years for contempt of court, as Mr. James Taylor was. It would have been impossible that, on the abolition of their sinecures, the sworn-clerks should have been compensated by the continuance of their exorbitant incomes, not only till death, but for seven years after, at a total estimated cost of £700,000. Were the State confined to its defensive and judicial functions, not only the people but legislators themselves would agitate against abuses. The sphere of activity and the opportunities for distinction being narrowed, all the thought, and industry, and eloquence which members of Parliament now expend on impracticable schemes and artificial grievances, would be expended in rendering justice pure, certain, prompt, and cheap. The complicated follies of our legal verbiage, which the uninitiated cannot understand and which the initiated interpret in various senses, would be quickly put an end to. We should no longer frequently hear of Acts of Parliament so bunglingly drawn up that it requires half a dozen actions and judges' decisions under them, before even lawyers can say how they apply. There would be no such stupidly-designed measures as the Railway Winding-up Act, which, though passed in 1846 to close the accounts of the bubble schemes of the mania, leaves them still unsettled in 1854—which, even with funds in hand, withholds payment from creditors whose claims have been years since admitted. Lawyers would no longer be suffered to maintain and to complicate the present absurd system of land titles, which, besides the litigation and loss it perpetually causes, lowers the value of estates, prevents the ready application of capital to them, checks the development of agriculture, and thus hinders the improvement of the peasantry and the prosperity of the country. In short, the corruptions, follies, and terrors of law would cease; and that which men now shrink from as an enemy they would come to regard as what it purports to be—a friend.

How vast then is the negative evil which, in addition to the positive evils before enumerated, this meddling policy entails on us! How many are the grievances men bear, from which they would otherwise be free! Who is there that has not submitted to injuries rather than run the risk of heavy law-costs? Who is there that has not abandoned just claims rather

than "throw good money after bad?" Who is there that has not paid unjust demands rather than withstand the threat of an action? This man can point to property that has been alienated from his family from lack of funds or courage to fight for it. That man can name several relations ruined by a law-suit. Here is a lawyer who has grown rich on the hard earnings of the needy and the savings of the oppressed. There is a once wealthy trader who has been brought by legal iniquities to the workhouse or the lunatic asylum. The badness of our judicial system vitiates our whole social life: renders almost every family poorer than it would otherwise be; hampers almost every business transaction; inflicts daily anxieties on every trader. And all this loss of property, time, temper, comfort, men quietly submit to from being absorbed in the pursuit of schemes which eventually bring on them other mischiefs.

Nay, the case is even worse. It is distinctly provable that many of these evils about which outcries are raised, and to cure which special Acts of Parliament are loudly invoked, are themselves *produced* by our disgraceful judicial system. For example, it is well known that the horrors out of which our sanitary agitators make political capital, are found in their greatest intensity on properties that have been for a generation in Chancery—are distinctly traceable to the ruin thus brought about; and would never have existed but for the infamous corruptions of law. Again, it has been shown that the long-drawn miseries of Ireland, which have been the subject of endless legislation, have been mainly produced by inequitable land-tenure and the complicated system of entail: a system which wrought such involvements as to prevent sales; which practically negatived all improvement; which brought landlords to the workhouse; and which required an Incumbered Estates Act to cut its gordian knots and render the proper cultivation of the soil possible. Judicial negligence, too, is the main cause of railway accidents. If the State would fulfil its true function, by giving passengers an easy remedy for breach of contract when trains are behind time, it would do more to prevent accidents than can be done by the minutest inspection or the most cunningly-devised regulations; for it is notorious that the majority of accidents are primarily caused by irregularity. In the case of bad house-building, also, it is obvious that a cheap, rigorous, and certain administration of justice, would make Building Acts needless. For is not the man who erects a house of bad materials ill put together, and, concealing these with papering and plaster, sells it as a substantial dwelling, guilty of fraud? And should not the law recognize this fraud as it does in the analogous case of an unsound horse? And if the legal remedy were easy, prompt, and sure, would not builders cease transgressing? So is it in other cases the evils which men perpetually call on the State to cure by superintendence, themselves arise from non-performance of its original duty.

See then how this vicious policy complicates itself. Not only does meddling legislation fail to cure the evils it aims at; not only does it make many

evils worse; not only does it create new evils greater than the old; but while doing this it entails on men the oppressions, robberies, ruin, which flow from the non-administration of justice. And not only to the positive evils does it add this vast negative one, but this again, by fostering many social abuses that would not else exist, furnishes occasions for more meddlings which again act and re-act in the same way. And thus as ever, "things bad begun make strong themselves by ill."

After assigning reasons thus fundamental, for condemning all State-action save that which universal experience has proved to be absolutely needful, it would seem superfluous to assign subordinate ones. Were it called for, we might, taking for text Mr. Lindsay's work on "Navigation and Mercantile Marine Law," say much upon the complexity to which this process of adding regulation to regulation—each necessitated by foregoing ones—ultimately leads: a complexity which, by the misunderstandings, delays, and disputes it entails, greatly hampers our social life. Something, too, might be added upon the perturbing effects of that "gross delusion," as M. Guizot calls it, "a belief in the sovereign power of political machinery"—a delusion to which he partly ascribes the late revolution in France; and a delusion which is fostered by every new interference. But, passing over these, we would dwell for a short space upon the national enervation which this State-superintendence produces.

The enthusiastic philanthropist, urgent for some act of parliament to remedy this evil or secure the other good, thinks it a trivial and far-fetched objection that the people will be morally injured by doing things for them instead of leaving them to do things themselves. He vividly conceives the benefit he hopes to get achieved, which is a positive and readily imaginable thing. He does not conceive the diffused, invisible, and slowly-accumulating effect wrought on the popular mind, and so does not believe in it; or, if he admits it, thinks it beneath consideration. Would he but remember, however, that all national character is gradually produced by the daily action of circumstances, of which each day's result seems so insignificant as not to be worth mentioning, he would perceive that what is trifling when viewed in its increments may be formidable when viewed in its total. Or if he would go into the nursery, and watch how repeated actions—each of them apparently unimportant,—create, in the end, a habit which will affect the whole future life; he would be reminded that every influence brought to bear on human nature tells, and, if continued, tells seriously. The thoughtless mother who hourly yields to the requests—"Mamma, tie my pinafore," "Mamma, button my shoe," and the like, cannot be persuaded that each of these concessions is detrimental; but the wiser spectator sees that if this policy be long pursued, and be extended to other things, it will end in inaptitude. The teacher of the old school who showed his pupil the way out of every difficulty, did not perceive that he was generating an attitude of mind greatly militating against success in life. The modern

teacher, however, induces his pupil to solve his difficulties himself; believes that in so doing he is preparing him to meet the difficulties which, when he goes into the world, there will be no one to help him through; and finds confirmation for this belief in the fact that a great proportion of the most successful men are self-made. Well, is it not obvious that this relationship between discipline and success holds good nationally? Are not nations made of men; and are not men subject to the same laws of modification in their adult years as in their early years? Is it not true of the drunkard, that each carouse adds a thread to his bonds? of the trader, that each acquisition strengthens the wish for acquisitions? of the pauper, that the more you assist him the more he wants? of the busy man, that the more he has to do the more he can do? And does it not follow that if every individual is subject to this process of adaptation to conditions, a whole nation must be so—that just in proportion as its members are little helped by extraneous power they will become self-helping, and in proportion as they are much helped they will become helpless? What folly is it to ignore these results because they are not direct, and not immediately visible. Though slowly wrought out they are inevitable. We can no more elude the laws of human development than we can elude the law of gravitation; and so long as they hold true must these effects occur.

If we are asked in what special directions this alleged helplessness, entailed by much State-superintendence, shows itself, we reply that it is seen in a retardation of all social growths requiring self-confidence in the people—in a timidity that fears all difficulties not before encountered—in a thoughtless contentment with things as they are. Let any one, after duly watching the rapid evolution going on in England, where men have been comparatively little helped by governments—or better still, after contemplating the unparalleled progress of the United States, which is peopled by self-made men, and the recent descendants of self-made men;—let such an one, we say, go on to the Continent, and consider the relatively slow advance which things are there making; and the still slower advance they would make but for English enterprise. Let him go to Holland, and see that though the Dutch early showed themselves good mechanics, and have had abundant practice in hydraulics, Amsterdam has been without any due supply of water until now that works are being established by an English company. Let him go to Berlin, and there be told that, to give that city a water-supply such as London has had for generations, the project of an English firm is about to be executed by English capital, under English superintendence. Let him go to Vienna, and learn that it, in common with other continental cities, is lighted by an English gas-company. Let him go on the Rhone, on the Loire, on the Danube, and discover that Englishmen established steam navigation on those rivers. Let him inquire concerning the railways in Italy, Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, how many of them are English projects, how many have been largely helped by English capital, how many have been executed by English contractors, how many

have had English engineers. Let him discover, too, as he will, that where railways have been government-made, as in Russia, the energy, the perseverance, and the practical talent developed in England and the United States have been called in to aid. And then if these illustrations of the progressiveness of a self-dependent race, and the torpidity of paternally-governed ones, do not suffice him, he may read Mr. Laing's successive volumes of European travel, and there study the contrast in detail. What, now, is the cause of this contrast? In the order of nature, a capacity for self-help must in every case have been brought into existence by the practice of self-help; and, other things equal, a lack of this capacity must in every case have arisen from the lack of demand for it. Do not these two antecedents and their two consequents agree with the facts as presented in England and Europe? Were not the inhabitants of the two, some centuries ago, much upon a par in point of enterprise? Were not the English even behind in their manufactures, in their colonization, in their commerce? Has not the immense relative change the English have undergone in this respect, been coincident with the great relative self-dependence they have been since habituated to? And has not the one been caused by the other? Whoever doubts it, is asked to assign a more probable cause. Whoever admits it, must admit that the enervation of a people by perpetual State-aids is not a trifling consideration, but the most weighty consideration. A general arrest of national growth he will see to be an evil greater than any special benefits can compensate for. And, indeed, when, after contemplating this great fact, the overspreading of the Earth by the English, he remarks the absence of any parallel achievement by a continental race—when he reflects how this difference must depend chiefly on difference of character, and how such difference of character has been mainly produced by difference of discipline; he will perceive that the policy pursued in this matter may have a large share in determining a nation's ultimate fate.

We are not sanguine, however, that argument will change the convictions of those who put their trust in legislation. With men of a certain order of thought the foregoing reasons will have weight. With men of another order of thought they will have little or none; nor would any accumulation of such reasons affect them. The truth that experience teaches has its limits. The experiences which teach must be experiences which can be appreciated; and experiences exceeding a certain degree of complexity become inappreciable to the majority. It is thus with most social phenomena. If we remember that for these two thousand years and more, mankind have been making regulations for commerce, which have all along been strangling some trades and killing others with kindness, and that though the proofs of this have been constantly before their eyes, they have only just discovered that they have been uniformly doing mischief—if we remember that even now only a small portion of them see this; we are taught that perpetually-repeated and ever-accumulating experiences will

fail to teach, until there exist the mental conditions required for the assimilation of them. Nay, when they are assimilated, it is very imperfectly. The truth they teach is only half understood, even by those supposed to understand it best. For example, Sir Robert Peel, in one of his last speeches, after describing the immensely increased consumption consequent on free trade, goes on to say:—

“If, then, you can only continue that consumption—if, *by your legislation*, under the favor of Providence, *you can maintain the demand for labor and make your trade and manufactures prosperous*, you are not only increasing the sum of human happiness, but are giving the agriculturists of this country the best chance of that increased demand which must contribute to their welfare.”—*Times*, Feb. 22, 1850.

Thus the prosperity really due to the abandonment of all legislation, is ascribed to a particular kind of legislation. “*You can maintain the demand*,” he says; “*you can make trade and manufactures prosperous*,” whereas, the facts he quotes prove that they can do this only by doing nothing. The essential truth of the matter—that law had been doing immense harm, and that this prosperity resulted not from law but from the absence of law—is missed; and his faith in legislation in general, which should, by this experience, have been greatly shaken, seemingly remains as strong as ever. Here, again, is the House of Lords, apparently not yet believing in the relationship of supply and demand, adopting within these few weeks the standing order—

“That before the first reading of any bill for making any work in the construction of which compulsory power is sought to take thirty houses or more inhabited by the laboring classes in any one parish or place, the promoters be required to deposit in the office of the clerk of the parliaments a statement of the number, description, and situation of the said houses, the number (so far as they can be estimated) of persons to be displaced, *and whether any and what provision is made in the bill for remedying the inconvenience likely to arise from such displacements.*”

If, then, in the comparatively simple relationships of trade, the teachings of experience remain for so many ages unperceived, and are so imperfectly apprehended when they are perceived, it is scarcely to be hoped that where all social phenomena—moral, intellectual, and physical—are involved, any due appreciation of the truths displayed will presently take place. The facts cannot yet get recognized as facts. As the alchemist attributed his successive disappointments to some disproportion in the ingredients, some impurity, or some too great temperature, and never to the futility of his process or the impossibility of his aim; so, every failure of State-regulations the law-worshipper explains away as being caused by this

trifling oversight, or that little mistake: all which oversights and mistakes he assures you will in future be avoided. Eluding the facts as he does after this fashion, volley after volley of them produce no effect.

Indeed this faith in governments is in a certain sense organic; and can diminish only by being outgrown. From the time when rulers were thought demi-gods, there has been a gradual decline in men's estimates of their power. This decline is still in progress, and has still far to go. Doubtless, every increment of evidence furthers it in *some* degree, though not to the degree that at first appears. Only in so far as it modifies character does it produce a permanent effect. For while the mental type remains the same, the removal of a special error is inevitably followed by the growth of other errors of the same genus. All superstitions die hard; and we fear that this belief in government-omnipotence will form no exception.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Religious Liberty in Mexico

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In the August number of THE FORUM, Luis Cabrera discusses the Religious Question in Mexico. He says it has not been understood in the United States. He claims that his party seeks to enforce the “laws of the Reform which up to the present time have been disregarded,” though they are “an integral part of the Mexican Constitution.” He discusses these laws under three heads.

Under the head, “Separation of Church and State,” Señor Cabrera attempts to justify “the restriction of religious services” by the fact that certain citizens occupying leading positions in the Church were opposed to his party. One is led to believe that only those willing to promote the objects of the political party in power are free to exercise their religious functions. This does not, of course, correspond to American ideals of religious freedom.

In the second place, we are told that in Mexico a religious corporation cannot hold property. Even the church buildings—“temples” as Señor Cabrera calls them—are the property of the State, which controls them. One wonders whether in Mexico Masonic “temples” are also owned by the State. It is almost incredible that in a republic, “where ninety per cent. of the population profess the Catholic faith,” where mighty foreign financial corporations have been given power to control the national wealth, corporations of citizens for religious purposes are not free “to own real estate or capital invested in the same.” It does seem odd, to say the least, that it should be considered a crime for a bishop, or rector, or even a layman, to hold in trust property devoted to the ecclesiastical or charitable purposes of a religious body.

Finally, Mexican citizens are denied the liberty to form religious associations to promote the spiritual life of members, or to promote charity, or education. Señor Cabrera assures us that the “toleration” extended to religious orders at the time of General Diaz was “illegal.” When a leader takes such a stand, there is no need to wonder at the outrages committed by the lawless soldiery of his party. Even if “the military acts which were considered restrictive of religious liberty have been diminishing in number and gravity,” it would seem that religious liberty is impossible in Mexico under the “laws of the Reform.”

D. H. SCHULER

MILWAUKEE

Nietzsche and Delitzsch

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Abram Lipsky in his interesting article on Nietzsche in the October FORUM is right in saying that Nietzsche's bitter attacks on

the New Testament were largely the result of a reaction against the most dominating influence in his young life. The ecclesiastical environment in which he was brought up, the prominent place which the New Testament occupied in his early life, produced in the mature Nietzsche an aversion to Christianity and the New Testament, which may indeed be called an obsession. Hence his preference of the Old to the New Testament. An analogous case is furnished by Friedrich Delitzsch—he of *Babel und Bibel* fame. As the son of the great Leipzig Old Testament scholar he was brought up in a sphere of Old Testament worship, all out of proportion to its intrinsic worth. What wonder if he later rebelled against his early impressions and became prejudiced against the Old Testament? And in contradistinction to Nietzsche he shows a preference of the New to the Old Testament. Friedrich Delitzsch is an exact counterpart of Friedrich Nietzsche.

MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN

PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Suggestion by Query

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

(I) Is it not time in view of the Scott Nearing Case in the University of Pennsylvania, that the feudal methods of management in our great institutions of learning should be wiped out?

(II) Should not the *students* in any such institution have a voice in its management?

(III) Do not the students in nine cases out of ten help to support such institution by a heavy personal tax, even if it be publicly or privately endowed?

(IV) Should not the board of management of such institution be chosen by the students from among themselves, or elsewhere?

(V) Should not such board be answerable to the students as public officials in government are answerable to the people?

(VI) Is a fossil board, with power to appoint its successor in perpetuum, capable of deciding what the students need in the progress of social development?

(VII) Are the students of such institution—most of whom are of voting age or near it—any less capable of choosing such board or of voting upon the appointment of professors nominated by such board, than they are of simply choosing executive bodies and individual officers of the general government?

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THE FORUM

FOR DECEMBER 1915

OUR INCESTUOUS MARRIAGE

IF materialism is the sin of the age, it can be traced to man's materialization of marriage.

Nature endowed sex with mysticism in order that marriage might mean a sacred consummation of two lives in love. But our civilized system of marriage has destroyed the mysticism of sex to such a degree that it has destroyed with it the deeper impulses of love, the primal passion, the biological imperative of the monogamous instinct itself.

The statutes of the law, the canons of the church, the conventions of society, have united their forces in such coercion of the most incorrigible of human instincts that the instinct has been vitiated into strange transmutations of its nature.

One feels impelled to revert to the beginning of the chain of culture and to seek to discover in more elementary forms of human existence, the long lost secret of the monogamous instinct of man.

There is an abundance of testimony recorded in the natural history of marriage to prove that man was once possessed of a monogamous instinct so imperative that it was capable of forming life-long unions of the most idealistic type, actuated solely by the inward impulse and law of nature. But our system of marriage has completely ignored the *inwardness* of marriage—the spirit of marriage—for its outwardness, the form, appearance, and law on marriage until it should not be surprising to find, at last, that marriage is being treated as an automatic relation and a depersonalized state that belongs more to the rights of the community than to the individual.

Nature intended that marriage should be the most individualistic of human acts. Its natural lure was the quest of life-enhancement for two mystics of love who sought a nest together as remote

as possible from public prying and concern, the primal home—built on a covenant of Two, on a collusion for the exchange of the secrets of Two, a conspiracy of nature against the peace of the community—for the primal passion is as anarchistic as it is mystic.

But our system of marriage has socialized marriage as well as materialized it. Therefore no lure to marriage exists to-day for the mystics of love that will bear the test of their individualism; and when one marries it is rarely with the natural ideal of the nest and of primal passion, but is always with an ideal of the home as sacred, simply and solely because the community has pronounced it so.

Community life—both with animals and man—develops the social qualities and deadens the personal ones. Thus the gregarious animals have become the polygamous ones, and the cultivated sociability of man has developed in his nature its characteristic sex-aberrations. The trend of society has been away from individualism towards communism, and therefore away from the influences for monogamy to the influences for promiscuity. It was the sensitive individualism of the primitive man that made him by nature a monogamist; and it is the sensitive communism of cultured man that has made him by nature a polygamist, by pretense a monogamist, and consequently that which Christ condemned as the most unregenerate of humankind, the hypocrite.

Monogamy was the common state in primitive society of “the lowest people.” Many ethnographical writers have agreed upon this now, and disproved the popular idea of primitive promiscuity and communal marriage as a theory of the mythological stage of human intelligence. In primitive society promiscuity and polygamy were the exceptional and unnatural conditions of human relations, brought about by the eventualities of war, established female subjection, the influence of alien civilizations and the degeneracy of the peoples. But the vast majority of savages, primitives and barbarians have been monogamous when living in a state of nature, and when, in later stages, there have been other forms of marriage they have been modified in a monogamous direction. Alfred Russel Wallace says that “The savage is more chaste, more moral and more normal in his sexual rela-

tions than the civilized being." Neither celibacy nor prostitution, shame, hypocrisy nor obscenity, were factors in the sex-life of the primitive being. By instinct he was a monogamist—like all the higher primates—because he possessed the natural mysticism of sex which made all sex relations and processes appear religious to him.

Even in the monogamous animals, one can not fail to recognize that the mystic or psychic side of sex is as essential and imperative as its physical impulse. Otherwise one could not account for that phenomenon in the vast majority of the lower orders of life, in which generation is restricted to the briefest of seasons and yet the male and female remain together for many seasons or a lifetime. Westermarck thus explains animal monogamy: "The tie which joins male and female is an instinct developed through the powerful influence of *natural selection*."

But there were other influences, more profound and complex, that once preserved the subtle forces of the monogamous instinct in man. In certain studies of primitive society—among the best known those of Westermarck, Frazer and Crawley—there is given a fund of facts about primitive customs and ideas regarding sex which suggests to the mind a new train of surmise in explanation of the failure of monogamy in the higher forms of life.

Obviously the monogamy of the primitive is explained by his mystic attitude to the married relation, but the *means* by which he sought to preserve the spirit of marriage have been overlooked in their significance and direction for monogamy in civilization. The atmosphere deemed essential by the natural man—as intimated by all his ways and ideas and customs—for the spirit of marriage, was one of secrecy, strangeness and sanctity. The primitive regarded his person as sacred, hence the most personal of the relations of life became sacred to him in a way that makes its "sacredness" as exploited by modern society, a word of mockery. In his desire to keep the married relation sacred and apart from all other relations, social, domestic, and material, there was practised in relatively all the monogamous races a more or less elaborate system of suspension of marital rights, taboos in the common home life, and periodic separations of husband and wife—sometimes extending over the space of three or four years

—which was observed with a religious and mystical scrupulosity. They preserved the “purity of home” by a system of prohibitions against the marital relation taking place within its precincts. Generally “the rendezvous between husband and wife are arranged in the depths of the forest unknown to any but the two,” says Ernest Crawley, and giving accumulated instances of this custom he adds: “This principle can be traced right down to the lower animals.”

The well known eugenic experiments of Sparta adopted this principle for marriage, and every married couple of that State was enjoined to social secrecy of their union, and husband and wife were forbidden by public sentiment to dwell under the same roof.

Thus the cultivated Greek of Sparta, in the eugenic awakening of his time, became one with the Fijian, described by Wilkes as “the most barbarous and savage race now existing upon the globe,” and yet “he possesses such an idea of delicacy in his sex relations that he does not share the same roof with his wife at night.”

The veil of modesty and mysticism is bestowed by the child of nature upon that which the child of culture calls “sacred” only when it is familiar and vulgarized. In primitive society the life in common of husband and wife was disapproved of to such a degree that “not merely is the intercourse of husband and wife not practised in the house, but even the performance of ordinary functions, such as eating, is prohibited there as in New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands.” Among many existed such superstitions and ideas—that lovers and married people would come to dislike each other by eating from the same plate, or drinking from one glass or biting the same piece of bread, and all such functioning together in the daily material life—that most of them feel under the taboo, which formed the primal etiquette of man. The taboo created an ideal of good manners in the home life of the primitive, but our civilized marriage, without a taboo! is notorious for its bad manners in home life.

But the mystic ideal of the primitive, to hold and preserve the mating-passion apart and sacred from the sordid sacrilege of the home, was most fully expressed in his gradually evolved

theory of Incest and, later, in the custom of Exogamy which became universal in the whole uncivilized world.

Originally, man, like the animals, had no instinctive aversion, moral prejudice or mental conception of that which we term "incest." The original meaning of "incest" to the primitive was "unchaste." It was by a process of associated ideas and experience that there gradually evolved in the human race the fixed aversion to consanguineous marriage. At certain periods it has been practised by nearly every race, both ancient and modern. The Egyptians and Persians sanctioned marriage between brother and sister, and when the idea existed—mentioned by Æschylus—that the mother was not related to her child, incest was habitually practised by the Arabs, the Jews, the Peruvians and the Greeks. In the earliest stages of the family the sex relations were consanguineous.

But slowly man awakened to the recognition of a certain psychologic effect produced in him by marriage with one in the closeness and kinship of family life. A complex feeling, a subconscious aversion to love and marriage was realized as existing between the male and female who had been raised together or were in continuous contact in the same home. Hence arose the convention in all primitive society that "it is indecent for house-mates to intermarry." Upon this *aversion of nature* was founded the primitive theory of incest, the primitive practice of Exogamy (marriage with a woman foreign to the clan, tribe or locality) and the primitive taboo of the sexual relation in the home. The primitive observed the workings of nature to guide his conduct and laws of love and marriage, and as a mystical monogamist found the essential lure for the union of the sexes and the glamour of the life of spirit and senses, in secretiveness, strangeness and sanctity.

But civilized man in his mania to cultivate monogamy—for the sake of woman!—has gone contrary to all the workings of nature, so precious and binding upon the monogamous natural man. In the first place, our civilized, or pseudo-Christian, system of marriage has been founded upon an unnatural, impossible assumption, an idealized sham-miracle, a negation of the person

in love and marriage itself, upon the Oneness of the Spirit and the Flesh of the Married!

Whether or not any man or woman has ever been stupid enough to accept this doctrine with the faith once enjoined for a similar doctrine of the Eucharist, it has actually served to create an attitude to marriage which permeates the whole institution and our laws and customs even to this contemporary day of realism in thought and literature. One part of the ideal—the Oneness of the Spirit of the Married—has been surrendered as unessential,—since too easily disproved in the divorce court—but the other part—the Oneness of the Flesh of the Married—has been preserved and observed in all the ritualisms of society and the home.

As soon as a man and woman marry—perhaps propelled by the primal dream of home as the nest of seclusion and privacy—they are at once thrust into a realization of the appalling publicity of their Home Performance. Public opinion and sentiment of the sacred are immediately involved in the existence of that home, keenly concerned about keeping that home together, regardless of the will or fancies of its inmates. The System and Society demand of the fated ones that they shall perform together in this home all the imperative functions which create the appearance and results of marriage:—eating and drinking and sleeping and breeding and going out together, always together, the Two as One, an eternal Togetherness without a solitary Taboo!

Our Home Performance seems deliberately designed to bring about, to increase, to multiply and to sanctify that which was most shunned and exorcised from the marriage relation by the primitive being, the Aversion. The aversion of nature which condemned the state in which it existed as an unholy, unnatural, or incestuous union of primal man and woman.

And how has the human being become entrenched in such a state of life against all the wholesome instincts of human nature? One may well ask.

The sources and evolution are so remote and devious that it supplies but a crude answer to reply, as one must, that the most

striking characteristics of modern marriage have been brought about by the mediæval ideals and Dogmatism of Marriage.

At one time man believed in martyrdom as his means and grace of personal morality and salvation. In the Christian era of human evolution, man was so intent upon making himself and his woman miserable in this mundane sphere, that he accepted the ecclesiastical mind's version of sex and turned against all the values of life which nature had provided for the human being in love and marriage. The Church pronounced marriage a state of sin. For twelve long centuries the Church thundered against the sinfulness of marriage, just as it now thunders against the sinfulness of divorce. Man, a religious animal, believed that marriage was a state of sin, and respected, accordingly, only celibacy. Yet, alas! for human nature, marriage waxed so popular with its glamour as a state of sin, and persisted so defiantly as a civil contract, dissoluble, and denounced by the ultra-Respectable of that day—that the Church finally recognized the expediency of taking under its control a state it could not prevent, and thereupon performed a volte-face and issued the Dogma of marriage as a Sacrament.

Thus the Church obtained its absolutism over the most vital of human relations. By the sixteenth century the Church had discovered that here—in marriage—was an ideal mode in this world for man's expiation for sex and for woman's Eternal Punishment. As the result of this recognition—and thus tardily,—the Church bestowed the religious ceremony upon marriage, the Council of Trent pronounced it a Divine institution, and simultaneously it was secured as a Divine Martyrdom by the pronouncement upon it of the Dogma and Law of Indissolubility.

Humanity then became so thoroughly miserable in marriage that a Martin Luther finally arose for its deliverance and precipitated the Reformation in his undertaking to destroy the false idealism and sadistic sacramentalism that destroyed human happiness in marriage. Succeeding so well, indeed, that no one believes today in the ecclesiastical interpretation of marriage, either as a state of sin or a state of holiness. Marriage at last stands on a human basis, unassailed by the Powers of the past, though

pervaded still with the past ideals of morality: morality as martyrdom.

Here is the crux of the modern problem. The issue between the old and the new ideals of life and of what constitutes morality in marriage. The old ideal of life made the virtues of marriage consist in the qualities of endurance, abnegation, self-suppression and self-sacrifice, a sort of vicarious atonement of self to the species. But the new ideal of life has made the virtues of marriage consist in the qualities of love, harmony, self-fulfilment and self-creation,—as the only values in marriage for the individual or the race.

The new morality is the natural morality, defined once by Cicero, when he said that virtue was but nature carried out to its utmost. Today it has come into our life and thought because of the sensitive individualism of the highly-organized modern which makes him more akin to the savage in temperament than to the civilized being. Extremes can meet; and the vantage of hope in civilization today is the perception that worlds of culture have passed over us and left most of us potentially primitive still.

The best of humanity are now more primitive in nature than Christianized. Therefore mysticism has reappeared in our needs for the human relations, sexual and social, and man and woman both demand in marriage that which the most individualistic of modern peoples, the Americans, endeavored to guarantee to humanity in all its institutions—Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Each individual marriage must survive the test of this standard, to survive at all, but the test has not yet been applied to the System of Marriage, which stands englamoured by tradition, and supported by all the forces of contemporary Phariseism even in the New World. But the day is coming when the Americans will apply to this entrenched system the same revolutionary principles of the Rights of Man with which they once upset so many other Systems just as rooted, respectable and Roman.

Already the practicing is preceding the preaching, for there is forming in our midst the silent forerunners of what has been prophesied as the "aristocracy of the future," Celibacy. Celi-

bacy has again become an ideal as a protest against the sham idealism of the marriage system.

A few months ago the press was vociferous over one sign of this social phenomenon, as revealed by a report of the Census, that in the United States there are seventeen million celibates, of the matrimonially desirable age, and in the number an excess of a million more female celibates than male. In a country where there is still a preponderance of males this seemed unaccountable. "Why don't they marry?" became a popular query, and removed the musty marriage problem from the closets of the Academics and the cellars of the Anarchists into the open discussion of democratic society.

Social observation reveals the character of this growing aristocracy as being formed of the best of humanity, the gifted, educated, attractive and spiritually-minded of the Americans. If not celibates in actual life, they are decidedly so in principle. Celibacy appeals to them because it is seen in the glamour of an atmosphere of freedom; and, to a modern, freedom is the only power that can cast a glamour over anything today. Once marriage was given the glamour of secrecy by the primitive, once it was given the glamour of sin by the Christian, and today a glamour is gathering about Celibacy as a Golden Guild composed of the workers, charmers and mystics in modern life.

Marriage, divested of all natural morality, appears to these aristocrats as the supreme immorality. Marriage has become immoral through its denial of the spirit and worship of the letter of marriage; immoral through its property rights over person; immoral through its sacrifice of the sanctity of the individual and the race to the pseudo-sanctity belonging to a mythical thaumaturgy—a lie, which if true would mean but a miracle of consanguinity, converting the Two of Marriage into the flesh and bone of the One of Incest.

That is why, when a man marries, it is, as a rule, from the outer instead of the inner motives and promptings. The monogamous instinct is dead or degenerate in the average man, so that marriage has become a communal act on the part of the male. The common motives that prevail with a man are the material ones, of marriage for money or social position, for a

hostess of a palace or a housekeeper for a hovel, for a step-mother for previous offspring, or a mother for desired heirs, for a personal attendant in invalidism or a caretaker for old age,—or if idealistic and a supporter of the System, a man will marry merely for the respectability of the performance, for Home as man's visible pledge of reform and landmark of the Family Tie.

At the present time, it is only the social idealism of the home that enables it to serve as a lure to marriage. Formerly, it was frankly materialized and the old-fashioned man used to marry chiefly for the creature comforts of home life. But the improvements of club-life, hotel-life and bachelor apartments, have changed all this; and no man marries today for the superior material gratifications once provided by the separate home. Man now desires freedom and personal rights in his private existence and these can only be secured by the celibate mode of existence. The press and the divorce court in modern life have signally exposed the home of marriage as the most public of all institutions, a mere housetop, as it were, from which everything that takes place therein may be shouted on some terrible, ever possible day.

Man has become too mystical and individualistic to incur with deliberation the rough experience of home life. Privacy and personal rights are a mockery in the typical home atmosphere; an atmosphere deadening to life with its enforced intimacies, destructive to dreams with its cares and clamors and collisions of raw temperament. Today no bachelor is pitied, in society, for his homelessness and no married man is pitied for his childlessness. To ask man to support this home by the sweat of his brow is demanding from his nature that which the home has destroyed, the primal instincts. The nest has ended as the cage.

Caged animals, as every naturalist knows, lose the wholesome instincts that guided them in freedom and were preservative of their own life and that of their race. Thus race-suicide and the perversion of instincts become nature's revenge in the cage. Apply the same knowledge to our cage homes of marriage, and it makes comprehensible the modern "aversion to

the child"—a familiar comment—and the strange manners and morals that distinguish domesticated life.

Another contributory cause to man's loss of the monogamous instinct through marriage is found in the System's ideal of the Wife of home. Let us recall that monogamy was natural to man only when he expressed both sides of his sex nature, the psychic and physical, in a love marriage with another human being—a human being ever provocative in her separateness and freedom to escape!—and it makes comprehensible, also, why the ideal Wife and Mother—made by man into the most fixed, secured and familiar of all living embodiments—is ever desired as a part of the idealism of the home, but rarely, if ever, represents the personal idealism of the man himself. Therefore the modern male takes his licensed-for-life marriage, incidentally, as a social duty at its best, and desires represented therein chiefly the social ideals.

Man respects the ideal of the wife too sincerely and solemnly ever to entertain for her such a socially damaging thing as passion, primal or otherwise. If it exists—as it does sometimes in certain simple naïve souls—sufficiently to have furnished a natural motive for the stern fatality of marriage, it is soon extinguished by the atmosphere of the home. The monogamous savage loved his nest for its secretiveness, loved his rendezvous for its strangeness, loved his mate for her foreign looks and ways, for her little taboos and mystery of sacred selfhood. But none of these primal elements are garnered into the atmosphere of the home for the safeguarding of the modern male. Marriage is the licensed violation of the selfhood of man and woman.

Everything capricious, charming and chary, the coquetry of the soul itself luring man on to infinities of search—has been lost in marriage by its system of compulsion for making Two live in the gross corporeality of One. Man does not really love his own flesh and bones. His whole existence—from the beginning of time—is recorded by his efforts to get away from the materialism of himself into the freedom and infinities of art and creation. Surely the initial mistake in our system of marriage was the rapt cynicism of making the creative relation of man a Sacred Consanguinity; for nature makes incest sterile.

In marriage man finds not his mate but his housemate. She whom the savage said "it is indecent to marry," she who lives in a relation signifying all the in-laws and blood-ties and spiritual consanguinities to her housemate. Consequently the modern man as husband develops affection for his wife (she symbolizes so much to him!), family affection, but passion becomes to him as something quite outside the family circle.

Family life has degraded the primal passion in man. In the purity of the sacred home atmosphere, he develops a positive aversion. The very word "passion" comes to shock paterfamilias and all the impurity that mediævalism attached to sex, flourishes in the thoughts of the family circle, so that the marital relation therein appears as something incredible and indecent, a relation for a gumshoeing obscenity. It is necessary to note that the recent exposures to the family circle of the existence of the Social Evil, outside their door, also informed them of the amazing fact that the clientele of the social evil is chiefly composed of the married man, and the man of position and family.

It is fortunate for the System that the married man soon loses all desire for his mate in captivity. In this way the home atmosphere is rendered virtually sexless and "pure," and as the type of woman chosen by sophisticated man for the ideal wife is usually the woman of sexual anæsthesia (another pathological result of civilization) this enables the Family Life to be honest, at least, in what it pretends to be, a Symbol of Social Purity, a public monument to the Monogamy of Man.

As such it has become more compatible to the acquired tastes of modern man than to those of woman. Woman, more primitive, is less satisfied with the objective material side of marriage and regards it with the feminine viewpoint, subjectively. With man, more civilized, hence more mechanical in his relations than woman—the natural impulses for the married relation are no longer essential. In fact marriage most amply gratifies some of his cultivated instincts, the communal and proprietorial instincts, for instance. And therein consists its hold on the nature of man today. Undeniably it has a hold, unreasoning, blind and mysterious as instinct. Statistics prove it. In Bailey's book on "Modern Social Conditions," he gives these figures of the matrimonial-

ity of men and women, according to Canderlier's method of computation, and taken from a representative state of the United States where the sexes are quite equally distributed. "There are nearly a thousand more females than males marrying for the *first* time" but "73 widowers and divorced males remarry to 15 widows and divorcees" and "more than twice as many men as women are contracting a third marriage and more than five times as many a fourth."

Conclusively, these statistics show how the system and appearances of marriage survive with man—as a *habit*.

Woman is less easily explained in her new aristocracy of celibacy. We have been told for so long that marriage was made for woman, that it was her boon and bonanza, her Glory, her only excuse for living and her arch-performance for the sake of the permanency of the human race, that it is curious and inexplicable to find her now deserting her smug sphere with her very first breath of freedom.

But the world has always had its suspicions about woman in relation to its System of marriage. So much so, indeed, so profoundly distrustful have been all the Powers of civilization, State, Church and Society, that they have conspired with superb success to hold woman in her natural place—without a glimmering chance for the wantonness of escape.

Surely it is stale and superfluous in these plethoric days of feminism to review the many methods once employed by the system for the coercion of the female to marriage and for her captivity therein. The old ways and means are familiarly known now; the closing of careers, professions, the higher education, the social taboos on the old maid and the free woman, and the myriad forms of convention and ban and suspicion of the original sin of womanhood which made woman so pre-eminently the husband-hunter, the match-maker, the woman of marriage in the past.

And having secured her successfully as the woman of marriage, society proceeded to make her pay a price for the privileges of matrimony that would have been fatal to the system to have exacted for the male. She paid with the surrender of her name, domicile, fortune and human right to wage, she paid with

her free-will of person in marriage and maternity, she paid with the entire personality of woman, in short, for the marriage of the past, in which the female of the species was forced to exist as an insensible machine of procreation for the supporters of the system. In the sacred name of Marriage, woman has been made to exist as a human being without the human rights of will, freedom and experience, to live as a wife without the passion or senses of a wife, to become a mother without the desire or dream of the child, to remain forever the senseless martinet of the cage that symbolizes to modern Phariseism the sanctity of its ideals. It is not surprising that the free woman of today bears a grudge against marriage.

Our system of marriage has robbed woman of her primal right of "natural selection," the Creator's gift to the female of the species which elects her as nature's vestal of the flame of life. When a woman loves, her soul and body become the meeting place for all the forces of creation. A woman in love becomes the child, the savage and the genius of nature. A woman in love—how sublime, absurd, tragic, foolish, divine and pitiful she is. Humanity's link with the Unborn; woman would be lost in the infinities of her nature, if nature had not cared so richly for her own and provided woman's instinct to guide her in the chaos of the primal passion. Thus woman remains impregnably sound, intuitive, exacting and selective in the bestowal of her love, for she knows, instinctively, that when she gives *herself* she gives everything: the nature of humanity itself to be moulded through her being. And unto what hands of man woman hath delivered herself through man's system of marriage!

The awakening of woman has been with the dawning realization of her great loss, humanity's great loss, through the surrender of herself in marriage. Instinctively, blindly, and with mystic savagery, woman is now groping about the cosmos of human affairs in search of woman's birthright again. *Herself!* That is all, and everything. But for *this*—there may have to come another Luther as a leader of men, an Apostle of Nature, powerful enough to upset the world in another Reformation of Marriage.

It is no wonder that marriage in its present form of undis-

guised materialism does not appeal to the superior woman. Its old-fashioned lure as a means of self-preservation from the suspicion and stones of society, or as a means of livelihood, on its lowest possible terms, subsistence subject to the will of the master, has no longer any charm for her. The self-supporting woman of modern conditions has too clearly revealed the true status of the "supported" wife. "Life-long support" on the terms of life-long-marriage cannot entice any woman capable of self-support, and therefore of self-respect. Woman's "support" in marriage is not given on the self-respecting basis that the sensitive modern requires in the economic sphere of his or her existence. Even the mercenary woman is no longer attracted by the system's honied utterance "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" at the altar, since she, too, has come to realize that woman is made to ask, beg, wheedle, extort or blackmail her keeper for a part of these worldly goods upon the hearth. Without any economic value placed upon woman's services in the home, they have become to her slave services, ignominious services without a gain for power or esteem as in all services outside the home; and yet these are the primal services of woman, economically, and her most essential contribution to the world's work. When woman was being idealized as the Wife of Man, her pauperization in the home seemed necessary to the system to keep her married; and when the fierce fight was waged over the Married Woman's Property Act it was opposed on the grounds that it would at once destroy the home (divorce laws have always been opposed on the same grounds) for it seemed inconceivable to the mind of those days that woman would remain voluntarily in the home if she possessed any means of escape.

Today woman has discovered that she can escape from marriage and from the home, but she still continues to marry, and of her own free will. She reveals, in fact, a strong bias in favor of marriage—as statistics show—when it is a *first* marriage. Marriage does not hold woman as a habit as it holds man, but it still entices her as an experiment. She refuses to consider it as a means of livelihood, the one *modus vivendi* of the old-fashioned woman, but it appeals to her now as a means of self-realization. Woman, proverbially curious, wants to know

the mysteries of life and marriage has been contrived by the system as The Great Mystery to woman. The asterisks of literature on the subject, the secrecies of society, the purity of the home, the Comstockery of American life,—all for the sake of the young girl!—contrive to excite her mind with such a sense of mystery that she becomes eager, with Eve-like eagerness, before the forbidden knowledge and fairly precipitates herself into her first marriage. But with knowledge and maturity woman becomes averse, statistically recorded, to the second, third, fourth and fifth marriage, as compared to man.

This does not imply, necessarily, disenchantment for a woman in marriage, it is merely indicative of a discovery she makes, through the experience of marriage, that woman's higher forms of self-realization can only be attained outside of marriage. For it is only the unmarried woman, in the conditions of modern life, who is permitted the right to self-realization and the indulgence of a personality. As the young girl in America, the self-supporting woman or the society celibate, woman is granted a perfect social leeway to create herself as she desires to be. She can come and go as she pleases, she can give and take in charm and contact with all humanity, and—most dazzling license of all!—unmarried, woman remains free from the Suspicion that has been ever attendant upon her Sex, the Suspicion that has haunted the world since the fall from Eden, the Suspicion that birthmarks every female with the blush of shame,—the suspicion as to the existence or non-existence of her one and only "virtue," the great negative virtue as the Ideal virtue of the monogamously cultivated female. And it is the freedom from this suspicion in celibacy that has made it such a glamorous state of life to the modern woman.

It is only in an atmosphere of freedom that one can develop a natural, wholesome, or magnetic personality. The psychological results of woman's new-found freedom are revealed in the splendid human qualities and dynamic personalities which have made the womanhood of America renowned in the four quarters of the globe. For instance the young girl in America, free from the chaperonage and suspicion that dogs her hours and days in the Old World, has made of herself a personality with an interna-

tional prestige for vividness and charm; the widow and divorcee of this country, who in independence becomes so shy of marriage, is so far-famed for sheer liveliness of personality that she serves to make marriage, *her* marriage, appear as a great success after all, to naïve maidens; and the self-supporting celibate, in her freedom, is undoubtedly the aristocrat among American women, for she is envied, aped and respected by them all for her distinguished capability, refinement and selective power in love. Of late the custom is growing for a woman who has become a personality in public life or interest, to retain her maiden name and to keep her marriage and private life as secret as possible: the supreme compliment to woman's new glorification of celibacy.

On the other hand, everybody, the public, the pastors of the flocks, Mrs. Grundy, and all the Argus eyes of Peacock Alley, suspect and watch the married woman. As wife, the American woman is chaperoned by society, as though all society were in some secret service of the marriage System and fearful lest the female escape. As soon as a woman becomes the Wife of Man she falls under suspicion if she goes forth unaccompanied by her one man, she falls under suspicion in every relation of friendship and companionship with any man other than the licensed One, she falls under suspicion if she appears lively and pleasure-loving, charming and a natural free-self, and most of all she falls under suspicion if she is of the advanced sisterhood type and wants to vote on the Marriage and Divorce laws of the nation.

The charm of society consists in its freedom of contact with diversified personalities that stir the mysticism of spirit and sense with the lure of their strangeness and the glamour of their secret life. But the marriage system will not brook the charms of social freedom in the stern lot of the married. Thus the convention is established that man and wife must be seen together in society in order that everybody may behold their togetherness, their indissoluble Fate, their eternal couplement of the Two as One. It simplifies matters for the charming celibates of society thus to segregate the married apart from the rest of humankind. So convention demands that the married couple must always be seen in public together, must be invited to the same functions, visit the same houses, make the same

friends, share the same affinities and tastes and experiences and contacts of life until there is no escape for the married from each other, even in the hour of worldliness, and everything seems calculated with the sinister intent of preventing the married couple from ever again developing any of the strangeness, secrets, and sacredness of self, which formed the fatal lure that originated their marriage. A brilliant much-sought bachelor girl was asked recently why she had never married, and replied, "Because of the Siamese-twin ideal of marriage in Society." Wells remarks upon marriage as being a sort of social cleavage that divides people off into couples watching each other. The suspicion and espionage that accompany our proprietorial form of marriage, deliberately cultivates a spawn of repellent characteristics in human nature: conceit, jealousy, exaction, distortion of motives, and the many mean traits of petty self-aggression that are licensed as the good manners and good morals of the married.

Special exceptions are arranged for man in the social system that permit him to escape from his marriage, in resuscitating periods of work and play, and this is another reason why man endures and survives marriage with an impunity not yet gained by woman. But woman can not escape from her marriage except through divorce; therefore divorce is often resorted to, when she simply needs a holiday from the marital atmosphere. The atmosphere so sickening to a healthy soul with its airs of exclusion and enclosure, of stagnation and stalemate. Convention demands that the wife of man shall wear a badge on her finger and a tag to her name so that none can mistake her in public or private, for other than the wife of man. Her wedding ring is her symbol of security in every man's respect. It is a little omnipresent family circle in whose atmosphere the married woman must sit—forever cut off from all the enlarging contacts and experiences of life, sit in sacredness and loneliness, a composite being of Fakir, Hen and Saint.

In thus eliminating the rights of personality from marriage, the system has succeeded in eliminating all the grace and play in the relation of the sexes; for neither mysticism nor courtship can exist in an atmosphere surcharged with captivity. The omission of the primal needs of man, woman, and child from the

marriage relation, makes it seem as though the creators and supporters of the system, the dogmatists, moralists, rigorists, sacramentalists and Pharisees, must be people unendowed by nature with any of the qualifications that could attract and hold another by the might of personality alone. On the face of it, the marriage system seems to have been arranged exclusively for the benefit of the people who never should have been allowed to marry: the defective, ugly, decrepit, unhealthy or sadistic. The system has made marriage and its progeny *unæsthetic*; whereas Nature planned the subtle functioning of soul with sense for love and marriage as a master means to form and consummate human beings in an atmosphere of æstheticism.

Although woman in her modern phase is revealing herself as so shockingly natural, so primitive and savage and wholly feminine, that she is bent upon a Renaissance of Nature in the World's affairs, yet, strange to say, her enemies and detractors and Anti's are holding her up for condemnation as an example of the *unnatural* woman; woman demoralized by freedom because freedom has enabled her to become so selective in her sexual life that she prefers celibacy to an unnatural marriage and sterility to an unnatural maternity. Here is the amazing revelation in woman today: she has survived all the systems of civilization to make her unnatural, automatic, false and Ideal, and appears at last before the world in an ultimate triumph of Herself!

Freedom is feared for woman, more than anything else, because supposed to be especially perilous to the monogamous instinct of woman, set in her solitaire "Virtue." But marriage without freedom has deadened or destroyed the monogamous instinct in both man and woman to such a degree that there is left only one really convincing proof of its atavistic existence in woman's nature. Strange to say, it is the prostitute that proves the reality of a monogamous instinct in woman, for she—to whom society accords freedom with shame—possesses a quality of loyalty to some one male, her "owner," "slaver," or "lover," despite her physical traffic of self, a loyalty so tenacious and unreasoning it can only be explained as the psychic instinct of monogamy, ineradicable, deep-rooted and ever-recurrent in

woman. In the psychology of the prostitute is discovered, also, the realities of certain marital virtues long supposed to be specialities of the ideal Wife of man: self-sacrifice, fawning devotion and divine forgiveness for the male despite his every abuse, injury and infidelity.

But the aristocratic celibate—who refuses to prostitute herself either in freedom or marriage,—the selective sensitive individualist—so prevalent in modern life—is she to be permitted to escape marriage—seeing that marriage of some sort or other is indispensable for the recruitment of the race? The new woman, without a doubt, possesses the highest of eugenic values, therefore the sacrifice of convention, prejudice and tradition seems a small price to pay in order to reform marriage along some lines in conformance with the freedom-loving modern nature. Since it is so evident that we need systems at this stage of human progress, then, I would suggest that we inaugurate a new and life-enhancing system for the sake of marriage and the married. An established system, in the social life, which will guarantee to the wedlocked couple a certain amount of statutory holidays from the common home and common life, compulsory separations in public, prohibitions upon all open performances of togetherness, conventional self-exhibitions minus ring and other insignia of the conjugal state, and in the domestic interior itself an established etiquette of taboos, and suspension of conjugal rights—legally, religiously or voluntarily imposed—which inevitably will form a fresh atmosphere for married life in which personality can be made to appear so sacred and free that marriage will be undertaken and borne as lightly and gracefully as a secret sin. This would be the first great step towards the dematerialization of marriage.

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTERS—AND WINSLOW HOMER

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

ANY person who has ever received an emotion from a piece of visual art cannot help being moved by some one of the American canvases on view at the Montross Gallery. Here one finds examples of nearly every modern school or tendency, from English academism to Synchronism, from German symbolism to Manet. Many well-known American artists are represented, many artists also who are just beginning to become known, and—better still—two new artists whose efforts, while incomplete and, in the case of the younger, tentative, stand well in advance, æsthetically, of any work to be seen thus far this year in a New York exhibition. However, the great majority of pictures here on view are, as usual, mediocre or bad. Such works greet us in the guise of old friends of many years of picture viewing. There are portraits which are so similar to hundreds we have seen all over Europe that we do not even pause to note the author, but accept them as inevitable. Then there are the disciple canvases which fall just short of the conclusive disguise necessary to hoodwink us into thinking them the work of some eminent European. About such works there always seems to hang a sombre melancholy, an atmosphere of discouraging regret, a weakness and incompetency. They would appear to have taken, at one leap, the three steps to utter decadence, so hated by Taine—first, becoming a school tradition, then falling to the level of an academic formula, and, last, arriving at a studio recipe. There is something factory-built about them; they possess the veneer which does not cover the under layer, and they attest to a sureness which proclaims a great ease but whispers a dread doubt.

Besides the work of these obvious and direct disciples, there are pictures of other imitators who, being less honest, combine in one canvas the distinguishing traits of two or more masters, and set up shop as original and personal craftsmen. Still again, we find the works of artists, sometimes pitiful, sometimes ludi-

crous, who constantly change their inspiration so that, when they expose several canvases, we find divers and differentiated imitations of many great painters. With such men one can have little sympathy. They consciously imitate, because they are without the vitalizing spark of originality. But there is another group of disciples who emulate, not consciously, but because every good painter, in his evolution, passes through all forms of art: when he comes to the brink of his own capabilities he ceases second-hand copying. During his passage he has resembled many men, but he uses their means only as stepping-stones to his own final achievement.

Undoubtedly this is the case with several of the men exposing here. Indeed, it is true of the greatest part of American art. The only danger in such tendencies is that the painter, in reproducing the exterior of a master's work, is prone to be satisfied with the *aspect* of his canvases without endeavoring to go deeper into their anatomy. Of such painters there are hundreds, and it is a sad spectacle to witness them selling their works, while other men, who strive toward a greater profundity, remain obscure and are only occasionally appreciated.

Sheeler is now passing through a stage which gives promise of good work. In him one may trace various European influences—Delaunay, the daintier side of Cubism, Matisse in the application of his paint; and one finds, too, generalizing lines delineating volumes, which might have been inspired by Cézanne's water-colors. Withal, it is a healthy and promising tendency. Sheeler's chief need is for some definite hand to direct his æsthetic impulses, a guidance toward composition in its rhythmic sense. Obviously, he is striving to escape the tyranny of objectivity, but fears to take the final leap into abstraction, not feeling sufficiently sure of his desires to preconize his direction. He cannot learn rhythm by studying either Matisse or Delaunay, for both these men are without it. He should go to Rubens or Michelangelo or El Greco, the source of all great composition and the foundation on which is built the whole structure of the new impulse to great order. Sheeler's landscape is balanced well and savantly, but it lacks that third dimension of depth which is the starting-point of all significant art work.

Of Schamberg's landscape there is little to say. It appears to be inspired by Sheeler's canvases, and is of little importance. His drawing, however, is much better than the drawing of the former. It has better balance and is less reminiscent of the aforementioned influences. *The Fête* by Nankivell, and the paintings of Pach, are both insignificant and uninteresting. The first seems to possess the impress of the Cubists: on a wholly worthless and academic drawing are superimposed Cubist mannerisms somewhat in the manner of Davies. Pach has two works totally dissimilar as to style—one obviously inspired by what one might call the Cassis School of painters who stemmed from Cézanne; and the other, by Delaunay. I have always held that Orphism and Simultaneism are merely extended Impressionism, and it is therefore interesting to find in the foreground of this Orphist work a large bed of geraniums in Monet's best manner.

Grossman has a landscape, Cézannesque like many others, but nevertheless capable work, although there is no indication of Cézanne in its composition. This might have been done by any one of many French painters—Guérin, Manguin, Puy, Lebasque, for instance. Grossman's work reveals a paucity of penetrating study and too much satisfaction with effects as such. The portraits of Speicher are merely good school studies. In the *Académie Russe* and the *Académie Moderne* there are many works by departed students, which are as good as these. The real Cézanne motif is conspicuous by its absence, and the only excuse for naming the great Aixois in connection with Speicher is found in the purely technical handling of the man's beard and blouse. These works are solidly painted, but they produce insensitive effects, and are little better than the Bellows child portrait. Personally, I prefer—if preference there be—the portrait of Davey, as English and sentimentally soft as it is.

Bellows himself is represented by two works, of which the landscape is the better. He hails from the Henri and Manet tradition, and is a competent craftsman of the swashbuckler variety. The big brush stroke and the hasty and vivacious drawing, made so popular by Sargent, have nearly died out of all nations save America and England. They are little more than

a trick of the wrist, and had interest for us only before the intellect began to play such a large part in painting. But in this country they are now at their heyday, and among their devotees Bellows is one of the most conspicuous. I have seen some charming drawings by this illustrator, which far surpass his oil works. His present portrait might have been done by Castellucho of the *Académie de la Grande Chaumière*, who for years has done work which excels in its particular field of slashing pigment application. If we do not criticize these pictures from the highest standards of art, we can accord them much praise, because the *métier* has been learned, and, as far as these painters have gone, they can juggle their means with ease and fluency.

Perrine's pictures have the true "poetic touch." In them we can read the lessons of Monticelli, Whistler, Flandrin and Bonnard. They are charming phantasies, and would serve well as soporific interior decorations. When one says poetic, one says English; and Perrine's canvases might have been done by a more virile and more poetic Lavery. In the same vein, but less interesting, is the picture by Dow, *The Cliff Under the Sea*. The work of Friedman, Lathrop, Kramer and Tucker fall readily under the head of Impressionism. Friedman is more careful and conscientious than Tucker, but Tucker is a better painter. They both surpass Kramer, whose *Afternoon Rapture* looks like a lugubrious Monet.

In Stella's work there is little to attract attention. The landscape is of the Cassis contingent, reminiscent of Lebasque and Manguin, while the still-life, an old work, is a pale Matisse. The decadence and weakness of all modern Italian art is conspicuous in these two works; and his colored drawings are in the same class. Stella is an artist with a small amount of talent and with no apparent ability to construct or organize. Ullman, decorative and dainty, believes in female lightness of touch and the sketchy nonchalance of water-colorism. His landscape brings to mind the works of Harpignies painted by a modern lady of quality as a pastime. Maurer is an offshot of Matisse and Bonnard, and succeeds in attracting the eye. Du Bois is represented by two frames entirely different, both reminiscent of Forain, Steinlen and a host of society painters with which every *Salon d'Automne*

is replete. Milne and Miller you either like or not. There is no particular reason why one should do either. Still-lives like those of Preston and Brinley have been seen in force at every *Salon des Indépendants* in Paris for the last eight years.

Walther's *Symphonic Poem in Blue* expresses a desire with no ability behind it. This painter no doubt has tried to be significantly abstract, but in his picture there is neither balance nor organization. The color is repugnant and metallic, and the forms superficial. It is far better to make one's approach toward ultra-modernity slowly, so that one may learn *en route* the reasons underlying it, than to plunge from the sloughs of the art school into the wallows of amorphism. The *Symphonic Poem in Blue* is a distinguished example of how little even painters understand the fundamental motivations of the intransigency in art during the past seven or eight years. Sterne is another example of a painter who misunderstands the reasons for modernity. He has a number of drawings which, at first sight, appear to be influenced profoundly by the simplifications of recent years, but which, on closer inspection, prove to be only the disguised bodies of school "maps." Sterne recalls, at times, the pseudo-synthetic silhouettes of Gauguin; at others, the spuriously radical forms of Manguin. Indeed, he belongs pre-eminently to that group of painters who expose in relays at Druet's Gallery in the Rue Royale, and who always have two irons in the fire—the desire to appear new (so as to meet the taste of those buyers who are radically inclined), and a desire to please the reactionaries by employing the "right" drawing and recognizable objects so dear to the schoolmaster and the dilettante. Some years ago a painter called Lhote (since become a Cubist) made some drawings with thick lines and heavy forms, and became well-known through them. In these drawings were the *soi-disant* simplifications begun by Ingres and Degas, now too familiar to need description. With Lhote they indicated the first step toward Cubism—that is, toward angularity—and a sincere searching for the salient constructive forms of his model. With Sterne the broad line is a proclamation of strength and virility, the inability of the Titan to thread a needle. Their stiff and static appearance lends bulk and hardness and solidity, because it makes

his figures look like wood. The lack of finesse, Sterne presumably thinks, gives his work an appearance of having grasped only the essentials:—the rhythmic beauties of the human form he ignores. The worst one can say of his work is that it lacks utterly all sensitiveness to organized form. It is spurious art—not even so good drawing as that of Dethomas who claims to be only an illustrator. Sterne would do well to step into the first room and study the sculpturesque order of the drawing of Benton, or to look at some of Cézanne's water-colors until he feels their virility come out and engulf him. Better still, let him pore over a slight Michelangelo or a Rubens. Even a man so slight as a Rodin realizes the importance of constructing the forms of the human figure from the inside outward, namely: by feeling the rhythmic interlacing and shifting of muscles, out of which process grows, as a casual result, the silhouette. No one, save a master who knows the order of bodily construction, can, by line, make a significant drawing. One can make charming or dainty or heavy or synthetic bodies like boxes or scaffolding, drawn on a plan or by a system; but only he who has sounded the depths of intelligent artistic anatomy can, with a thin or thick line on a material of two dimensions, express a volume which moves in three dimensions.

I come now to the most pleasurable part of this article—the speaking of two men new to the public, men who promise excellent things, one in landscape, the other in figure orders and abstract compositions. Some painters in the exhibition I have deliberately omitted from my text. Some I have taken to task for lack of originality, forgetting, for the moment, that all men cannot be great enough to open new fields of æsthetic endeavor. As a whole, the exhibition is good: some of the work is as good as the average work of European galleries; and several of the painters give promise of outstripping their present inspiration. Others—a few—seem immured in the mire of eternal discipleship. But this is as it has always been, for no exhibition in the world has brought to light thirty-two significant painters synchronously. That there are two in the Montross exhibit is a record for America, and one of which Mr. Montross may justly be proud.

First, I would speak of Of. He has two oils, two pastels, and a water-color, the first four cataloguable among the best and most purely artistic efforts that America has produced. Here is a man who paints like Renoir, but whose efforts, singularly enough, are motivated by the inspiration of Cézanne. From the standpoint of color alone, they are beautiful; but after one has stood before them for a while, the colors begin a shifting process—they are no longer colors, but volumes which take their place in the picture naturally, easily and beautifully. This, with Of, is a conscious or unconscious following in the footsteps of the greatest modern artists who look for causes rather than effects, and who make actual pigment inspire us subjectively, as nature does visibly. In Of can be read a lesson by those men who see only the mannerism of the great, and who think that, in achieving the great man's surface, they have sounded his depths. As well claim to have explored the floor of the ocean by watching the ripples on the surface. The technique of Cézanne is not a trick, nor is it a habit or a pose. It is the inevitable result of far-reaching researches in the dynamics of nature's color translated into pigment—the result of intellectual achievement made visible through tactile application. In the misapprehension of this patent fact lies most of the smug complacency of second-rate painters. Of has made no such mistake. His technique appears natural, a result of profound convictions. His *Hillside* is one of the few canvases done by an American that I would care to hang in my collection. It grows on one, because there is depth to the painter's inspiration. His still-life is sensitive and solidly constructed. The old water-color, despite its superannuated effect, has interest and artistry. There is but one quality that Of lacks, a quality which, did he have it, would place him at the head of all American landscapists; and this is the quality which Cézanne had in such superlative degree—namely: a sense of rhythmic order. When Of achieves this, even simply, a high place will be assured him in the annals of this country's art.

The order of which I speak is manifested in Benton's work, the second of the new discoveries brought to light by this show. Here is an artist who, despite all the angularities and cubes and symphonic poems of the others present, shows the most modern

tendency of the month. His figure organization is exactly what its name implies—an organization of male nudes brought together harmoniously, solidly, even rhythmically, irrespective of the human appeal or the flesh tints beloved by the amateur. The picture is painted in pure colors, according to the tactile significance of color zones, and, as a consequence, is the most solid bit of work on view at the gallery. It is a small canvas, and one feels that its author, in doing it, has been compressed into an unfamiliar atmosphere. Benton's talents call for a larger surface, for a greater extension of volumes and rhythms. The figures are put together solely to achieve the tactile beauty of form; in other words, to produce in the spectator that æsthetic empathy which is the touchstone of such men as El Greco and Tintoretto. Indeed, this canvas strongly recalls El Greco, both as to the flower-like opening of lines, and the treatment in the painting of the forms. Undoubtedly Benton has made a study of the Toledo master (just as El Greco made a study of Tintoretto and Michelangelo), and he has learned much of the underlying principles of great art. As to his color, he has, in a general way, allied himself to that recent school of painters who first discovered that colors have a plastic significance indispensable to the modern vision and to the construction of significant pictorial phrases. Benton might have given more study to the smaller forms of his figures, but the limitations of the frame may have been the cause of his avoiding what, to him, appeared trivial.

In the exhibition at the Daniels Gallery will be found another of Benton's works. Although it is not so good as the one hanging at the Montross Gallery, it conscientiously strives for solid block composition, and for lines which move one æsthetically. If you are interested the attendant will show you another of his works (for some unknown reason unhung) which transcends even his Montross canvas. The color and the composition are both better, and the treatment of the smaller forms is more finished. Zorach has two works at Daniels's. The backs of some of his figures recall Cézanne, while the attitude and treatment of others look more like Zak. Withal, they are a reversion to primitivism with a dash of Poussin, via Friesz; and the whole appears singularly in the best manner of the modern Munich School of

which Bloch is representative. Mrs. Zorach has a more interesting frame. She calls it *Mountains*, but it is a depiction of several bulky forms only. Man Ray shows two works, one of which is quite large. A standing portrait, painted flatly and effectively, exhibits both the good and bad qualities of Gauguin and Manguin, and, in addition, is reminiscent of Münter. Ray's color is grayish and agreeable—not a mean attribute when one considers the senseless assault on the optic nerves by some of our chaotic modern painters. Of the two works he exposes there is little preference æsthetically, although I prefer the still-life.

Halpert has the same old bridge scene with which we have become intimate through long acquaintance. He is a man with just enough talent to imitate successfully and conglomerately several men at one time. In the hall, for instance, hangs a still-life, superficially Cézannesque; in the main room is the river (or bridge) scape like a Friesz out of Monet. It is gray, and might have been done by a weak Derain or de Vlaminck. Like many works of which I have spoken, it makes an appeal to those reactionaries who feel ashamed at not liking modern work, but whose tastes run to brindle cows in bitumen pastures. Maurer is more interesting, despite his Matisse leanings: in him is the charm of lovely color, at least. He makes a tapestry with few lines, while Halpert uses many lines and makes nothing. Maurer's is a healthy tendency, and undoubtedly will improve.

Cubism seems to have obsessed Dickinson, just as Futurism has Charles Demuth. Demuth's two *Sensations of Times Square* recall the lessons laid down in the original prospectus of Marinetti's disciples. They have the criss-crossing lines, and lack color; and, as with Severini and Russolo, the dramatic is all that is striven for. Why look at such pictures? They have no æsthetic import, and, at best, they are but a feeble reflection of the emotions to be gained from the motif itself. Times Square is free to all. Berlin has a landscape wholly Spanish and exactly in the manner of that competent and little-known painter, Carerra. Simonson has a pastel still-life of tulips; and Nordfelt and Mager are both represented.

In the Modern Gallery, 500 Fifth Avenue, are several Picassos containing that Cubist's habitual daintiness and originality.

But they belong to that period of Cubism which is least interesting to artist and critic—the period when it passed from painting and became flat but exquisitely balanced lines and tones in which the broken violin and *Le Journal* figured prominently. Picabia also exhibits one of his paintings, as well as a picture of what appears to be the cross-section of a valve. It is a symmetrical, upright bit of machinery, and is called *Ecce Homo*. Æsthetically it has no possible excuse in a room of art works. Walkowitz has two of his mosaics of line, which doubtless are intended to delimit volumes, but, even should he succeed fully in his ambition, he would bear the same relation to modern painting that the drum does to orchestral music: the drum merely delimits sound. Wolff is viewed in two pieces of sculpture—blocks built oppositionally from a spreading base. As attempts at rhythm they are failures. They lack poise, for their straight lines kill movement, and their bases are larger than their apexes. Even their hypothetical solidity is destroyed by the gilt- and nickel-plating which, in reflecting objects, like a looking-glass, takes away all their materiality. Bracq has his usual imitations of Picasso, and Dove shows an uninteresting abstract canvas. Knowing of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz's connection with this new gallery, we have a right to expect better things later on.

To the average spectator all water-colors are artistic, and especially those which have passed beyond the dull ochres and blacks of the reactionary schools. In them one cannot help obtaining brilliant colors, because the nature of the medium allows of the maximum of refraction. The difficulty in handling water-color permits of attractive sketchiness which would be severely criticized in oil work. The roughness of the paper generally chosen produces a surface which is tactilely pleasing. For these reasons water-colors, no matter what their æsthetic worth, always appeal to the amateur. In the enjoyment of the material, of the apparent nonchalance of execution, and of the uniform tone which the drying of the colors produces, one forgets to judge water-colors except as kinds of *objets d'art*, and unconsciously passes over the more important points of composition

and balance for which one is in the habit of searching in more male mediums.

The water-colors of Winslow Homer, now on view at the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute, are no exception to the general run of such work. They have the rough readiness, the rich and pretty grays of all this style of painting. They are "artistic" in that they are sketchy and have a pleasing surface. As a rule, however, they are little more than interesting subject-drawings which, were they carefully "tickled up," would be only fair magazine illustrations on a plane somewhat beneath the work of Harvey Dunn. Dunn's disposition of black and white is much more æsthetically significant than Homer's subject-matter (this latter artist's chief claim to greatness), because it is an abstract æsthetic attribute. If this were not the case, such painters as Moreau, Doré and Rochegrosse would be the supreme masters of all time.

Homer's work is no better and no worse than twenty English academicians; and the time has come for an honest and unsentimental consideration of his healthy, but slight, talent. The highest praise one can give him is to say that he was undoubtedly sincere; but this is more a personal matter than an artistic one. It is certainly not sufficient to elevate a mediocre painter to significant heights. Though a necessary quality to all artists, it is a means to a great end only when accompanied by genius. In Homer's favor, however, it may be stated that he painted sentimental subjects unsentimentally. The technical and visional influence of such men as Millet and Corot, with which his work is replete, never made him the tearful portrayer of sordidness and sadness such as these other men were. The heavy and depressing monochromatic tone-quality, which generally passes for "feeling," is a personal predilection of the artist. In time it affects his technique, until, finally, horizontal lines, lurid lights, sorrowful or shadowed faces and bent figures gain the upper hand in his works, creating in the spectator an emotion analogous to that which he feels after the sun has set and that magic and maudlin crepuscular half-light floods his vision and saddens his heart.

Few canvases of Homer fall in this category. His talent was

happier. Physically, he moved in the open air and sunlight; and he possessed too much normal Americanism to allow of lachrymose introspection. His works, like the greatest part of American painting, are mere strivings for effects. Consequently many of them are pretty and mere accurate portrayals of light-effects done in the manner of the 1830 generation which, passing from the tradition of the day, was absorbing the first glimmer of early Impressionism. Homer's canvases are eminently pictorial. They depict some dramatic or interesting scene which the painter has caught or posed, and felt the need of recording. In them, however, is no indication that Homer ever heard of composition. He was one of those natural "composers" whose talent permits him to paint a paper or canvas without giving thought to the balance. There was in him no knowledge even of surface rhythm, as in Matisse, for instance; and the vast world of æsthetic possibilities which lies beyond this starting-point was unsuspected by him.

His reputation is due more to America's ignorance of things artistic, than to his own inherent worth. Without doubt he was one of our greatest native painters during the last generation; but in that fact lies no cause for enthusiasm. In a country of blind men, the one-eyed man is king. Let us accord him great sincerity, an instinct for sedulous labor and an over-powering desire to do great things; but let us do it in whispers, lest Europe laugh. He has made many admirable portraits of the sea, but they are not a hundredth part so real as the sea itself; and this approximation to nature is small claim to consideration. His work has been bought by the Luxembourg, but this is unimportant. A. P. Ryder, in the next room to the water-colors hung in the Brooklyn Institute, is really more artistic in Homer's own manner; and Sargent, whose water-colors are also nearby, is more fluent and illustratively and technically more interesting. Whistler is a better artist; so is Henri. The desire to apotheosize Winslow Homer has in it more of patriotism than of pure æsthetic judgment; and, since we are now rapidly shedding our provincialism and developing a more universal art instinct, we can well afford to stifle our untutored eulogy of him.

HARDEN'S CHANCE

WALTER R. BROOKS

HARDEN, as he sat there on a log at the edge of the pasture, wondered, a little vaguely, why he had come back. Now that he was here, the horrible attraction that the place had held for him had vanished, though for three long months he had fought with his whole soul the overmastering desire to revisit it. It had drawn him—drawn him irresistibly; and the pull had at last worn down his resistance and he had come back, though he knew that in so doing he was putting the rope about his neck.

For it was here that he had killed Farley—killed him in a sudden outburst of the hate that had smouldered between them for years, and had at last burst into flame when they had met there the day after the case had been decided against him. He remembered Farley's half frightened, half defiant glance at the axe in his hand as he had come out of the woods and found him there—on *his* land;—for it was his, though the court had decided otherwise;—how he had talked for a time quite quietly, enduring Farley's taunts. . . . And then Farley had made that sneering remark about Dora,—Dora whom they had both loved, and whom Farley had failed to win. . . .

He had hidden his tracks well, afterward. Evidently they had never thought of looking for him in the city, and he might have hidden there indefinitely if he could have kept from coming back. He didn't, of course, know what they had done; he had seen no papers for the first two weeks, and when he had seen them there had been nothing—nothing, that is, until that advertisement two days ago offering a reward for information of his whereabouts, and signed "Dora Harden." Did they suppose him to be fool enough to answer that? They must be very nearly at the end of their resources. . . .

But if he were seen there! He *had* been a fool to come back! The overpowering desire to revisit the place seemed inexplicable now,—its fascination had utterly gone; and being there merely served to intensify the desirability of all he had

thrown away,—the bald sense of the utter folly of it. Why had he killed him? Things had been bad enough, of course: he had hated him. Hated him with all the strength of his soul, and, as it seemed in retrospect, from the moment, many years ago now, when they had first set eyes on each other. But Farley could have done no more harm, and killing him had only made matters worse—a thousand times worse. It seemed inconceivable now. He could have lived on happily with Dora,—prosperously: a few acres more or less made little difference. And he had been both happy and prosperous, in spite of Farley. Now he was living a dog's life: taking what work he could find from day to day, skulking in back streets, avoiding all intercourse with his own kind for fear of recognition.

And Dora—he might never see her again. Certainly it would be long before he would dare attempt to communicate with her. And then:—would she come to him even if she could?

Ah, what a mess he had made of it! If only he might have the chance to retrieve—the chance to live that wretched day over again!

A splotch of reddish brown in the long grass caught his eye. He rose and went toward it, apathetically curious. Then he knelt suddenly on the ground. His axe! How had they come to overlook it?—to leave it there when they had found Farley?

As he rose with the axe in his hand a twig snapped in the woods behind him. He dropped on all fours and crept stealthily into an angle of the vine-smothered rail fence just as a man appeared between the trees. Something familiar in his walk caused Harden's heart to give a sickening leap in his breast, and then, as the man came closer, the horrible doubt became a certainty. Farley! Farley, who would never walk again! And he was coming towards him!

For one terrible moment Harden, fascinated, unable to run, stared at the approaching figure. And then suddenly it took off its hat to wipe its brow, and Harden caught at the fence in the sudden weakness of great relief. For a great scar seamed

Farley's face from his ear to the roots of his hair, and Harden knew that he was alive—and that he had not killed him.

Suddenly the hate surged back into his heart. Farley was close now—almost abreast of him, aiming to cross the fence a little further down. Gripping the axe tightly, Harden waited. And then as Farley came opposite him he sprang up, vaulted the fence, and before the other could fling up a hand to break the force of the blow, he swung the axe high in the air and brought it down upon the head of his enemy.

THE DWELLERS

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

TWO women have I loved,
And I am lonely.

Sometimes in the midst of music I see their faces,
Sometimes when night is still I hear their voices,
Ever the veils of thought lie lightly over them.

The tears and laughter of love remembered alike seem de-
sired.

The path of memory renews old passion.

These women live in my being,
Their kisses direct my destiny;
The soft mouth of one sends up fire under the dead years
And my heart smoulders like a leaf-mound in autumn;
And the cold mouth of one is a wise purity forever;
But the lips of ghosts are shadows and their touch leaves
weariness.

My way is from the doorsteps of two women,

Yet they come after me, they are with me,
And I am lonely.

RUPERT BROOKE

JOHN DRINKWATER

I

POSTERITY, untroubled by the regrets and intimate sorrows of friendship, untouched by the resentment with which we cannot but meet what for a moment seems mere brutality of accident, will see in Rupert Brooke's life, achievement, and death, one of those rare perfections that attain greatness by their very symmetry and fortunate grace. It is truly as though the gods would have this man great; as though, having given him all bright and clear qualities of brain and heart, they were impatient of any slow moving to the authority for which he was marked, and must, rather in divine caprice than in nature, bring him to untimely and bewildering fulfilment. His brief life, with its inevitable intervals of temperamental unrest, was happy in disposition and in event. It shone with many gifts other than the great gift of poetry. Wit, the cleanest kind of chivalry, inflexible sincerity and the dear courtesy that only the sincere man knows, courage and reverence duly met, intellectual ease and great personal charm and beauty—all these made his friendship one of the most treasurable things of his time. But they did not touch his life to greatness. Had these been the whole story, there would have been nothing to mark his life from many millions that have gone through the world, eager, beautiful, forgotten. His achievement as a poet, definite, memorable, exhilarating, yet reaches its fulness in a volume of work circumscribed enough if we set it beside that by which any other poet establishes his claim to greatness. Finally his death, noble as it was, was yet but one of lamentable multitudes, marking heroism if you will, but not greatness. For it is not lightly that we call men great; it is only once in a while that we single one from the many who do splendidly and fully all that they might do, and say that he among them all is great. But with this man fortune was to be lavish against all example. Although neither his bril-

liance in life nor his courage in death could place him among the few at whose names the blood of generations thrills, and although his work, sure as it is of durable fame, does not place him with those poets, perhaps ten in the language, who, by the scope and volume of their poetry alone, assert their greatness, yet Rupert Brooke will be a name as surely marked of greatness as any in England. Only once before in our history, I think, has a man passed to so large and just a renown with so unconsidered and slender a warrant. Until April the twenty-third in this year, when this greatly loved boy died at the Dardanelles, Philip Sidney had not found his fellow.

To those of us who see in poetry the perfect flowering of life, the story of Rupert Brooke will always mean chiefly the score or so of poems in which he reached to the full maturity of his genius and gave imperishable expression to the very heart of his personality. We shall not be curious to ask where exactly these poems may place him among his fellow poets; we shall be content to know that there is a passion and a beauty in his song by virtue of which the greatest would not hesitate to acknowledge his name. Nor will any profound response to his poetry be enhanced by the accident that brought sublimity to his death, either in those who knew and loved him or in those few who from age to age shall build his best renown. Rupert Brooke, as all poets, would wish to stand or fall chiefly by his poetry, and in the ultimate judgment of poetry no external circumstance whatever has the weight of a single word. Not even the fact that the man who wrote the sonnets, than which after long generations nothing shall make the year 1914 more memorable, served and died for England at war, can add one beat to their pulse. The poetry that shines and falls across them in one perfect and complete wave is, as poetry must always be, independent of all factual experience, and comes wholly from the deeper experience of the imagination. To say that only under the actual conditions could these sonnets have been written is not to the point. Experience of the conditions is common enough; the rare thing is the genius of the poet, and we know that this will fulfil itself be the conditions what they may. It is well to be clear in this matter. We must not suppose, as has sometimes been loosely suggested, that

Brooke in answering a national call was stirred to a new and profounder poetic expression. At the time when his poetic power was moving in its fulness, it happened to find itself concerned with a great national crisis. The intensity with which this crisis seized his imagination produced poetry which must endure; also it determined him to take up arms. But the two results were not dependent on each other, and to pretend that they were is a sophism of the kind that he would have scornfully repudiated. Had he for any reason been disqualified for service, the poetry would have come in no less certain measure. It is intensity of perception that creates poetry.

Rupert Brooke's best poems are secure of the admiration of all who have the wit to praise justly in these things, and it is this renown that he would most have desired. But we must remember that the people who care deeply and with understanding for rare and lovely art are very few; a few thousands, perhaps, out of the many millions of an age. It is only the ineffectual visionary who supposes that the masses of the people will respond directly to the appeal of greatness in poetry or painting or even in the more popular arts, as music and the drama. The evidence in the matter is plain enough; I do not even know that the fact is lamentable: it is a fact. But there are already, as I believe there always will be, great numbers of people to whom the name of Rupert Brooke means something, while his poetry, strictly speaking, means nothing. There are times when such a thing is unhappy. The interest with which people who are incurably lazy in their higher perceptions will regard a poet who is a navvy, or has no arms, or is mentioned by a bishop, is merely nauseating and vulgar. But sometimes a poet becomes celebrated among this wider public in a way that makes for good. The homage that has instinctively been paid for three hundred years to Philip Sidney by people who know not a line of his poetry and scarcely an event of his life, is wholesome and springs from the better parts of human nature. And so it is with Rupert Brooke. His truest fame will be with those who love his poetry, but the many spirits that will quicken at his name knowing but vaguely of a brief and fortunate life, a brilliant personality, a poetic genius which they will not be curious to explore, a supreme

sacrifice, will quicken worthily and to their own good. Always there will be the false gods of popular favor, the charlatans, the pandars, the crafty and unscrupulous flatterers of mob-sentimentality, who betray their consciences daily for a little unsavory power. The people exalt without understanding them, blindly praising, as it were, their own baser instincts. But, blindly too perhaps, the people will also desire and from time to time discover some external symbol of the nobility that is in them also, patiently keeping the balance of the world. Such a symbol, clear, almost spare, yet magnificently complete, is the radiant, perfectly poised story of Rupert Brooke.

II

The development of Rupert Brooke's poetic power was, it seems to me, unlike that of most poets. The early verse of men who afterwards prove their authenticity generally shows a great emotional force with little intellectual power of arrangement, and a weakly imitative craftsmanship. The emotion will commonly be concerned, partly by personality and partly by acceptance from tradition, with what we may roughly call the more generous normal instincts of mankind, as a delight in the natural world, the lover's worship, hatred of tyranny, the mere high spirits of young and happy limbs, sorrow for the passing of beauty. Of such things is the material of most fine poetry, as it is of nearly all futile versifying, and so it is that early work frequently tells us nothing of its writer's future. We know that the material is there, but there is nothing to show whether or no there will ever be the art to shape it. This has been the case with the first work, even the first published work, of many of our most considerable poets; the possibilities have been apparent, if at all, in the matter, not in the manner. But in Rupert Brooke's beginnings there is none of this. The volume of *Poems* published in 1911 which contains work written as early as 1905, when he was eighteen, shows an art curiously personal, skilful, deliberate. It shows, too, an intellectual deftness altogether unexpected in so young a poet, and it shows finally, not always but often, an indifference

to the normal material upon which poets good and bad are apt to work from the outset, and in the shaping of which ultimately comes all poetry that is memorable. The case will be seen to be an uncommon one, with all the usual conditions, as it were, reversed. Nearly every page is interesting on account of its art and intellectual deftness, qualities that we should not expect to be marked. But there are many pages where we do not get the real glow of poetry, and this because the content, it seems to me, often fails to satisfy the demands of poetry. It is true enough to say that it does not matter what subject the poet may contemplate, but there is an implied provision that the subject shall be one that grips his emotions, one, that is to say, that he perceives poetically. The young Shelley, in *Queen Mab* moved towards poetry only in this, that he was poetically moved by his subject. He had not the intellectual development then to apprehend his subject fully, nor the art to shape it finely, but the content of his poems, though but vaguely realized, was poetic in substance. It so happens that this capacity in subject-matter for stirring the emotion to poetic intensity is nearly always coincident with a sympathy with the common experience of the world. A poet may write in praise of his mistress as freshly today as if none had written before him, but, although we say that he may choose what theme he will, we could not respond to him if he told us in his song that, while he loved his lady and her beauty and that his wooing was in all ways prosperous, the thing that he most desired was never to see her again. We should at once know that the attitude was a piece of cold intellectuality, that it was against poetry in substance.

In Rupert Brooke's earliest work there is a strain of this intellectual coldness. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to say exactly what was its source. It may partly have been an immature enthusiasm for Donne's poetry, partly a concession to university preciousness, partly a natural instinct that was not yet colored by humanity and experience. To control sentiment was a determination that never left him, but to control sentiment is not at all the same thing as being afraid of it, and at the beginning he was apt to be afraid. And he would often substitute for the natural emotions, which most young poets experience and can-

not shape, an intellectual fancy that he cannot have felt with passion, and shaped it with astonishing skill and attractiveness. It is as though he knew that young poets in inheriting the common emotion of the world were always in danger of borrowing the world's way, too, to express themselves about it, and resolved that he would rather refuse his inheritance than run the risk of sickly repetition. And so he sought at first to quicken in his unaided brain some thought that should serve him instead and, naturally, although his effort was marked by extraordinary brilliance, it failed. Poetry cannot prosper on these terms; it must sit at the world's fire, or perish. The most common note that we find in his first book in illustration of my meaning is the presence at love's moment of the knowledge that women grow old and beauty fades. The reflection is true in fact, but it is not poetically true, and so, in its present shape, it is false. That is to say, we know that, although women do grow old, the lover in the delight of his mistress does not realize this, and that the assertion that he does is not emotional passion of conviction but intellectual deliberation. Rupert Brooke goes one step further into danger; not only does he assert that the lover feels something that we know he does not feel, but—it is perhaps an equitable penalty for the first false step—he makes the realization of a fact that we know is not realized in the circumstances, a source of revulsion, when we know that if the lover felt at all about his mistress's old age it would certainly be with peace and surety. It is only a detached intellectual attitude towards a thing that can be perceived fully by passion alone, that can suffer the illusion that the lover's mood is subject to these external facts. To argue that a woman does really grow old and lose her younger beauty and so may forego something of her power, is beside the point; the lover does not hear you, and it is the lover's consciousness alone of which we are speaking. In poetic truth, which is the strictest truth, the woman, living in the young man's mood, is adorable beyond change, and if the young man says "I worship you, but I know that you will grow old and fade, and that then I shall hate you," we know that he is speaking not from his heart but from a nimble brain.

We find, then, in a great many pages of this first book, an

instrument that on so young lips, is efficient and enchanting against almost all example, yet playing a tune that does not come wholly from the heart. Never, I think, has technique reached so great a perfection without corresponding authenticity of impulse. Only half a dozen times in the book do we get such phrases as "rife with magic and movement," or "whirling blinding moil," and even in the poems where most we feel the lack of emotional truth there is a beauty of word that made the book full of the most exciting promise:

. . . Menelaus bold
Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred Troys
'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden voice
Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both were old.

Often he wonders why on earth he went
Troyward, or why poor Paris ever came.
Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent;
Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name.
So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
And Paris slept on by Scamander side.

Already, too, there was in certain poems, assurance against the danger that this intellectual constraint might degenerate into virtuosity. In the song beginning

"Oh! love!" they said "is King of Kings,"

the intellectual mood, even in the love traffic in which it has been most shy, is adjusting itself finely to the clear and common impulses of mankind, while in *Dust*, *The Fish*, *The Hill*, *The Jolly Company*, *Ambarvalia*, *Dining Room Tea*, and the lovely opening sonnet—

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you. . . .

there is a movement, a perfect visualization of image and a clarity of individual thought, that mark him as being of the great tra-

dition, and endowed with the spontaneity that fellowship in that tradition implies.

In the volume published after his death, Rupert Brooke seems to me to have passed into full and rich communion with the great normal life of the world. There are three poems, *All suddenly the wind comes soft*, *The way that lovers use is this* and *Mary and Gabriel*, that are just a little formal perhaps, by no means valueless, but touched with some memory at a moment when the poetic faculty was not as alert as usual. There are two poems, *There's Wisdom in Women* and *Love*, where the old detached and ironic mood that was once unreal returns not quite happily, and another, *The Chilterns*, in which it has been transmuted into a gracious and acceptable humor. Also there is a sonnet, *Unfortunate*, in which there is a reminiscence of the old mood, but it is now treated very reverently and with superb psychological insight. For the rest we have thrilling and adventurous beauty from beginning to end. There is no more tender landscape in English poetry than *Grantchester*, suffused as it is with a mood that never changes and yet passes between the wittiest laughter and the profoundest emotion with perfect naturalness. The subject matter throughout the book no longer forces us to dissent or question. It has become wholly merged in the corporate art, and we accept it unhesitatingly as we accept the content of all splendid work. As in all really fine achievement in poetry, there is in his choice of form a glad acceptance and development of the traditions that have been slowly evolved through generations, and a perfect subjection of those forms to his own personality, until a sonnet becomes as definitely his own as if he had invented the external structure. We find, too, that the early constraint, even though it led to a touch of falsity at the time, has not been without its uses. The common emotions of the world he has, after jealous waiting, truly discovered and won for himself, unstaled of the world's usage. His passion is extraordinarily clean, burning among all simple things, clear, untroubled, ecstatic. Except in the two or three pages of which I have spoken, we find everywhere an almost fierce renunciation of anything that would not stir the plain knitters in the sun, with an unwearying determination to translate all this common

simple life into the most exact and stirring beauty. It is true that in one or two cases, notably *Heaven*, the image that he creates of this simplicity of passion is such as not to relate itself easily at first glance to the clear normal thought that is nevertheless its basis if for a moment we consider its significance. When the poet elects to make brief intellectual holiday, so long as he does so in the terms of his own personality, we should do nothing but make holiday gladly with him. And we may well do so at intervals in a book that moves in the high consciousness of rare but natural poetic achievement, alert with the freshness and daring of splendid youth, grave in that profoundest knowledge which is imagination; a book that will surely pass to vigorous immortality.

III

The first time I saw Rupert Brooke was in the summer of 1912, a few months after his first volume had been published. The editor of *The Book of Georgian Poetry*, whose friendship with the poet will itself make a page in literary history, and who is to write the story of his friend's life, had invited some of us to hear about his proposed anthology. There were but a few moments in which we could talk together, and all that I can remember is an impression of an extraordinarily alert intelligence finely equipped both with wit and penetrative power, and resolutely declining to use either for any superficial effect. I suppose no one of his years can ever have had in greater measure the gifts that can be used to make easily swayed admiration gape, or greater temptations so to employ his qualities: and I am sure that no man has ever been more wholly indifferent to any such conquests. Humor he had in abundance, but of witty insincerity no trace. Never was a personality more finely balanced. It is this that I remember of him at that first meeting, this that I—and all his friends—found governing him and bracing his genius till the end. It has been said that he had a strain of self-consciousness about his personal charm and brilliance, that he was a little afraid lest that side of him should claim too much attention. To answer the suggestion would be an impertinence.

He was properly glad of his qualities; also he was properly careless of them. The notion that any such matter ever occupied his mind for a moment can be nothing but ludicrous to those who knew him.

After 1912 I saw him several times in London and in Birmingham. I find a letter shortly after I had first met him, sending me his book, another in November speaking of it and some work of my own, and "feeling much excited" about the new repertory work in Birmingham. Nothing more till March, 1913, when he writes twice arranging to come for the night and asking for precise directions as to where he shall sit and how dressed in the theatre. We sat up most of the night talking. In May he sends me a play and says he is just off to America for some months. Then in the summer of 1914 he was back again, and we met in London after a vehement letter bidding me to a festivity in any clothes, which is to be immense fun, and if I haven't a bed he can find me a couch. Also he means to stay with us again in Birmingham next week, but he will have been to the dentist and will not be fit company for human beings. But he came, and I remember we exhausted the complete theory of drama in a tea-shop, went to a Promenade concert afterwards, and again talked till morning. Also he arranged to take Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Gibson and myself in a motor car to some quiet place where we could discuss *New Numbers* which was now being published. A few days later the project is written off as "I can't get the car that week. My Mother demands it on some nefarious political business. We must work out something for later." The letter ends with a charming message to my wife who has been, he sees, "infinitely victorious" in some tennis undertaking.

The something for later was never worked out. In the last week of July we lunched twice together in a Soho restaurant. War was threatening. If it broke, he must go; I think it was said in so many words; it certainly was clear. He was still eager about his new fellowship work at Cambridge, but, as one feels now, there was already in the eagerness the note of foreboding, calm indeed and wholly contented, that seemed to touch all his words thereafter till the end. I heard of him from time to time, then came a long and graphic letter after the fall of Antwerp, at

which he was present with the Royal Naval Division. "There was some affair at Antwerp, I remember . . . a burning city, the din of cannonade, a shattered railway-station, my sailors bivouacking in the gardens of a deserted chateau, refugees coming out of the darkness. . . ." Then, "not a bad time and place to die, Belgium 1915." We met once again. He was on sick leave, and I saw him for an hour in London. He talked of his new sonnets, just written, of Antwerp, of the boredom of training, the great fellowship that comes in fighting. He expected to be in England for some weeks, and it was arranged that I should spend a day or two with him at Blandford. But he went to the Dardanelles almost at once. On April the twenty-third I was in London. The news that came on that day was the most terrible that I have yet known.

THE LAWS OF THE REFORM

The principles of the Laws of the Reform were really initiated in the early thirties of last century by one of the most daring thinkers of Mexico, Gómez Farías.

The fundamental principles of these laws consisted in the separation of the Church and State, and religious tolerance. It will be remembered that the plan of Iguala proclaimed by Iturbide, February 24th, 1821, in the first lines:

"I. The establishment of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Religion as the national religion without toleration from any other" and that the Constitution which was adopted in Jan. 1824 read as follows, in the third article:

"The religion of the Mexican nation is and will perpetually be the Roman Catholic Apostolic. The nation will protect it by wise and just laws, and prohibit the exercise of any other whatever."

By reading even casually the history of Mexico one will discover that religious intolerance did not originate with the Jews and Protestants, but was essentially and fundamentally the policy of the Catholic Church in Mexico.

Benito Juárez continued and carried into effect the principles initiated by Gómez Farías, through the war of the Reform which conquered and eliminated the Catholic Church as a political factor in Mexico and the Laws of the Reform were then enacted and legalized by Congress and have become part of the Constitution.

The laws which are published herewith are only those relating to the religious question.

Note by Translator.

Law of July 21st, 1859.

Ministry of Justice, Ecclesiastical Business and Public Instruction.
Most Excellent Sir: His Excellency, the provisional and constitutional President of the Republic, has ordered published the following decree:

The citizen Benito Juárez, constitutional President ad in-

terim of the United States of Mexico, to all its inhabitants, with the unanimous approval of the Cabinet—

CONSIDERING:

That the principal purpose of the clericals who began and continued this war was to escape obedience to the civil authorities; that when the civil authorities offered to improve the income of the clergy it refused, though it was to its advantage, so as not to admit a power greater than itself; that when the civil authorities put into execution the order of the clergy on the subject of parochial taxes, thereby removing the odium caused by the manner of collection of these taxes, the clergy preferred to appear to lose before bowing to any law;

That the law on the subject proves the clergy can maintain itself in Mexico as in other countries, without the civil law collecting payments or taxes from the faithful;

That if at other times there may have been some doubt that the clergy was a constant hindrance to the establishment of peace, at present all have to acknowledge that it is in open rebellion against the sovereign power;

That the clergy having squandered the funds intrusted to it by the faithful for holy purposes, diverting them to the general destruction, sustaining and aggravating every day the fratricidal struggle which was begun by the rebellion against legitimate authority and denying the republic the right to constitute a government of its convenience;

That all efforts to the present time to stop this war which is ruining the republic having proved fruitless, to leave in the hands of the sworn enemy of the republic any longer the resources which it has misused so grievously would be equal to becoming its accomplice; and

That it is an imperious duty to put into execution all the measures which might save the situation and society, I hereby decree the following:

Art. 1. All the wealth which the secular and regular clergy have administered under various titles, whether in the form of landed property, taxes or capital, or in whatever name or form it may have been held, shall become the possession of the nation.

Art. 2. A special law will determine the manner and form of entry of the above-mentioned wealth into the treasury of the nation.

Art. 3. There shall be perfect independence between the affairs of the State and the affairs purely ecclesiastical. The government will limit itself to protecting with its authority the public worship of the Catholic religion and any other religion.

Art. 4. The ministers of the faith for the administration of the sacraments and other religious functions will be permitted to accept gifts and oblations offered in return for services rendered, but neither gifts nor indemnities shall be rendered in the form of real estate.

Art. 5. The existent religious orders, irrespective of denomination or for what purpose created, and all archconfraternities, confraternities and brotherhoods connected with the religious communities and the cathedrals, parishes or any churches, shall be suppressed throughout the entire republic.

Art. 6. The foundation and erection of new convents or religious orders of archconfraternities, confraternities or brotherhoods of whatever form or appellation is prohibited. Likewise the wearing of the garb of the suppressed orders is forbidden.

Art. 7. As this law reduces the regular clergy of the suppressed order to the secular clergy, they will be subject as such to the respective ordinary ecclesiastics in religious matters.

Art. 8. To each of the regular ecclesiastics of the suppressed orders who shall obey the law, the government will give five hundred pesos in one payment. To the regular ecclesiastics who are incapacitated in their duties by sickness or old age will be given three thousand pesos in addition to the five hundred pesos, so invested in property that they may competently provide for themselves, and they may dispose of both sums as freely as if the money were their own.

Art. 9. The members of the suppressed orders shall be permitted to remove from the convent to their homes furniture and other appurtenances which they had for their personal use.

Art. 10. The images, embroideries, copes, and sacred vessels of the suppressed regular churches shall be delivered to the Bishop of the Diocese for formal inventory.

Art. 11. The Governor of the District and the Governors of the States shall designate, at the command of the M. R. Bishop and the R. Bishop of the dioceses, the temples of the suppressed regulars which shall be used for religious services, first carefully explaining their necessity and utility.

Art. 12. The books, manuscripts, paintings and antiques, and other objects belonging to the suppressed religious communities shall be turned over to the museums, public schools, libraries and other public institutions.

Art. 13. The regular ecclesiastics of the suppressed orders who continue to wear the ecclesiastical robe or continue to live in communities fifteen days following the publication of this law in the entire republic will forfeit their share as mentioned in Article 8, and if they continue to live in communities after the expiration of the fifteen days they shall be expelled from the republic immediately.

Art. 14. The convents of the nuns at present in existence shall remain, observing the private regulations of their cloister. These convents which were subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of some of the suppressed regulars shall be under that of the bishop of the diocese.

Art. 15. Every nun upon leaving her convent shall receive the sum which was given at her entrance to the convent as dowry, whether given as donation, paraphernalia or religious endowment. The sister of mercy who brought nothing to her convent shall receive a sum of five hundred pesos on the act of leaving the convent. They shall dispose of the dowry or pension as freely as if it were their own property.

Art. 16. The political and judicial authorities of the place shall offer all possible assistance to outgoing nuns in making effective the payment of the dowry or the sum mentioned in the above article.

Art. 17. Each nun shall keep the capital which in the form of dowry may have gone to the convent. This capital will be secured to her in landed property or real estate by means of official documents issued to her personally.

Art. 18. To each of the convents of nuns there will be left a capital which with its proceeds will be sufficient to cover the

repairs to their buildings and the expenses of their feasts of their respective patrons, the expenses of Christmas, Holy Week, Corpus Christi, Resurrection, All Saints and other expenses. The superiors and chaplains of the respective convents shall give the estimate for these expenses which will be presented to the Governor of the District and to the Governors of the respective States for their revision and approval within fifteen days after the publication of this law.

Art. 19. All the wealth remaining in the convents shall be turned over to the general treasury of the nation in accordance with Article 1 of this law.

Art. 20. The nuns who remain cloistered may dispose of their respective dowries, bequeathing them freely according to law. In case they do not leave a will or they have no kin to receive the inheritance, then the dowry shall be turned into the public treasury.

Art. 21. All the convents for nuns will be closed forever to the novitiates. The present novices will not be permitted to take their vows and upon leaving the novitiate they shall receive what they brought to the convent.

Art. 22. All transfers of wealth mentioned in this law, by any individual of the clergy or any other person who has not received authorization from the constitutional government, shall be null and void. The buyer, whether a native or a foreigner, shall be obliged to return whatever was bought or its value, and further, shall be fined five per cent. on the value. The notary authorizing the contract shall be deposed and forever debarred from public service and the witnesses shall suffer the penalty of from one to four years in the penitentiary.

Art. 23. All those who directly or indirectly oppose or in any manner prevent the fulfilment of this law shall be expelled from the republic or turned over to the judicial authorities according to the decision of the government regarding the gravity of the offence. In the latter case they will be judged and punished as conspirators and there shall be no appeal from the sentence which will be pronounced against these criminals by the competent court.

Art. 24. All the penalties which this law imposes shall be

made effective by the judicial authorities of the nation or by the political authorities of the State, who shall communicate immediately with the general government.

Art. 25. The Governor of the District and the Governors of the State shall, in their turn, confer with the government regarding the method they will find convenient for the fulfilment of this law.

In the meantime I shall order it printed, published and circulated.

Given in the government Palace in Vera Cruz, July 12, 1859.

BENITO JUAREZ. Melchior Ocampo, President of the Cabinet, Minister of the Interior in charge of Foreign Relations, and of War and of Navy. Lic. Manuel Ruiz, Minister of Justice, Ecclesiastical Business and Public Instruction.—Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, Minister of Finances and in charge of Fomento.

I communicate to Your Excellency for your information and fulfilment.

Palace of the General Government in Vera Cruz, July 12, 1859. Ruiz, Most Excellent Governor of the State of

LAW

of the 25th of September, 1873, on Additions and Amendments to the Constitution.

Office of the Secretary of State,
Department of the Interior,
Section I.

The citizen president of the republic has directed the following decree:

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA, Constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, to all its inhabitants—

KNOW YE:

That the Congress of the Union has decreed the following:
The Congress of the United States of Mexico, in the exercise

of the authority conceded by article 127 of the political constitution promulgated February 12th, 1857, and in accordance with the approval of the majority of the Legislatures of the Republic, declares:

Art. 1. The State and the Church are independent of each other. Congress cannot dictate laws establishing or prohibiting any religions.

Art. 2. Matrimony is a civil contract. This and other acts pertaining to the civil state of persons are under the exclusive jurisdiction of the civil authorities in manner provided by the laws, which will have the force and validity attributed to them.

Art. 3. No religious institutions may acquire real estate or capital invested in real estate with the sole exception established by Article 27 of the Constitution.

Art. 4. The simple promise to tell the truth and to fulfil contracted obligations shall replace the religious oath with its effect and penalties.

Art. 5. No one shall be compelled to lend his personal services without a fair compensation or without his full consent. The State cannot admit the validity of any contract, pact or agreement by virtue of which a man loses or irrevocably sacrifices his liberty, whether by reason of work, education or religious vows. The law, consequently, does not recognize monastic orders, nor can it permit their establishment, whatever their denomination or the object for which they claim to be formed.

Transitory.

The foregoing additions and amendments to the Constitution shall be published at once with greatest solemnity in the entire Republic.

Palace of the Congress of the Union, Mexico,
September 25th, 1873.

Meanwhile I order that they shall be printed, published, circulated and obeyed.

In the National Palace of Mexico, September 25th, 1873.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA. To the citizen, Lic. Cayetano Gomez y Perez, in charge of the Ministry of the Interior.

I communicate to you for your information and its consequent effects.

Independence and Liberty, Mexico, September 25th, 1873.

Cayetano Gomez y Perez—Chief Clerk

Citizen Governor of the State of

LAWS OF THE REFORM

Law of December 14th, 1874.

Office of the State and Interior. First Section.

The citizen president of the Republic has directed that the following decree be published.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA, *Constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, to its inhabitants,—*

KNOW YE:

That the Congress of the Union has decreed the following:
The Congress of the Union decrees:

FIRST SECTION.

Art. 1. FIRST SECTION.

THE STATE AND THE CHURCH ARE INDEPENDENT OF EACH OTHER.—

No one will be empowered to dictate laws establishing or prohibiting any religion; but the State exercises authority over them, in relation to the conservation of public order and the respect of its institutions.

Art. 2. THE STATE IN THE REPUBLIC GUARANTEES THE EXERCISE OF ALL CULTS.—

It will prosecute and punish only those practices and acts,

authorized by some cult, which may be in violation of our penal laws.

Art. 3. NO AUTHORITY OR CORPORATION OR ORGANIZED BODY OF SOLDIERS CAN CONCUR OFFICIALLY TO THE ACTS OF ANY CULT; NEITHER UNDER THE PRETEXT OF RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITIES WILL THEY BE PERMITTED TO MAKE ANY DEMONSTRATIONS OR CELEBRATIONS.—

Therefore no holidays are authorized except those which have as their object the solemnization of purely civil events. The Sundays are designated as days of rest for the offices and public establishments.

Art. 4. Religious instruction and the official practices of whatsoever cult, are forbidden in all the buildings of the federation of the States and the municipalities. The principle of morality will be taught by those competent and empowered to do so, without reference to any cult. The infraction of this rule will be punished by a government fine of twenty-five to two hundred pesos, in addition to the dismissal of the guilty parties in case of a repetition of the offence. Persons who live in public buildings can, if they so desire, meet in the temple of their faith and receive in the same establishment, in cases of extreme urgency, the spiritual assistance of the religion they profess. In the respective regulations, the manner of carrying out this authorization without prejudice to the object of the establishment and without infraction of Article 3 will be fixed.

Art. 5. NO RELIGIOUS ACT MAY TAKE PLACE IN PUBLIC. IT MUST BE PERFORMED WITHIN THE TEMPLES ONLY—under penalty of stopping the act and punishing its authors by a government fine of ten to two hundred pesos or imprisonment from ten to fifteen days. Should the act be of a solemn character, or for any other reason, the persons attending it will not obey the suggestion of the authorities to desist, will be imprisoned and turned over to the judicial authorities and become liable to imprisonment for two to six months.

No individual of either sex, nor members of cults may wear

distinctive or characteristic robes outside of the temples, under penalty of eighteen to two hundred pesos.

Art. 6. THE RINGING OF BELLS WILL BE LIMITED TO THE STRICT PERFORMANCE OF RELIGIOUS ACTS.—The police shall direct regulations which shall not cause inconvenience to the public.

Art. 7. For a temple to enjoy the privileges as such in the whole republic, according to Article 969 and the penal code of the district, its existence and installation must be communicated to the political authorities of the locality which, making note of it, will advise the Government of the State which in its turn will advise the Ministry of the Interior.

Art. 8. Legacies and the establishment of estates in favor of members of any cult or persons who lived with such members who have given any manner of spiritual help to the testators during the sickness from which they died, or who have been confessors of the same, are null and void.

Art. 9. Equally null and void is the establishment of estates or legacies which even though they have been made ostensibly in favor of those legally qualified are in direct contravention of the law and intended to circumvent Section III of Article 15.

Art. 10. The ministers of the cults cannot enjoy any privileges from other citizens which, by reason of their character, shall place them above the law, and are not subject to any more interdictions than those of this law and according to the constitution.

Art. 11. THE SPEECHES OF MINISTERS OF THE CULT ADVISING DISOBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS OR PROVOKING MISDEMEANOR OR FELONY RENDER THE ASSEMBLY WHEREIN SUCH WORDS ARE SPOKEN UNLAWFUL AND THEREFORE SUCH ASSEMBLY LOSES THE GUARANTEES UNDER ARTICLE 9 OF THE CONSTITUTION.—The author of the address or speech will be subject to the laws of the Third Book, Section Six, Chapter Eight of the Penal Code, which is in force in the whole Republic. Crimes committed by instigation or suggestion of a minister of any cults as referred to in the present article constitute such person a principal accessory to the fact.

Art. 12. All reunions which take place in temples shall be public, subject to the vigilance of the police, who can exercise the functions of their office when the case demands.

Art. 13. Religious institutions are free to organize hierarchically if they desire, but such organizations have no legal status as regards the State except to give character to the superiors in each locality according to Article 15. No minister of any cult can, therefore, present himself officially to the authorities under such character or title. He can do so in the form and according to the right of petition exercised by every citizen.

SECOND SECTION.

Art. 14. NO RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION MAY ACQUIRE REAL ESTATE OR CAPITAL INVESTED IN REAL ESTATE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE TEMPLES TO BE USED SOLELY FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICE OF THE CULT OR THE BUILDINGS WHICH MAY BE STRICTLY NECESSARY FOR SUCH SERVICE.

Art. 15. The religious associations as represented by their superiors in each locality are allowed the following:

I. The right of petition.

II. The right of acquisition of the temples, according to the above article, which shall be ruled by the laws of the State, when the association has been suppressed or the property abandoned.

III. To receive gifts or charities other than real estate, titles, bonds, notes, estates, legacies, donations or other gifts of like character which are null and void.

IV. The right to receive alms in the temples by means of collectors regularly appointed according to Article 415 of the Penal Code of the district, which article shall be enforced in the whole Republic.

V. The right assigned in the following article:—

“Beyond the rights mentioned, the law does not accord any other to the religious societies in their character as corporations.”

Art. 16. The temples which according to the law of July

12th, 1859, were nationalized and which have been left to the Catholic cult, as well as others which later may have been ceded to any other religious institutions, shall continue to belong to the nation, but its exclusive use, conservation and improvement will belong to the religious institutions to whom they may have been ceded so long as the consolidation of the property shall not have been decreed.

Art. 17. The buildings spoken of in the two previous articles shall be exempt from the payment of taxes, except in case they should be constructed or acquired nominally or outright by one or more individuals without transferring them to a religious society. The property in such case shall be governed according to the laws.

Art. 18. The buildings which do not belong to private individuals and which according to this section and the following one shall be acquired by the nation shall be transferred according to law.

THIRD SECTION.

Art. 19. THE STATE DOES NOT RECOGNIZE ANY MONASTIC ORDER NOR CAN IT PERMIT THEIR ESTABLISHMENT, NO MATTER WHAT THE DENOMINATION OR OBJECT UNDER WHICH THEY MAY HAVE BEEN CREATED.—The Secret orders which have been established shall be considered as illegal and the authorities can dissolve them should their members live in communities; and in any case, their chiefs, superiors or directors will be judged as guilty of an infraction of individual guarantees, in conformity to Article 963 of the Penal Code of the district, to be enforced in the whole Republic.

Art. 20. ALL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES WHOSE INDIVIDUALS LIVE UNDER CERTAIN PECULIAR LAWS BY VIRTUE OF PROMISES OR TEMPORARY OR PERPETUAL VOWS SUBJECT TO ONE OR MORE SUPERIORS, EVEN WHEN THESE INDIVIDUALS OF THE ORDERS SHALL LIVE IN DIFFERENT PLACES, SHALL BE CONSIDERED MONASTIC ORDERS IN CONFORM-

ITY WITH THE FOREGOING ARTICLE.—Therefore the first declarations relative to the circular of the Minister of the Interior, of May 28, 1861, shall be without effect.

FOURTH SECTION.

Art. 21. THE SIMPLE PROMISE TO TELL THE TRUTH AND TO FULFIL ONE'S OBLIGATIONS SHALL SUBSTITUTE THE RELIGIOUS OATH IN ITS EFFECT AND PENALTIES,—but one and the other are legal requisites when it is necessary to testify in a court, in which case the first and second shall be offered. When taking possession of an official position, formal oath will be made to obey and preserve the political constitution of the United States of Mexico, with its additions, amendments and its laws, without reservation. This oath shall be taken by all those who take charge of a public office of the federation of the States or of the municipalities. In other cases, when by reason of the law the oath might produce some legal consequences, the simple promise would not do so.

FIFTH SECTION.

Art. 22. Marriage is a civil contract, and that as well as other acts which fix the civil status of individuals belong to the civil jurisdiction according to the laws.

Art. 23. It is the duty of the States to legislate on the civil status of an individual and to decide the manner or acts relative to performance and registration, but its regulations shall be subject to the following rules:

I. The offices of the Civil Register shall be as numerous as may be necessary to fulfil all requirements and will always be in charge of employees of proved ability and reputation.

II. The acts of the Civil State shall be entered accurately in separate entries in books which shall be under the inspection of the political authorities. The record will be made with all necessary formalities to insure its authenticity and the veracity of the acts. No erasures, corrections or additions between the

lines shall be allowed. In case of error, the word "rejected" shall be inscribed before signing the erroneous entry and the record continued correctly.

III. The services of the Civil State shall be free to the public with the exception of tariffs, which will be established only for the collection of duties for those acts which may be done in the Office of the Register but which at the demand of the interested parties and for the accommodation of witnesses of acts, are done at their houses, and for burial in privileged places.

IV. The offices of the Public Register shall maintain a copy of their books without interruption between records. Semi-annually this copy, attested at the bottom, with a record of the contents, signed at the margin, shall be sent to the archives of the Government of the State. Further, in like manner notice of the acts registered in each month shall be remitted.

V. All the acts of the Civil Register shall be of public character and inspection of the records shall be denied to none.

VI. The records of the Register shall be the only proof of the civil status of individuals and shall be considered legal in the Courts unless they can be proved to be forgeries.

VII. Civil marriage can only be contracted by one man with one woman. Bigamy and polygamy are crimes punishable by law.

VIII. The will of the contracting parties shall be expressed in the form established by law and constitutes the essence of civil marriage; consequently the laws shall protect the emanation of such will or prevent any action against it.

IX. Civil marriage can be dissolved only by the death of either of the contracting parties but the law may admit temporary separation for serious reasons which shall be determined by the Legislature, but the contracting parties may not unite with other persons by reason of such separation.

X. Marriage cannot be contracted by persons who for physical reasons cannot fulfil the object of marriage or by those who by reason of moral incapacity cannot express their consent to it. A marriage performed in such cases may be annulled by petition of one of the parties thereto.

XI. Blood relationship or affinity between descendants or

ancestors in direct line or brothers or stepbrothers shall also prevent marriage, and marriages contracted in such cases shall be null and void.

XII. All cases regarding the validity or nullity of marriage, divorce or matters pertaining thereto shall be prosecuted in the Courts according to law without legal consequences by reason of the action of members of the cult as to these matters.

XIII. The law shall not impose or prescribe religious rites in respect to marriage. Likewise, married couples are free to receive the blessings of the ministers of the cult, without legal consequences.

XIV. All cemeteries and places of burial shall be under the immediate inspection of the civil authorities even where they are private enterprises. No establishment of this kind can be founded without a license from the authorities. Burials or exhumations cannot be carried on without permission or written orders of the authorities.

Art. 24. The Civil status of a person in one State or District shall be recognized in all the other States or Districts of the Republic.

SECTION SIX.

Art. 25. No one shall be compelled to render personal services without fair compensation and without his full consent. The lack of consent even with compensation constitutes an attack to the guarantee in the same manner as the lack of compensation where consent has been given or was obtained.

Art. 26. The State cannot admit the validity of any contract, pact or agreement, by virtue of which a man loses or irrevocably sacrifices his liberty, whether by reason of work, education or religious vows, nor can it authorize pacts by which a man agrees to his proscription or exile. All contracts made in contravention of this Article shall be null and void and those who accept them shall be required to indemnify the losses and injuries caused.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Art. 27. The political authorities of the State have power to impose sentences according to law. These same authorities shall be liable to the Governor of the State for double these penalties should they authorize or knowingly tolerate any infringement of the laws. The governors of the States are responsible in their turn, for infraction of the present law or for the neglect to enforce the same by the authorities and officials subject to them.

Art. 28. The Courts of the Federation shall have jurisdiction over crimes against Sections I, II, III and VI of the law which have the character of federal laws, but the judges of the States shall try them in all parts which do not clash with the jurisdiction of the District and send them to the Judge of the District for sentence. Trials for crimes against Sections IV and V will be held according to the common law of each locality.

Art. 29. Condensed in these are the Laws of the Reform which will continue to be observed as to the Civil Register. Those in conformity to Section 5 will be issued by the State. Likewise the Laws which refer to the transfer and nationalization of ecclesiastical property and payment of dowries to ex-nuns with the modification introduced in Article 8 of the law of June 25th, 1856.

Palace of the Legislative Power, December 10, 1874,

Nicholas Lemus, Deputy President,

Antonio Gomez, Deputy Secretary,

L. Luis G. Alvirez, Deputy Secretary,

J. V. Villada, Deputy Secretary,

Alejandro Prieto, Deputy Secretary.

Meanwhile I order these to be printed, published, circulated and obeyed.

Given in the Palace of the National Government of Mexico
December 14th, 1874.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA.

WHOSE DOG—?

FRANCES GREGG

HEY—there's ladies here, move on—you!" The tone was authoritative and old John, the village drunkard, crouched away.

"I warn't doin' nothin'," he clutched feebly at the loose hanging rags that clothed him, "only wanted to see same's them. Guess this pier's big enough to hold us all."

"Halloo, John, have a drink?" A grinning boy held a can of salt water toward him.

The quick maudlin tears sprang to the old man's eyes. "Little fellers," he muttered, "little fellers, they oughtn't ter act that way."

"Give him a new necktie, he's gotta go to dinner with the Lodge." A handful of dank sea-weed writhed around the old man's neck. "That's a turtle, that is," the boy went on, the need for imparting information justifying his lapse from ragging the drunkard. "There—swimming round—it's tied to that stake. You orter've seen it at low tide when it was on the beach. It weighs ninety pounds."

"I seen a turtle onct," the drunkard quavered. "It was bigger'n that. En they tied it to a stake—en it swam round—en it swam round——" his sodden brain clutched for something more to say, some marvel with which to hold the interest of the gathered boys. It was good to talk. If only they would let him talk to them. If only they would let him sit on the store porch and smoke and gossip. He wouldn't be the town disgrace——

"Well—go on—what'd't do?"

"Hey you!"—the boys were interrupted by the authoritative voice—"I told you to move on, didn't I—now if I tell you again I'll run you in. D'yer hear? What you boys let that old bum hang around you for anyway. What's he doin' here?"

"Aw, he's fun. He warn't doin' nothin'. He was just

awatchin' it swim. It's tied to that post. It don't come up no more."

"Watchin' it swim, eh, was he? A'right. Whose dog is it?" The officer turned and sauntered away.

Sudden horror seized the old man. The liquor seemed drained out of his veins: his brain worked almost quickly. "Whose dog—whose dog? Say!" he darted after the retreating boys. "Say—that ain't no dog—is it—no *dog*? Tied up like that to drown—say——"

"Aw—keep off—I told you onct—it's a turtle for the Lodge dinner." The boy shook himself free.

The old man stood a moment, shaken. His pulpy brain worked dimly toward the conception of the pain that was consuming him. "Whose dog——" that man had asked—and he hadn't meant to help it—"whose dog!" They could do it—tie up a dog to drown in sight of people—like that—cruel. He saw the policeman coming toward him again. In a sudden frenzy he clutched his tattered garments about him and began to run, to run toward the end of the pier.

The boys raced after him. "What yer gonter do?" they shouted. "What yer gonter do?"

The old man turned and looked at them a moment with twitching features. "I'm gonter die," he said.

"Come on, you fellers—come on—the drunk's gonter dive—come on—he's cryin'!"

There was a splash. A surge of green filth and mud spread and dyed the water. A row of expectant heads leaned over the rail. "Say—he ain't come up." They waited.

The policeman strolled leisurely down in response to their repeated cries. "*Who* ain't come up? What, him—the drunk?" The officer leaned lethargically over the rail. "What'm I gonter do? Why, leave'm. He ain't got no folks gonter sit up nights waitin' fer'm. Now you young ones go along home to your suppers," he indulgently commanded, "and you little fellers, if you want crabs, be 'round here early. By to-morrow this place will be fairly swarmin' with them."

THE FREE VACATION HOUSE

ANZIA YEZIERSKA

HOW came it that I went to the free vacation house was like this:

One day the visiting teacher from the school comes to find out for why don't I get the children ready for school in time; for why are they so often late.

I let out on her my whole bitter heart. I told her my head was on wheels from worrying. When I get up in the morning, I don't know on what to turn first: should I nurse the baby, or make Sam's breakfast, or attend on the older children. I only got two hands.

"My dear woman," she says, "you are about to have a nervous breakdown. You need to get away to the country for a rest and vacation."

"Gott in Himmel!" says I. "Don't I know I need a rest? But how? On what money can I go to the country?"

"I know of a nice country place for mothers and children that will not cost you anything. It is free."

"Free! I never heard from it."

"Some kind people have made arrangements so no one need pay," she explains.

Later, in a few days, I just finished up with Masha and Mendel and Frieda and Sonya to send them to school, and I was getting Aby ready for kindergarten, when I hear a knock on the door, and a lady comes in. She had a white starched dress like a nurse and carried a black satchel in her hand.

"I am from the Social Betterment Society," she tells me. "You want to go to the country?"

Before I could say something, she goes over to the baby and pulls out the rubber nipple from her mouth, and to me, she says, "You must not get the child used to sucking this; it is very unsanitary."

"Gott in Himmel!" I beg the lady. "Please don't begin with that child, or she'll holler my head off. She must have the nipple. I'm too nervous to hear her scream like that."

When I put the nipple back again in the baby's mouth, the lady takes herself a seat, and then takes out a big black book from her satchel. Then she begins to question me. What is my first name? How old I am? From where come I? How long I'm already in this country? Do I keep any boarders? What is my husband's first name? How old he is? How long he is in this country? By what trade he works? How much wages he gets for a week? How much money do I spend out for rent? How old are the children, and everything about them.

"My goodness!" I cry out. "For why is it necessary all this to know? For why must I tell you all my business? What difference does it make already if I keep boarders, or I don't keep boarders? If Masha had the whooping cough or Sonya had the measles? Or whether I spend out for my rent ten dollars or twenty? Or whether I come from Schnipishock or Kovner Gubernie?"

"We must make a record of all the applicants, and investigate each case," she tells me. "There are so many who apply to the charities, we can help only those who are most worthy."

"Charities!" I scream out. "Ain't the charities those who help the beggars out? I ain't no beggar. I'm not asking for no charity. My husband, he works."

"Miss Holcomb, the visiting teacher, said that you wanted to go to the country, and I had to make out this report before investigating your case."

"Oh! oh!" I choke and bite my lips. "Is the free country from which Miss Holcolmb told me, is it from the charities? She was telling me some kind people made arrangements for any mother what needs to go there."

"If your application is approved, you will be notified," she says to me, and out she goes.

When she is gone, I think to myself, I'd better knock out from my head this idea about the country. For so long I lived, I didn't know nothing about the charities. For why should I come down among the beggars now?

Then I looked around me in the kitchen. On one side was the big wash-tub with clothes, waiting for me to wash. On the table was a pile of breakfast dishes yet. In the sink was the

potatoes, waiting to be peeled. The baby was beginning to cry for the bottle. Aby was hollering and pulling me to take him to kindergarten. I felt if I didn't get away from here for a little while, I would land in a crazy house, or from the window jump down. Which was worser, to land in a crazy house, jump from the window down, or go to the country from the charities?

In about two weeks later, around comes the same lady with the satchel again in my house.

"You can go to the country to-morrow," she tells me. "And you must come to the charity building to-morrow at nine o'clock sharp. Here is a card with the address. Don't lose it, because you must hand it to the lady in the office."

I look on the card, and there I see my name wrote; and by it, in big printed letters, that word "CHARITY."

"Must I go to the charity office?" I ask, feeling my heart to sink. "For why must I come there?"

"It is the rule that everybody comes to the office first, and from there they are taken to the country."

I shivered to think how I would feel, suppose somebody from my friends should see me walking into the charity office with my children. They wouldn't know that it is only for the country I go there. They might think I go to beg. Have I come down so low as to be seen by the charities? But what's the use? Should I knock my head on the walls? I had to go.

When I come to the office, I already found a crowd of women and children sitting on long benches and waiting. I took myself a seat with them, and we were sitting and sitting and looking on one another, side-ways and cross-wise, and with lowered eyes, like guilty criminals. Each one felt like hiding herself from all the rest. Each one felt black with shame in the face.

We may have been sitting and waiting for an hour or more. But every second was seeming years to me. The children began to get restless. Mendel wanted water. The baby on my arms was falling asleep. Aby was crying for something to eat. "For why are we sittin' here like fat cats?" says the woman next to me. "Ain't we going to the country to-day yet?"

At last a lady comes to the desk and begins calling us our names, one by one. I nearly dropped to the floor when over she

begins to ask: Do you keep boarders? How much do you spend out for rent? How much wages does your man get for a week?

Didn't the nurse tell them all about us already? It was bitter enough to have to tell the nurse everything, but in my own house nobody was hearing my troubles, only the nurse. But in the office there was so many strangers all around me. For why should everybody have to know my business? At every question I wanted to holler out, "Stop! Stop! I don't want no vacations! I'll better run home with my children." At every question, I felt like she was stabbing a knife into my heart. And she kept on stabbing me more and more, but I could not help it, and they were all looking at me. I couldn't move from her. I had to answer everything.

When she got through with me, my face was red like fire. I was burning with hurts and wounds. I felt like everything was bleeding in me.

When all the names was already called, a man doctor with a nurse comes in, and tells us to form a line, to be examined. I wish I could ease out my heart a little, and tell in words how that doctor looked on us, just because we were poor and had no money to pay. He only used the ends from his finger tips to examine us with. From the way he was afraid to touch us or come near us, he made us feel like we had some catching sickness that he was trying not to get on him.

The doctor got finished with us in about five minutes, so quick he worked. Then we was told to walk after the nurse, who was leading the way for us through the street to the car. Everybody what passed us in the street, turned around to look on us. I kept down my eyes and held down my head and I felt like sinking into the sidewalk. All the time I was trembling for fear somebody what knows me might yet pass and see me. For why did they make us walk through the street, after the nurse, like stupid cows? Weren't all of us smart enough to find our way without the nurse? Why should the whole world have to see that we are from the charities?

When we got into the train, I opened my eyes, and lifted up my head, and straightened out my chest, and again began to breathe. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day. I knocked open the

window from the train, and the fresh-smelling country air rushed upon my face and made me feel so fine! I looked out from the window and instead of seeing the iron fire-escapes with garbage cans and bed-clothes, that I always seen when from my flat I looked—instead of seeing only walls and wash lines between walls, I saw the blue sky, and green grass and trees and flowers.

Ah, how grand I felt, just on the sky to look! Ah, how grand I felt just to see the green grass—and the free space—and no houses!

“Get away from me, my troubles!” I said. “Leave me rest a minute. Leave me breathe and straighten out my bones. Forget the unpaid butcher’s bill. Forget the rent. Forget the wash-tub and the cook-stove and the pots and pans. Forget the charities!”

“Tickets, please,” calls the train conductor.

I felt knocked out from heaven all at once. I had to point to the nurse what held our tickets, and I was feeling the conductor looking on me as if to say, “Oh, you are only from the charities.”

By the time we came to the vacation house I already forgot all about my knock-down. I was again filled with the beauty of the country. I never in all my life yet seen such a swell house like that vacation house. Like the grandest palace it looked. All round the front, flowers from all colors was smelling out the sweetest perfume. Here and there was shady trees with comfortable chairs under them to sit down on.

When I only came inside, my mouth opened wide and my breathing stopped still from wonder. I never yet seen such an order and such a cleanliness. From all the corners from the room, the cleanliness was shining like a looking-glass. The floor was so white scrubbed you could eat on it. You couldn’t find a speck of dust on nothing, if you was looking for it with eye-glasses on.

I was beginning to feel happy and glad that I come, when, Gott in Himmel! again a lady begins to ask us out the same questions what the nurse already asked me in my home and what was asked over again in the charity office. How much wages my husband makes out for a week? How much money I spend out for rent? Do I keep boarders?

We were hungry enough to faint. So worn out was I from excitement, and from the long ride, that my knees were bending under me ready to break from tiredness. The children were pulling me to pieces, nagging me for a drink, for something to eat and such like. But still we had to stand out the whole list of questionings. When she already got through asking us out everything, she gave to each of us a tag with our name written on it. She told us to tie the tag on our hand. Then like tagged horses at a horse sale in the street, they marched us into the dining-room.

There was rows of long tables, covered with pure white oil-cloth. A vase with bought flowers was standing on the middle from each table. Each person got a clean napkin for himself. Laid out by the side from each person's plate was a silver knife and fork and spoon and teaspoon. When we only sat ourselves down, girls with white starched aprons was passing around the eatings.

I soon forgot again all my troubles. For the first time in ten years, I sat down to a meal what I did not have to cook or worry about. For the first time in ten years, I sat down to the table like a somebody. Ah, how grand it feels, to have handed you over the eatings and everything you need. Just as I was beginning to like it and let myself feel good, in comes a fat lady all in white, with a teacher's look on her face. I could tell already, right away by the way she looked on us, that she was the boss from this place.

"I want to read you the rules from this house, before you leave this room," says she to us.

Then she began like this: We dassn't stand on the front grass where the flowers are. We dassn't stay on the front porch. We dassn't sit on the chairs under the shady trees. We must stay always in the back and sit on those long wooden benches there. We dassn't come in the front sitting-room or walk on the front steps what have carpet on it—we must walk on the back iron steps. Everything on the front from the house must be kept perfect for the show for visitors. We dassn't lay down on the beds in the daytime, the beds must always be made up perfect for the show for visitors.

"Gott in Himmel!" thinks I to myself; "ain't there going to be no end to the things we dassn't do in this place?"

But still she went on. The children over two years dassn't stay around by the mothers. They must stay by the nurse in the play room. By the meal-times, they can see their mothers. The children dassn't run around the house, or tear up flowers or do anything. They dassn't holler or play rough in the play-room. They must always behave and obey the nurse.

We must always listen to the bells. Bell one was for getting up. Bell two, for getting babies' bottles. Bell three, for coming to breakfast. Bell four, for bathing the babies. If we come later, after the ring from the bell, then we'll not get what we need. If the bottle bell rings and we don't come right away for the bottle, then the baby don't get no bottle. If the breakfast bell rings, and we don't come right away down to the breakfast, then there won't be no breakfast for us.

When she got through with reading the rules, I was wondering which side of the house I was to walk on. At every step was some rule what said, don't move here, and don't go there, don't stand there, and don't sit there. If I tried to remember the endless rules, it would only make me dizzy in the head. I was thinking, for why with so many rules, didn't they also have already another rule, about how much air in our lungs to breathe.

On every few days there came to the house swell ladies in automobiles. It was for them that the front from the house had to be always perfect. For them was all the beautiful smelling flowers. For them the front porch, the front sitting-room and the easy stairs with the carpet on it.

Always when the rich ladies came, the fat lady, what was the boss from the vacation-house, showed off to them the front. Then she took them over to the back to look on us, where we was sitting together, on long wooden benches, like prisoners. I was always feeling cheap like dirt, and mad that I had to be there, when they smiled down on us.

"How nice for these poor creatures to have a restful place like this," I heard one lady say.

The next day, I already felt like going back. The children

what had to stay by the nurse in the play-room didn't like it neither.

"Mama," says Mendel to me, "I wisht I was home and out in the street. They don't let us do nothing here. It's worser than school."

"Ain't it a play-room?" asks I. "Don't they let you play?"

"Gee wiss! play-room, they call it! The nurse hollers on us all the time. She don't let us do nothing."

The reason why I stayed out the whole two weeks, is this: I think to myself, so much shame in the face I suffered to come here, let me at least make the best from it already. Let me at least save up for two weeks what I got to spend out for grocery and butcher for my back bills to pay out. And then also think I to myself, if I go back on Monday, I got to do the big washing; on Tuesday waits for me the ironing; on Wednesday, the scrubbing and cleaning, and so goes it on. How bad it is already in this place, it's a change from the very same sameness of what I'm having day in and day out at home. And so I stayed out this vacation to the bitter end.

But at last the day for going out from this prison came. On the way riding back, I kept thinking to myself: "This is such a beautiful vacation house. For why do they make it so hard for us? When a mother needs a vacation, why must they tear the insides out from her first, by making her come down to the charity office? Why drag us from the charity office through the streets? And when we live through the shame of the charities and when we come already to the vacation house, for why do they boss the life out of us with so many rules and bells? For why don't they let us lay down our heads on the bed, when we are tired? For why must we always stick in the back, like dogs what have got to be chained in one spot? If they would let us walk around free, would we bite off something from the front part of the house?"

"If the best part of the house what is comfortable is made up for a show for visitors, why ain't they keeping the whole business for a show for visitors? For why do they have to fool in worn-out mothers, to make them think they'll give them a rest?"

Do they need the worn-out mothers as part of the show? I guess that is it, already."

When I got back in my home, so happy and thankful I was, I could cry from thankfulness. How good it was feeling for me to be able to move around my own house, like I pleased. I was always kicking that my rooms was small and narrow, but now my small rooms seemed to grow so big like the park. I looked out from my window on the fire-escapes, full with bedding and garbage cans, and on the wash lines full with the clothes. All these ugly things was grand in my eyes. Even the high brick walls all around made me feel like a bird what just jumped out from a cage. And I cried out, "Gott sei dank! Gott sei dank!"

HERBERT SPENCER'S "FROM FREEDOM TO BONDAGE"

WITH COMMENTS BY

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER

[As explained in Mr. Truxtun Beale's article on "The State v. the Man in America," in the August number of THE FORUM, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive governmental activity are being reprinted, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among future contributors will be Nicholas Murray Butler; David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Augustus P. Gardner and William Howard Taft.—EDITOR]

MR. GARDNER'S COMMENTS

SOCIALISTS do not agree on the definition of Socialism and Individualists do not agree on the definition of Individualism. The fact is that Socialism is a tendency toward one extreme and Individualism is a tendency toward another extreme. The ultimate limit of Socialism is a State in which private property no longer exists and the State doles out supplies to meet man's daily needs. The ultimate limit of Individualism is a State which interferes with no business enterprise whatsoever, where even the Post Office is privately conducted and where taxes are apportioned not according to a man's means or his ability to bear the burden, but in proportion to what the community pays out for his particular benefit. There are few extreme Socialists in the United States and still fewer extreme Individualists.

Most Socialists believe that the State ought to own all capital and all land. In other words, they wish to supersede a system under which too few people own either capital or land with a system under which nobody at all owns either capital or land. At least, that is what the average Socialist philosopher wishes or thinks that he wishes—I doubt whether the average Socialist

voter has any such desire. I represent in Congress a district which at times has cast a heavy Socialist vote. The City of Haverhill is in my district. For many years, Haverhill regularly elected a Socialist Mayor. Even now, one of her Representatives in the Massachusetts Legislature is a Socialist. It is my deliberate opinion that the average man who votes the Socialist ticket in the district which I represent does so because he thinks that he was left out on the last deal and so he wants a new one. That man is no idealist; but he wants his share and he doesn't think he got it when the shares were being handed around.

If the rank and file of the Socialist party really believed that the future holds in store a successful coöperative State, they would clamor for an authoritative statement as to how that State is going to be managed. For instance, they would insist on knowing whether family life is to be interfered with or whether men and women are to be permitted to have as many children as they wish. They would insist on knowing whether the citizens of the Socialist State are to receive equal remuneration or unequal remuneration and, if the latter, who is to have the delicate job of drawing the line. Are the lazy and vicious and incompetent to receive as much as the energetic and steady and resourceful? If so, what will become of the virtues of energy, steadiness and resourcefulness? If not, what will become of the dream of equality? Is the bachelor to receive as much as the father of a big family? If so, how is the father going to contrive to make a single food allowance suffice for a brood? If not, will the bachelors and the men with small families consent to leave family life unregulated by the State?

Lord Salisbury once said of Socialists, "Where they are precise they are not agreed, and where they are agreed they are not precise." To this John Spargo replies in *Socialism*, "It is when we come to the question of the spirit of the economic organization of the future, the methods of direction and management, that the light fails, and we must grope our way into the 'Great Unknown' with imagination and our sense of justice for guides." But the Socialist State is not the "Great Unknown." The last one hundred years have seen nearly one

hundred Socialist communities come and go, to say nothing of the great experiment of the French nation after the revolution of 1848.

If there is one thing about human nature that these experiments in applied Socialism have proved, it is this:—A man will cheerfully die for his country; but he will cheerfully sweat only for himself and his family. If this lesson had not already been taught us by the failure of all the Socialist communities, it could be learned to-day by studying the contrast between the attitude of the Britisher now mining coal or making ammunition at home and the attitude of that same Britisher when transformed into Private Thomas Atkins in a Flanders trench.

Spencer did not write *From Liberty to Bondage* for the purpose of proving Socialism unworkable or immoral or unjust. Other essays of Spencer are designed for that purpose. This essay as much as says to the working-man, "Let us suppose for the sake of argument that you establish a Socialistic State, you will not like it when you get it because your liberty must necessarily be taken away from you."

In America men and women decide for themselves what their walk in life is to be. Under our Individualist system the ambitious boy sees that the widest choice of careers is open to him. Under Socialism the community, not the individual, must decide which boys are to be trained as farmers, which boys are to be trained as butchers, which boys are to be trained as scavengers, which boys are to be trained to work in factories, and which boys are to be trained for the learned professions and the clerical positions.

Imagine if you can the girls of a community when they reach the age for assignment to their life's tasks. Let us suppose the examinations over, the records all made up and the lists published. One little maid finds she is to be trained for menial service, another finds that she is to be trained to work in a factory, a third finds she is to be trained for the lecture platform. Will those maids upon whom the door of hope has been closed believe that all is for the best in this ideal Socialist world? Will their fathers and their mothers and their sisters and their brothers bow humbly to the great committeemen who made up

the record and prepared the examination? Is all this fanciful? I think not.

Study the history of the hundred or more Socialist communities which have been established to prove that a coöperative commonwealth is workable. Ponder the words of Sidney Webb, most far sighted of English Socialist writers of to-day. He lays it down as a fundamental principle that there must be strict subordination and discipline in the Socialist State and that "no one could or should have the right to ask that he shall be employed at the particular job which suits his particular fancy or taste."

In *From Liberty to Bondage*, Herbert Spencer formulated the doctrine that the growth of the clamor against the world's evils is in direct ratio to their diminution. "A century ago," says Spencer, "when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when inability to take one or two bottles of wine brought contempt, no agitation arose against the vice of drunkenness." Similarly he pointed out that in the days when the treatment of women was worst the consciousness of that ill treatment seems to have been least. If Spencer had been an American he might have pointed out that evolution, not clamor and not legislation, has discontinued the old New England practice of regaling the company with a barrel of rum on the occasion of raising the frame of a church.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since Spencer wrote. Can any honest observer fail to note that in that quarter century natural forces of evolution have still further enthroned weak women and still further dethroned strong wine? Yet even the sympathetic ear drum grows numb as the combat deepens for the complete emancipation of the one and the complete subjection of the other.

The point Spencer makes is that the more it becomes evident that the lot of the working man is being ameliorated and that one problem after another is being solved by natural forces, the more insistent becomes the Socialist demand that the whole structure of society shall be torn down and an entirely different one substituted in its place. "As fast as natural causes are shown to be

powerful there grows up the belief that they are powerless," to quote the words of this essay.

If Spencer were alive to-day he could not fail to note another phenomenon quite as paradoxical. In this day and generation, when men more than ever before are impatient of restraint, the demand has amazingly increased for a social system which of necessity must curtail their liberty.

Let us consider a few of the many practical experiments in Socialism which have been made in the last one hundred years. Let us see whether such little success as any of them temporarily attained was or was not purchased at the price of liberty.

To impeach successfully the motives or the sincerity of the founders of Socialist communities and the leaders of Socialism is neither profitable nor easy. Men have shown themselves willing to live and die for Socialism. Men have been willing to ruin themselves for Socialism. But then it is well to remember that there have been few creeds so pagan or so mad that they have failed to attract fanatics ready to throw away life and property as lightly as a maiden throws away a withered rose. Socialism is not the only Juggernaut under whose wheels the faithful have gladly prostrated themselves.

Probably this world never saw a more sincere or self-sacrificing man than William Lane, the Australian who organized the most scientific Socialist community of recent years. The pen with which Herbert Spencer wrote of the "bondage" of Socialism was scarcely dry ere Lane began his preparations for the great experiment destined to prove Spencer right. "New Australia" was the name given to the bountiful tract of land which the Government of Paraguay set aside as a grant for the sturdy Australians who followed William Lane.

Never was a Socialist community founded with a brighter chance of success. At the head a shrewd and honest enthusiast. For the rank and file, a body of colonists of whom the British Foreign Office Report said in 1895 that they were "as fine a set of men and women as it was possible to collect anywhere." Said the Sydney (New South Wales) *Daily Telegraph*: "There is no denying the fact that the New Australia movement is calling

from the ranks of Australian labor many of its best and most worthy representatives." A grant from the Paraguayan Government of 350,000 acres which the examiner for the British Legation in Buenos Aires in an official report described as in his opinion "the best land in Paraguay"; a climate remarkably healthy; one hundred thousand dollars capital, of which the leader, William Lane, contributed \$5,000, his life savings;—everything was foreseen and all necessities provided—except a change in human nature.

The voyage from Australia was no sooner begun than the inevitable question arose, "Who shall have the pleasant jobs and who the dirty ones?" Who are to be the lucky ones to do secretarial work and who are to be the laundresses for the sixty bachelors on board the ship? Who are to be foremen when the settlement is organized and who are to take orders?

Grahame in his account of "New Australia" says, "Before sailing it had been arranged that such matters of detail would be adjusted by mutual agreement. Nobody foresaw how unlikely it was that an individual, who was quite famous on the Downs as a crack shearer, would consent to be anything less than a foreman, although there would be no shearing to be done at New Australia." Finally a committee was selected to apportion the duties and the foremanships, with the result that a large number of the Utopians believed that they were unjustly treated. "No matter what was proposed by this committee, or for that matter, by any committee," complained Mrs. Lane, the leader's wife, "a large section of the members were sure to flout it with a string of captious objections."

Soon the New Australians found themselves forced to give Lane arbitrary authority; but that plan worked no better. Unmarried men could not see the justice of their working for the benefit of the children of married men. Increasing families were looked on askance by those whose families were not increasing. Things went from bad to worse. Instead of augmenting their property the colonists consumed it at an alarming pace. Pretty soon the control of Lane was shaken off and a pure Democracy established. Meanwhile a secession had taken place and the British Consul at Asuncion had an army of destitute Australians

on his hands. The British Government sent Mr. M. de C. Findlay to investigate. Here is an extract from Mr. Findlay's report. "They came to found Utopia, and before I visited the colony had succeeded in creating (as they said) 'a hell upon earth.' . . . I feel morally certain that if the colony had been started on an individualistic basis (each colonist receiving an allotment), and with no complicated regulations to fight over, not a man would have left the settlement."

But unfortunately many a man found that he could not take his wife and children and leave the settlement, so he took the next most obvious step. He refused to let any one share in the products of his labor. The sacred doctrine of "All for one and one for All" became hateful in the colonists' ears. They voted to abandon Socialism. Then they went to the Paraguayan Government and had the land grant reallotted in individual holdings and to-day they are fast recovering from the blight which Socialism cast on them.

I have dwelt at some length on the New Australia experiment because it is one of the most recent and most scientific. It was undertaken some two years after the date of Spencer's prophetic essay. *From Liberty to Bondage* predicted the impossibility of a Socialist State wherein men should be permitted to choose their own occupations. Amply did New Australia prove that in a Socialist State men must submit to the direction of leaders who are not responsible to them on Election Day.

There have been two other recent Australian experiments, one fostered by the Government of South Australia and the other by the Government of Queensland. The Murray River Settlement in South Australia broke down from three causes. First, unmarried men refused to work unless they received substantially the same shares as married men with families. Second, quarrels ensued as to how much work each group should perform. Third, the community could not agree on the farming operations to be undertaken. The Alice River Settlement in Queensland is the most recent failure. It abandoned Socialism in 1908.

But it is in the fertile States of this Union that the greatest number of Socialist communities have been founded. Repeated

failures for a long time did not daunt the enthusiasts. Indeed it almost seemed as if each successive failure only served to propagate a crop of new experiments.

Americans have always fought the theory that history repeats itself. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" is a very popular hymn with us, confirmed optimists that we are and must be. But what shall we say if we continue to fail until seventy times seven times? What if the cause of our failure always reveals a quality in human nature which defies attempts to change it? After all, why should history repeat itself if human nature were continually changing for the better? Is not the very fact that history repeats itself merely another way of expressing the truth that like causes produce like results, and that human nature is the one "cause" which always remains a constant factor?

Just because Hawthorne and Dana and Ripley and Channing were participants, we are apt to look on Brook Farm as the best equipped Socialist community ever established in this country. Nothing could be further from the truth. The intellectual elevation of the Brook Farmers was certain to bring about the early obsequies of their experiment. No one yields to discipline less readily than your intellectual. Ask any officer of the Spanish War what he knows about the obstinacy of the "thinking bayonets" from our colleges.

The Socialist leader, Hillquit, in his *History of Socialism in the United States* says: "Fourierism was the first Socialist system to attain the dignity of a national movement in the United States. The movement lasted about a decade, from 1840 to 1850, and produced over forty social experiments in different parts of the country." Hillquit might have added that each one of these forty experiments proved a deplorable failure and that pretty nearly all of them were characterized by a revolt against the discipline which the leaders imposed;—a discipline, by the way, which was obviously essential if starvation was to be averted.

At least a dozen American Owenite communities came to grief with substantially the same history to record as that of the Fourier Phalanxes. The Icarian settlements fared no better.

The only Socialist communities which showed any vigor at any time were the religious settlements of the Shakers and other sects. But even these religious experiments are to-day all dead or moribund. The only settlement which still shows much life is the Amana community, which covers seven fertile villages in Iowa. The census of 1910 showed that even this especially favored settlement is slightly falling off in population.

Hinds, the Oneida Socialist, in 1878 wrote a glowing account of Amana. For that matter, in the same book, he wrote a glowing account of the Oneida Community. Relentless evolution turned the Oneida Community into a joint stock company just two years later. But, to revert to Amana:—Hinds tells us that in that community marriage is discouraged, that women work in the field, that "these communists are not a reading people." The first of the Amana "Rules for Daily Life" is "To obey, without reasoning, God, and through God, our superiors," and another "Rule" bids them "Fly from the society of womenkind as much as possible." As a reward Hinds tells us that each Amana dweller is "sure of enough to eat and drink and wear so long as he lives." A fuller saucer of cream and no hope, in other words. Think of it:—seventeen hundred people living on some forty square miles of Iowa farming land, and this is the sole success to which Socialism can point. I fancy, for that matter, that a Socialist experiment might survive in the Schloss Johannesburg vineyard. Schloss Johannesburg wine is worth five or ten dollars a bottle and that price is sufficiently remunerative easily to offset the economic handicap of Socialism.

East, West, North and South, all over the world, Socialist communities have gone to pieces, and yet hope springs eternal in the human breast.

How singular it is that the Socialist writers pay such slight attention to the national workshops established by the French Revolutionary Government in 1848. Few experiments in history are better worth studying. It took only a few months to show that the national workshop must either be a gigantic workhouse under the most exacting of masters or else a gigantic

pandemonium of uncontrolled idleness. Lest any one should think this picture overdrawn, consider the words of Victor Hugo, poet, radical, banished from France because he was a menace to the Government of Louis Napoleon. Speaking in the French National Assembly, in 1848, he said: "The national workshops have proved a disastrous experiment. The wealthy idler we know well; you have created a person a hundred times more dangerous, both to himself and others—the pauper idler."

Failure, failure, and again failure. Yet the Socialist philosopher clings to the doctrine of the co-operative State. In the nineties during the heyday of Australian experiments in Socialist Communities, Professor Robert Flint of the University of Edinburgh wrote these words: "Wherever Communistic Associations have not proved failures as industrial or economic experiments, their success has been dependent on two conditions—namely, a small membership and a strict discipline; the one of which proves that Communism cannot be applied to nations, and the other of which shows that it is not in harmony with the temper of a Democratic age." Professor Flint is the author of *Socialism*, a not unkindly criticism of the dismal creed of "equality in hopelessness." Were Professor Flint to write to-day, now that all the promising socialist communities of the 'nineties have failed, how much stronger he could have made his criticism.

The institution of private property will not be abolished in this country, so long as the penniless boy sees a reasonable chance to get some of it. But if ever the young men get it firmly fixed in their minds that they never can possess their own homes, then look out for trouble. It is ill arguing with empty stomachs and angry men will blindly destroy that which many generations cannot replace.

Thank the Lord the rising generation has no right to say that the door of opportunity is other than wide open. The rapidity with which wealth is acquired even by the uneducated immigrant is nothing short of marvellous. To those who think that the rich are growing richer and the poor growing poorer, I commend an inspection of the lists of automobile and motor cycle owners. If only those who were born with dollars in their cradles owned automobiles and motor cycles there would not be enough busi-

ness going on to keep the sales agents from starving to death. And yet Socialists say that it is a self-evident fact that we are getting nearer Socialism every day. I deny it. It is perfectly true that every day sees more and more socialistic legislation passed, if we define socialistic legislation as a body of law which is designed to make A pay for that which B, C and D enjoy. Bless your soul, the passage of such laws doesn't mean that B, C and D are Socialists. It merely means that they are human and so they readily find arguments for voting to make A pay for their roads or their postage or their electric lights. No town meeting in New England votes for town water works or town electricity because the people have any theories about Government ownership. In their inmost souls they probably think that Government management is about as costly a piece of mechanism as can be devised. But they want their water works and they want their electric lights and they know that they can get them cheap if the town provides them, because the taxpayer has got to shoulder the bill for any deficiency in the balance sheet. It may be true that we are speeding towards Government ownership of railroads, but it is not because of Karl Marx or Robert Owen or any other socialist philosopher. On the contrary it is because of the plain logic of the circumstances which confront Smith, Brown and Robinson. Smith, the shipper, must have low freight rates or he is convinced that he cannot compete. Consequently, the Government makes the railroad give him low freight rates. Thereupon Brown, the locomotive engineer, finds that there is no surplus fund out of which to grant him increased wages wherewith to meet the higher cost of living. Naturally Brown begins to think about the Government and the unlimited funds at its disposal. About this time Robinson, the stockholder, discovers that he cannot make any money with Smith pressing him on one side and Brown pressing him on the other and the Government teetering up and down in between.

Thereupon Robinson, the stockholder, visits his lawyer and instructs that astute gentleman to quit fighting Government ownership and devote his energy to getting the Government to pay a good price for his railroad. So, the first thing we know we

find Smith, Brown and Robinson joining hands and tripping a merry measure, while off in a corner sits the doleful taxpayer with his purse open to pay the piper.

And yet, for all that, I do not think that we are getting nearer to Socialism. If I thought that Government ownership would pay, I admit that I should have some apprehensions. Not only do I believe that it will not pay, but I doubt whether any one at heart expects it to pay on any proper system of bookkeeping. What then do I think will happen? Do I think that Government ownership will spread? Yes. Do I think that State expenditures in the way of pensions for the indigent and insurance against sickness and guarantees against unemployment will increase? Yes. Then why shall we not ultimately come to Socialism? Because, when taxation becomes so high that an increased rate brings a diminished return to the tax-gatherer, at that moment the tide must turn and will turn, unless the community really believes that production can be more economically carried on by functionaries than by private citizens. Even then I doubt whether the American of to-morrow will accept the juicier steak and the life long regimentation which the International Socialist offers and relinquish that hope for personal advancement and that hard-won liberty which is the glory of our national life.

FROM FREEDOM TO BONDAGE

OF the many ways in which common-sense inferences about social affairs are flatly contradicted by events (as when measures taken to suppress a book cause increased circulation of it, or as when attempts to prevent usurious rates of interest make the terms harder for the borrower, or as when there is greater difficulty in getting things at the places of production than elsewhere) one of the most curious is the way in which the more things improve the louder become the exclamations about their badness.

In days when the people were without any political power, their subjection was rarely complained of; but after free institutions had so far advanced in England that our political arrangements were envied by continental peoples, the denunciations of aristocratic rule grew gradually stronger, until there came a great widening of the franchise, soon followed by complaints that things were going wrong for want of still further widening. If we trace up the treatment of women from the days

of savagedom, when they bore all the burdens and after the men had eaten received such food as remained, up through the middle ages when they served the men at their meals, to our own day when throughout our social arrangements the claims of women are always put first, we see that along with the worst treatment there went the least apparent consciousness that the treatment was bad; while now that they are better treated than ever before, the proclaiming of their grievances daily strengthens: the loudest outcries coming from "the paradise of women," America. A century ago, when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when inability to take one or two bottles of wine brought contempt, no agitation arose against the vice of drunkenness; but now that, in the course of fifty years, the voluntary efforts of temperance societies, joined with more general causes, have produced comparative sobriety, there are vociferous demands for laws to prevent the ruinous effects of the liquor traffic. Similarly again with education. A few generations back, ability to read and write was practically limited to the upper and middle classes, and the suggestion that the rudiments of culture should be given to laborers was never made, or, if made, ridiculed; but when, in the days of our grandfathers, the Sunday-school system, initiated by a few philanthropists, began to spread and was followed by the establishment of day-schools, with the result that among the masses those who could read and write were no longer the exceptions, and the demand for cheap literature rapidly increased, there began the cry that the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and that the State must not simply educate them but must force education upon them.

And so is it, too, with the general state of the population in respect of food, clothing, shelter, and the appliances of life. Leaving out of the comparison early barbaric states, there has been a conspicuous progress from the time when most rustics lived on barley bread, rye bread, and oatmeal, down to our own time when the consumption of white wheaten bread is universal—from the days when coarse jackets reaching to the knees left the legs bare, down to the present day when laboring people, like their employers, have the whole body covered, by two or more layers of clothing—from the old era of single-roomed huts without chimneys, or from the 15th century when even an ordinary gentleman's house was commonly without wainscot or plaster on its walls, down to the present century when every cottage has more rooms than one and the houses of artisans usually have several, while all have fire-places, chimneys, and glazed windows, accompanied mostly by paper-hangings and painted doors; there has been, I say, a conspicuous progress in the condition of the people. And this progress has been still more marked within our own time. Any one who can look back 60 years, when the amount of pauperism was far greater than now and beggars abundant, is struck by the comparative size and finish of the new houses occupied by operatives—by the better dress

of workmen, who wear broad-cloth on Sundays, and that of servant girls, who vie with their mistresses—by the higher standard of living which leads to a great demand for the best qualities of food by working people: all results of the double change to higher wages and cheaper commodities, and a distribution of taxes which has relieved the lower classes at the expense of the upper classes. He is struck, too, by the contrast between the small space which popular welfare then occupied in public attention, and the large space it now occupies, with the result that outside and inside Parliament, plans to benefit the millions form the leading topics, and everyone having means is expected to join in some philanthropic effort. Yet while elevation, mental and physical, of the masses is going on far more rapidly than ever before—while the lowering of the death-rate proves that the average life is less trying, there swells louder and louder the cry that the evils are so great that nothing short of a social revolution can cure them. In presence of obvious improvements, joined with that increase of longevity which even alone yields conclusive proof of general amelioration, it is proclaimed, with increasing vehemence, that things are so bad that society must be pulled to pieces and re-organized on another plan. In this case, then, as in the previous cases instanced, in proportion as the evil decreases the denunciation of it increases; and as fast as natural causes are shown to be powerful there grows up the belief that they are powerless.

Not that the evils to be remedied are small. Let no one suppose that, by emphasizing the above paradox, I wish to make light of the sufferings which most men have to bear. The fates of the great majority have ever been, and doubtless still are, so sad that it is painful to think of them. Unquestionably the existing type of social organization is one which none who care for their kind can contemplate with satisfaction; and unquestionably men's activities accompanying this type are far from being admirable. The strong divisions of rank and the immense inequalities of means, are at variance with that ideal of human relations on which the sympathetic imagination likes to dwell; and the average conduct, under the pressure and excitement of social life as at present carried on, is in sundry respects repulsive. Though the many who revile competition strangely ignore the enormous benefits resulting from it—though they forget that most of the appliances and products distinguishing civilization from savagery, and making possible the maintenance of a large population on a small area, have been developed by the struggle for existence—though they disregard the fact that while every man, as producer, suffers from the under-bidding of competitors, yet, as consumer, he is immensely advantaged by the cheapening of all he has to buy—though they persist in dwelling on the evils of competition and saying nothing of its benefits; yet it is not to be denied that the evils are great, and form a large set-off from the benefits. The system under which we at present live fosters dishonesty and lying. It prompts adulterations of countless

kinds; it is answerable for the cheap imitations which eventually in many cases thrust the genuine articles out of the market; it leads to the use of short weights and false measures; it introduces bribery, which vitiates most trading relations, from those of the manufacturer and buyer down to those of the shopkeeper and servant; it encourages deception to such an extent that an assistant who cannot tell a falsehood with a good face is blamed; and often it gives the conscientious trader the choice between adopting the malpractices of his competitors, or greatly injuring his creditors by bankruptcy. Moreover, the extensive frauds, common throughout the commercial world and daily exposed in law-courts and newspapers, are largely due to the pressure under which competition places the higher industrial classes; and are otherwise due to that lavish expenditure which, as implying success in the commercial struggle, brings honor. With these minor evils must be joined the major one, that the distribution achieved by the system, gives to those who regulate and superintend, a share of the total produce which bears too large a ratio to the share it gives to the actual workers. Let it not be thought, then, that in saying what I have said above, I under-estimate those vices of our competitive system which, 30 years ago, I described and denounced.* But it is not a question of absolute evils; it is a question of relative evils—whether the evils at present suffered are or are not less than the evils which would be suffered under another system—whether efforts for mitigation along the lines thus far followed are not more likely to succeed than efforts along utterly different lines.

This is the question here to be considered. I must be excused for first of all setting forth sundry truths which are, to some at any rate, tolerably familiar, before proceeding to draw inferences which are not so familiar.

Speaking broadly, every man works that he may avoid suffering. Here, remembrance of the pangs of hunger prompts him; and there, he is prompted by the sight of the slave-driver's lash. His immediate dread may be the punishment which physical circumstances will inflict, or may be punishment inflicted by human agency. He must have a master; but the master may be Nature or may be a fellow man. When he is under the impersonal coercion of Nature, we say that he is free; and when he is under the personal coercion of some one above him, we call him, according to the degree of his dependence, a slave, a serf, or a vassal. Of course I omit the small minority who inherit means: an incidental, and not a necessary, social element. I speak only of the vast majority, both cultured and uncultured, who maintain themselves by labor, bodily or mental, and must either exert themselves of their own unconstrained wills, prompted only by thoughts of naturally-resulting evils or benefits, or must exert

* See essay on "The Morals of Trade."

themselves with constrained wills, prompted by thoughts of evils and benefits artificially resulting.

Men may work together in a society under either of these two forms of control: forms which, though in many cases mingled, are essentially contrasted. Using the word co-operation in its wide sense, and not in that restricted sense now commonly given to it, we may say that social life must be carried on by either voluntary co-operation or compulsory co-operation; or, to use Sir Henry Maine's words, the system must be that of *contract* or that of *status*—that in which the individual is left to do the best he can by his spontaneous efforts and get success or failure according to his efficiency, and that in which he has his appointed place, works under coercive rule, and has his apportioned share of food, clothing, and shelter.

The system of voluntary co-operation is that by which, in civilized societies, industry is now everywhere carried on. Under a simple form we have it on every farm, where the laborers, paid by the farmer himself and taking orders directly from him, are free to stay or go as they please. And of its more complex form an example is yielded by every manufacturing concern, in which, under partners, come managers and clerks, and under these, time-keepers and over-lookers, and under these operatives of different grades. In each of these cases there is an obvious working together, or co-operation, of employer and employed, to obtain in the one case a crop and in the other case a manufactured stock. And then, at the same time, there is a far more extensive, though unconscious, co-operation with other workers of all grades throughout the society. For while these particular employers and employed are severally occupied with their special kinds of work, other employers and employed are making other things needed for the carrying on of their lives as well as the lives of all others. This voluntary co-operation, from its simplest to its most complex forms, has the common trait that those concerned work together by consent. There is no one to force terms or to force acceptance. It is perfectly true that in many cases an employer may give, or an *employé* may accept, with reluctance: circumstances he says compel him. But what are the circumstances? In the one case there are goods ordered, or a contract entered into, which he cannot supply or execute without yielding; and in the other case he submits to a wage less than he likes because otherwise he will have no money wherewith to procure food and warmth. The general formula is not—"Do this, or I will make you;" but it is—"Do this, or leave your place and take the consequences."

On the other hand, compulsory co-operation is exemplified by an army—not so much by our own army, the service in which is under agreement for a specified period, but in a continental army, raised by conscription. Here, in time of peace, the daily duties—cleaning, parade, drill, sentry work, and the rest—and in time of war the various actions of the camp and the battle-field, are done under command, without room for any

exercise of choice. Up from the private soldier through the non-commissioned officers and the half-dozen or more grades of commissioned officers, the universal law is absolute obedience from the grade below to the grade above. The sphere of individual will is such only as is allowed by the will of the superior. Breaches of subordination are, according to their gravity, dealt with by deprivation of leave, extra drill, imprisonment, flogging, and, in the last resort, shooting. Instead of the understanding that there must be obedience in respect of specified duties under pain of dismissal; the understanding now is—"Obey in everything ordered under penalty of inflicted suffering and perhaps death."

This form of co-operation, still exemplified in an army, has in days gone by been the form of co-operation throughout the civil population. Everywhere, and at all times, chronic war generates a militant type of structure, not in the body of soldiers only but throughout the community at large. Practically, while the conflict between societies is actively going on, and fighting is regarded as the only manly occupation, the society is the quiescent army and the army the mobilized society: that part which does not take part in battle, composed of slaves, serfs, women, &c., constituting the commissariat. Naturally, therefore, throughout the mass of inferior individuals constituting the commissariat, there is maintained a system of discipline identical in nature if less elaborate. The fighting body being, under such conditions, the ruling body, and the rest of the community being incapable of resistance, those who control the fighting body will, of course, impose their control upon the non-fighting body; and the *régime* of coercion will be applied to it with such modifications only as the different circumstances involve. Prisoners of war become slaves. Those who were free cultivators before the conquest of their country, become serfs attached to the soil. Petty chiefs become subject to superior chiefs; these smaller lords become vassals to over-lords; and so on up to the highest: the social ranks and powers being of like essential nature with the ranks and powers throughout the military organization. And while for the slaves compulsory co-operation is the unqualified system, a co-operation which is in part compulsory is the system that pervades all grades above. Each man's oath of fealty to his suzerain takes the form—"I am your man."

Throughout Europe, and especially in our own country, this system of compulsory co-operation gradually relaxed in rigor, while the system of voluntary co-operation step by step replaced it. As fast as war ceased to be the business of life, the social structure produced by war and appropriate to it, slowly became qualified by the social structure produced by industrial life and appropriate to it. In proportion as a decreasing part of the community was devoted to offensive and defensive activities, an increasing part became devoted to production and distribution. Growing more numerous, more powerful, and taking refuge in towns where it was

less under the power of the militant class, this industrial population carried on its life under the system of voluntary co-operation. Though municipal governments and guild-regulations, partially pervaded by ideas and usages derived from the militant type of society, were in some degree coercive; yet production and distribution were in the main carried on under agreement—alike between buyers and sellers, and between masters and workmen. As fast as these social relations and forms of activity became dominant in urban populations, they influenced the whole community: compulsory co-operation lapsed more and more, through money commutation for services, military and civil; while divisions of rank became less rigid and class-power diminished. Until at length, restraints exercised by incorporated trades having fallen into desuetude, as well as the rule of rank over rank, voluntary co-operation became the universal principle. Purchase and sale became the law for all kinds of services as well as for all kinds of commodities.

The restlessness generated by pressure against the conditions of existence, perpetually prompts the desire to try a new position. Everyone knows how long-continued rest in one attitude becomes wearisome—everyone has found how even the best easy chair, at first rejoiced in, becomes after many hours intolerable; and change to a hard seat, previously occupied and rejected, seems for a time to be a great relief. It is the same with incorporated humanity. Having by long struggles emancipated itself from the hard discipline of the ancient *régime*, and having discovered that the new *régime* into which it has grown, though relatively easy, is not without stresses and pains, its impatience with these prompts the wish to try another system: which other system is, in principle if not in appearance, the same as that which during past generations was escaped from with much rejoicing.

For as fast as the *régime* of contract is discarded the *régime* of status is of necessity adopted. As fast as voluntary co-operation is abandoned compulsory co-operation must be substituted. Some kind of organization labor must have; and if it is not that which arises by agreement under free competition, it must be that which is imposed by authority. Unlike in appearance and names as it may be to the old order of slaves and serfs, working under masters, who were coerced by barons, who were themselves vassals of dukes or kings, the new order wished for, constituted by workers under foremen of small groups, overlooked by superintendents, who are subject to higher local managers, who are controlled by superiors of districts, themselves under a central government, must be essentially the same in principle. In the one case, as in the other, there must be established grades, and enforced subordination of each grade to the grades above. This is a truth which the communist or the socialist does not dwell upon. Angry with the existing system under which each of us takes

care of himself, while all of us see that each has fair play, he thinks how much better it would be for all of us to take care of each of us; and he refrains from thinking of the machinery by which this is to be done. Inevitably, if each is to be cared for by all, then the embodied all must get the means—the necessities of life. What it gives to each must be taken from the accumulated contributions; and it must therefore require from each his proportion—must tell him how much he has to give to the general stock in the shape of production, that he may have so much in the shape of sustentation. Hence, before he can be provided for, he must put himself under orders, and obey those who say what he shall do, and at what hours, and where; and who give him his share of food, clothing, and shelter. If competition is excluded, and with it buying and selling, there can be no voluntary exchange of so much labor for so much produce; but there must be apportionment of the one to the other by appointed officers. This apportionment must be enforced. Without alternative the work must be done, and without alternative the benefit, whatever it may be, must be accepted. For the worker may not leave his place at will and offer himself elsewhere. Under such a system he cannot be accepted elsewhere, save by order of the authorities. And it is manifest that a standing order would forbid employment in one place of an insubordinate member from another place: the system could not be worked if the workers were severally allowed to go or come as they pleased. With corporals and sergeants under them, the captains of industry must carry out the orders of their colonels, and these of their generals, up to the council of the commander-in-chief; and obedience must be required throughout the industrial army as throughout a fighting army. "Do your prescribed duties, and take your apportioned rations," must be the rule of the one as of the other.

"Well, be it so;" replies the socialist. "The workers will appoint their own officers, and these will always be subject to criticisms of the mass they regulate. Being thus in fear of public opinion, they will be sure to act judiciously and fairly; or when they do not, will be deposed by the popular vote, local or general. Where will be the grievance of being under superiors, when the superiors themselves are under democratic control?" And in this attractive vision the socialist has full belief.

Iron and brass are simpler things than flesh and blood, and dead wood than living nerve; and a machine constructed of the one works in more definite ways than an organism constructed of the other,—especially when the machine is worked by the inorganic forces of steam or water, while the organism is worked by the forces of living nerve-centres. Manifestly, then, the ways in which the machine will work are much more readily calculable than the ways in which the organism will work. Yet in how few cases does the inventor foresee rightly the actions of his new apparatus! Read the patent-list, and it will be found that not more than one device

in fifty turns out to be of any service. Plausible as his scheme seemed to the inventor, one or other hitch prevents the intended operation, and brings out a widely different result from that which he wished.

What, then, shall we say of these schemes which have to do not with dead matters and forces, but with complex living organisms working in ways less readily foreseen, and which involve the co-operation of multitudes of such organisms? Even the units out of which this re-arranged body politic is to be formed are often incomprehensible. Everyone is from time to time surprised by others' behavior, and even by the deeds of relatives who are best known to him. Seeing, then, how uncertainly anyone can foresee the actions of an individual, how can he with any certainty foresee the operation of a social structure? He proceeds on the assumption that all concerned will judge rightly and act fairly—will think as they ought to think, and act as they ought to act; and he assumes this regardless of the daily experiences which show him that men do neither the one nor the other, and forgetting that the complaints he makes against the existing system show his belief to be that men have neither the wisdom nor the rectitude which his plan requires them to have.

Paper constitutions raise smiles on the faces of those who have observed their results; and paper social systems similarly affect those who have contemplated the available evidence. How little the men who wrought the French revolution and were chiefly concerned in setting up the new governmental apparatus, dreamt that one of the early actions of this apparatus would be to behead them all! How little the men who drew up the American Declaration of Independence and framed the republic, anticipated that after some generations the legislature would lapse into the hands of wire-pullers; that its doings would turn upon the contests of office-seekers; that political action would be everywhere vitiated by the intrusion of a foreign element holding the balance between parties; that electors, instead of judging for themselves, would habitually be led to the polls in thousands by their "bosses;" and that respectable men would be driven out of public life by the insults and slanders of professional politicians. Nor were there better provisions in those who gave constitutions to the various other states of the New World, in which unnumbered revolutions have shown with wonderful persistence the contrasts between the expected results of political systems and the achieved results. It has been no less thus with proposed systems of social re-organization, so far as they have been tried. Save where celibacy has been insisted on, their history has been everywhere one of disaster; ending with the history of Cabet's Icarian colony lately given by one of its members, Madame Fleury Robinson, in *The Open Court*—a history of splittings, re-splittings, and re-re-splittings, accompanied by numerous individual secessions and final dissolution. And for the failure of such social schemes, as for the failure of the political schemes, there has been one general cause.

Metamorphosis is the universal law, exemplified throughout the Heavens and on the Earth: especially throughout the organic world; and above all in the animal division of it. No creature, save the simplest and most minute, commences its existence in a form like that which it eventually assumes; and in most cases the unlikeness is great—so great that kinship between the first and the last forms would be incredible were it not daily demonstrated in every poultry-yard and every garden. More than this is true. The changes of form are often several: each of them being an apparently complete transformation—egg, larva, pupa, imago, for example. And this universal metamorphosis, displayed alike in the development of a planet and of every seed which germinates on its surface, holds also of societies, whether taken as wholes or in their separate institutions. No one of them ends as it begins; and the difference between its original structure and its ultimate structure is such that, at the outset, change of the one into the other would have seemed incredible. In the rudest tribe the chief, obeyed as leader in war, loses his distinctive position when the fighting is over; and even where continued warfare has produced permanent chieftainship, the chief, building his own hut, getting his own food, making his own implements, differs from others only by his predominant influence. There is no sign that in course of time, by conquests and unions of tribes, and consolidations of clusters so formed with other such clusters, until a nation has been produced, there will originate from the primitive chief, one who, as czar or emperor, surrounded with pomp and ceremony, has despotic power over scores of millions, exercised through hundreds of thousands of soldiers and hundreds of thousands of officials. When the early Christian missionaries, having humble externals and passing self-denying lives, spread over pagan Europe, preaching forgiveness of injuries and the returning of good for evil, no one dreamt that in course of time their representatives would form a vast hierarchy, possessing everywhere a large part of the land, distinguished by the haughtiness of its members grade above grade, ruled by military bishops who led their retainers to battle, and headed by a pope exercising supreme power over kings. So, too, has it been with that very industrial system which many are now so eager to replace. In its original form there was no prophecy of the factory-system or kindred organizations of workers. Differing from them only as being the head of his house, the master worked along with his apprentices and a journeyman or two, sharing with them his table and accommodation, and himself selling their joint produce. Only with industrial growth did there come employment of a larger number of assistants, and a relinquishment, on the part of the master, of all other business than that of superintendence. And only in the course of recent times did there evolve the organizations under which the labors of hundreds and thousands of men receiving wages, are regulated by various orders of paid officials under a single or multiple head. These originally small, semi-socialistic, groups

of producers, like the compound families or house-communities of early ages, slowly dissolved because they could not hold their ground: the larger establishments, with better sub-division of labor, succeeded because they ministered to the wants of society more effectually. But we need not go back through the centuries to trace transformations sufficiently great and unexpected. On the day when £30,000 a year in aid of education was voted as an experiment, the name of idiot would have been given to an opponent who prophesied that in 50 years the sum spent through imperial taxes and local rates would amount to £10,000,000 or who said that the aid to education would be followed by aids to feeding and clothing, or who said that parents and children, alike deprived of all option, would, even if starving, be compelled by fine or imprisonment to conform, and receive that which, with papal assumption, the State calls education. No one, I say, would have dreamt that out of so innocent-looking a germ would have so quickly evolved this tyrannical system, tamely submitted to by people who fancy themselves free.

Thus in social arrangements, as in all other things, change is inevitable. It is foolish to suppose that new institutions set up, will long retain the character given them by those who set them up. Rapidly or slowly they will be transformed into institutions unlike those intended—so unlike as even to be unrecognizable by their devisers. And what, in the case before us, will be the metamorphosis? The answer pointed to by instances above given, and warranted by various analogies, is manifest.

A cardinal trait in all advancing organization is the development of the regulative apparatus. If the parts of a whole are to act together, there must be appliances by which their actions are directed; and in proportion as the whole is large and complex, and has many requirements to be met by many agencies, the directive apparatus must be extensive, elaborate, and powerful. That it is thus with individual organisms needs no saying; and that it must be thus with social organisms is obvious. Beyond the regulative apparatus such as in our own society is required for carrying on national defence and maintaining public order and personal safety, there must, under the *régime* of socialism, be a regulative apparatus everywhere controlling all kinds of production and distribution, and everywhere apportioning the shares of products of each kind required for each locality, each working establishment, each individual. Under our existing voluntary co-operation, with its free contracts and its competition, production and distribution need no official oversight. Demand and supply, and the desire of each man to gain a living by supplying the needs of his fellows, spontaneously evolve that wonderful system whereby a great city has its food daily brought round to all doors or stored at adjacent shops; has clothing for its citizens everywhere at hand in multitudinous varieties; has its houses and furniture and fuel ready made or stocked in each locality; and has mental pabulum from halfpenny papers hourly hawked round, to

weekly shoals of novels, and less abundant books of instruction, furnished without stint for small payments. And throughout the kingdom, production as well as distribution is similarly carried on with the smallest amount of superintendence which proves efficient; while the quantities of the numerous commodities required daily in each locality are adjusted without any other agency than the pursuit of profit. Suppose now that this industrial *régime* of willinghood, acting spontaneously, is replaced by a *régime* of industrial obedience, enforced by public officials. Imagine the vast administration required for that distribution of all commodities to all people in every city, town and village, which is now effected by traders! Imagine, again, the still more vast administration required for doing all that farmers, manufacturers, and merchants do; having not only its various orders of local superintendents, but its sub-centres and chief centres needed for apportioning the quantities of each thing everywhere needed, and the adjustment of them to the requisite times. Then add the staffs wanted for working mines, railways, roads, canals; the staffs required for conducting the importing and exporting businesses and the administration of mercantile shipping; the staffs required for supplying towns not only with water and gas but with locomotion by tramways, omnibuses, and other vehicles, and for the distribution of power, electric and other. Join with these the existing postal, telegraphic, and telephonic administrations; and finally those of the police and army, by which the dictates of this immense consolidated regulative system are to be everywhere enforced. Imagine all this and then ask what will be the position of the actual workers! Already on the continent, where governmental organizations are more elaborate and coercive than here, there are chronic complaints of the tyranny of bureaucracies—the *hauteur* and brutality of their members. What will these become when not only the more public actions of citizens are controlled, but there is added this far more extensive control of all their respective daily duties? What will happen when the various divisions of this vast army of officials, united by interests common to officialism—the interests of the regulators *versus* those of the regulated—have at their command whatever force is needful to suppress insubordination and act as “saviours of society”? Where will be the actual diggers and miners and smelters and weavers, when those who order and superintend, everywhere arranged class above class, have come, after some generations, to inter-marry with those of kindred grades, under feelings such as are operative in existing classes; and when there have been so produced a series of castes rising in superiority; and when all these, having everything in their own power, have arranged modes of living for their own advantage: eventually forming a new aristocracy far more elaborate and better organized than the old? How will the individual worker fare if he is dissatisfied with his treatment—thinks that he has not an adequate share of the products, or has more to do than can rightly be demanded, or wishes

to undertake a function for which he feels himself fitted but which is not thought proper for him by his superiors, or desires to make an independent career for himself? This dissatisfied unit in the immense machine will be told he must submit or go. The mildest penalty for disobedience will be industrial excommunication. And if an international organization of labor is formed as proposed, exclusion in one country will mean exclusion in all others—industrial excommunication will mean starvation.

That things must take this course is a conclusion reached not by deduction only, nor only by induction from those experiences of the past instanced above, nor only from consideration of the analogies furnished by organisms of all orders; but it is reached also by observation of cases daily under our eyes. The truth that the regulative structure always tends to increase in power, is illustrated by every established body of men. The history of each learned society, or society for other purpose, shows how the staff, permanent or partially permanent, sways the proceedings and determines the actions of the society with but little resistance, even when most members of the society disapprove: the repugnance to anything like a revolutionary step being ordinarily an efficient deterrent. So is it with joint-stock companies—those owning railways for example. The plans of a board of directors are usually authorized with little or no discussion; and if there is any considerable opposition, this is forthwith crushed by an overwhelming number of proxies sent by those who always support the existing administration. Only when the misconduct is extreme does the resistance of shareholders suffice to displace the ruling body. Nor is it otherwise with societies formed of working men and having the interests of labor especially at heart—the trades-unions. In these, too, the regulative agency becomes all powerful. Their members, even when they dissent from the policy pursued, habitually yield to the authorities they have set up. As they cannot secede without making enemies of their fellow workmen, and often losing all chance of employment, they succumb. We are shown, too, by the late congress, that already, in the general organization of trades-unions so recently formed, there are complaints of “wire-pullers” and “bosses” and “permanent officials.” If, then, this supremacy of the regulators is seen in bodies of quite modern origin, formed of men who have, in many of the cases instanced, unhindered powers of asserting their independence, what will the supremacy of the regulators become in long-established bodies, in bodies which have become vast and highly organized, and in bodies which, instead of controlling only a small part of the unit’s life, control the whole of his life?

Again there will come the rejoinder—“We shall guard against all that. Everybody will be educated; and all, with their eyes constantly open to the abuse of power, will be quick to prevent it.” The worth of these expectations would be small even could we not identify the causes which

will bring disappointment; for in human affairs the most promising schemes go wrong in ways which no one anticipated. But in this case the going wrong will be necessitated by causes which are conspicuous. The working of institutions is determined by men's characters; and the existing defects in their characters will inevitably bring about the results above indicated. There is no adequate endowment of those sentiments required to prevent the growth of a despotic bureaucracy.

Were it needful to dwell on indirect evidence, much might be made of that furnished by the behavior of the so-called Liberal party—a party which, relinquishing the original conception of a leader as a mouthpiece for a known and accepted policy, thinks itself bound to accept a policy which its leader springs upon it without consent or warning—a party so utterly without the feeling and idea implied by liberalism, as not to resent this tramping on the right of private judgment, which constitutes the root of liberalism—nay, a party which vilifies as renegade liberals, those of its members who refuse to surrender their independence! But without occupying space with indirect proofs that the mass of men have not the natures required to check the development of tyrannical officialism, it will suffice to contemplate the direct proofs furnished by those classes among whom the socialistic idea most predominates, and who think themselves most interested in propagating it—the operative classes. These would constitute the great body of the socialistic organization, and their characters would determine its nature. What, then, are their characters as displayed in such organizations as they have already formed?

Instead of the selfishness of the employing classes and the selfishness of competition, we are to have the unselfishness of a mutually-aiding system. How far is this unselfishness now shown in the behavior of working men to one another? What shall we say to the rules limiting the numbers of new hands admitted into each trade, or to the rules which hinder ascent from inferior classes of workers to superior classes? One does not see in such regulations any of that altruism by which socialism it to be pervaded. Contrariwise, one sees a pursuit of private interests no less keen than among traders. Hence, unless we suppose that men's natures will be suddenly exalted, we must conclude that the pursuit of private interests will sway the doings of all the component classes in a socialistic society.

With passive disregard of others' claims goes active encroachment on them. "Be one of us or we will cut off your means of living," is the usual threat of each trades-union to outsiders of the same trade. While their members insist on their own freedom to combine and fix the rates at which they will work (as they are perfectly justified in doing), the freedom of those who disagree with them is not only denied but the assertion of it is treated as a crime. Individuals who maintain their rights to make their own contracts are vilified as "blacklegs" and "traitors," and meet with violence which would be merciless were there no legal penalties and no

police. Along with this trampling on the liberties of men of their own class, there goes peremptory dictation to the employing class: not prescribed terms and working arrangements only shall be conformed to, but none save those belonging to their body shall be employed—nay, in some cases, there shall be a strike if the employer carries on transactions with trading bodies that give work to non-union men. Here, then, we are variously shown by trades-unions, or at any rate by the newer trades-unions, a determination to impose their regulations without regard to the rights of those who are to be coerced. So complete is the inversion of ideas and sentiments that maintenance of these rights is regarded as vicious and trespass upon them as virtuous.*

Along with this aggressiveness in one direction there goes submissiveness in another direction. The coercion of outsiders by unionists is paralleled only by their subjection to their leaders. That they may conquer in the struggle they surrender their individual liberties and individual judgments, and show no resentment however dictatorial may be the rule exercised over them. Everywhere we see such subordination that bodies of workmen unanimously leave their work or return to it as their authorities order them. Nor do they resist when taxed all round to support strikers whose acts they may or may not approve, but instead, ill-treat recalcitrant members of their body who do not subscribe.

The traits thus shown must be operative in any new social organization, and the question to be asked is—What will result from their operation when they are relieved from all restraints? At present the separate bodies of men displaying them are in the midst of a society partially passive, partially antagonistic; are subject to the criticisms and reprobations of an independent press; and are under the control of law, enforced by police. If in these circumstances these bodies habitually take courses which override individual freedom, what will happen when, instead of being only scattered parts of the community, governed by their separate sets of regulators, they constitute the whole community, governed by a consolidated system

* Marvellous are the conclusions men reach when once they desert the simple principle, that each man should be allowed to pursue the objects of life, restrained only by the limits which the similar pursuits of their objects by other men impose. A generation ago we heard loud assertions of "the right to labor," that is, the right to have labor provided; and there are still not a few who think the community bound to find work for each person. Compare this with the doctrine current in France at the time when the monarchical power culminated; namely, that "the right of working is a royal right which the prince can sell and the subjects must buy." This contrast is startling enough; but a contrast still more startling is being provided for us. We now see a resuscitation of the despotic doctrine, differing only by the substitution of Trades-Unions for kings. For now that Trades-Unions are becoming universal, and each artisan has to pay prescribed monies to one or another of them, with the alternative of being a non-unionist to whom work is denied by force, it has come to this, that the right to labor is a Trade-Union right, which the Trade-Union can sell and the individual worker must buy!

of such regulators; when functionaries of all orders, including those who officer the press, form parts of the regulative organization; and when the law is both enacted and administered by this regulative organization? The fanatical adherents of a social theory are capable of taking any measures, no matter how extreme, for carrying out their views: holding, like the merciless priesthoods of past times, that the end justifies the means. And when a general socialistic organization has been established, the vast, ramified, and consolidated body of those who direct its activities, using without check whatever coercion seems to them needful in the interests of the system (which will practically become their own interests) will have no hesitation in imposing their rigorous rule over the entire lives of the actual workers; until, eventually, there is developed an official oligarchy, with its various grades, exercising a tyranny more gigantic and more terrible than any which the world has seen.

Let me again repudiate an erroneous inference. Any one who supposes that the foregoing argument implies contentment with things as they are, makes a profound mistake. The present social state is transitional, as past social states have been transitional. There will, I hope, and believe, come a future social state differing as much from the present as the present differs from the past with its mailed barons and defenceless serfs. In *Social Statics*, as well as in *The Study of Sociology* and in *Political Institutions*, is clearly shown the desire for an organization more conducive to the happiness of men at large than that which exists. My opposition to socialism results from the belief that it would stop the progress to such a higher state and bring back a lower state. Nothing but the slow modification of human nature by the discipline of social life, can produce permanently advantageous changes.

A fundamental error pervading the thinking of nearly all parties, political and social, is that evils admit of immediate and radical remedies. "If you will but do this, the mischief will be prevented." "Adopt my plan and the suffering will disappear." "The corruption will unquestionably be cured by enforcing this measure." Everywhere one meets with beliefs, expressed or implied, of these kinds. They are all ill-founded. It is possible to remove causes which intensify the evils; it is possible to change the evils from one form into another; and it is possible, and very common, to exacerbate the evils by the efforts made to prevent them; but anything like immediate cure is impossible. In the course of thousands of years mankind have, by multiplication, been forced out of that original savage state in which small numbers supported themselves on wild food, into the civilized state in which the food required for supporting great numbers can be got only by continuous labor. The nature required for this last mode of life is widely different from the nature required for the first; and long-continued pains have to be passed through in re-moulding the one into the other. Misery has necessarily to be borne by a constitution

out of harmony with its conditions; and a constitution inherited from primitive men is out of harmony with the conditions imposed on existing men. Hence it is impossible to establish forthwith a satisfactory social state. No such nature as that which has filled Europe with millions of armed men, here eager for conquest and there for revenge—no such nature as that which prompts the nations called Christian to vie with one another in filibustering expeditions all over the world, regardless of the claims of aborigines, while their tens of thousands of priests of the religion of love look on approvingly—no such nature as that which, in dealing with weaker races, goes beyond the primitive rule of life for life, and for one life takes many lives—no such nature, I say, can, by any device, be framed into a harmonious community. The root of all well-ordered social action is a sentiment of justice, which at once insists on personal freedom and is solicitous for the like freedom of others; and there at present exists but a very inadequate amount of this sentiment.

Hence the need for further long continuance of a social discipline which requires each man to carry on his activities with due regard to the like claims of others to carry on their activities; and which, while it insists that he shall have all the benefits his conduct naturally brings, insists also that he shall not saddle on others the evils his conduct naturally brings: unless they freely undertake to bear them. And hence the belief that endeavors to elude this discipline, will not only fail, but will bring worse evils than those to be escaped.

It is not, then, chiefly in the interests of the employing classes that socialism is to be resisted, but much more in the interests of the employed classes. In one way or other production must be regulated; and the regulators, in the nature of things, must always be a small class as compared with the actual producers. Under voluntary co-operation as at present carried on, the regulators, pursuing their personal interests, take as large a share of the produce as they can get; but, as we are daily shown by trades-union successes, are restrained in the selfish pursuit of their ends. Under that compulsory co-operation which socialism would necessitate, the regulators, pursuing their personal interests with no less selfishness, could not be met by the combined resistance of free workers; and their power, unchecked as now by refusals to work save on prescribed terms, would grow and ramify and consolidate till it became irresistible. The ultimate result, as I have before pointed out, must be a society like that of ancient Peru, dreadful to contemplate, in which the mass of the people, elaborately regimented in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1,000, ruled by officers of corresponding grades, and tied to their districts, were superintended in their private lives as well as in their industries, and toiled hopelessly for the support of the governmental organization.

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EVOLUTION IN HYMNOLOGY

CHARLES H. RICHARDS

THE earliest music was hardly more than a rhythmic chant in monotone. It was perhaps an echo of the measured pulse-beat of the primitive drum. When men learned to vary this by tunes of two notes, or three notes, they may have thought that they had raised music to an art, and doubted if it could ever reach a higher stage of development. We find such primitive music among barbaric peoples to-day.

The words used in those rude and weird chants were doubtless as simple and uncouth as the music—the droning iteration and reiteration of some simple refrain, which somehow stirred the soul, and gave voice to that deep passion of the spirit which is much the same in every age and in every degree of culture.

We can only guess at the character of the primitive songs of worship. Some data for the historic imagination to work upon have drifted down to us in certain fragments of songs, which have been strangely preserved. The excavated treasure houses of Babylonia have given back to the world certain ancient hymns, older perhaps than those of Abraham, voicing the faith of those far-away people. They are in structure much like the Hebrew Psalms, and one learned professor thinks he has discovered the key to the system of accentuation, so that he has caught the very rhythm and metre to which they were sung thirty centuries or more ago.

The earliest hymn book with which our Christian worship concerns itself is the Jewish Psalter, familiar to us as the Book of Psalms. A marvellous collection of lyrics is this, marking an immense advance both in literary and musical art upon the crude beginnings which we faintly discern in the earliest period of human history. To our modern ears, indeed, the language occasionally sounds somewhat bizarre, and the list of instruments named for the accompaniment would seem in a modern orchestra as devices for making a noise rather than the exquisitely interblending harmonies of music as we now understand it. Yet

these lyrics belong to the world's immortal literature, and the music to which they were sung, in great antiphonal choruses, must have been strangely impressive, and sometimes overwhelmingly grand.

Whatever may be concluded as to the date of these Hebrew songs, and their authorship, they voice the deepest thought and feeling of universal humanity in their praise and penitence and lofty aspiration. Of course, we recognize here and there passages which do not reach the lofty level of the spirit of Christ, and which mirror to us the lower moral standard of a rude and more brutal age. No disciple of Jesus wishes to sing, "Happy shall he be who dasheth thy little ones against the stones"; or, "Thou hast given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me. . . . Then did I beat them small as dust before the wind. I did cast them out as dirt in the streets." These words were written in an age when a vindictive and bloodthirsty spirit toward the enemies of Jehovah did not seem at variance with religion; but it is not the language of devotion in the courts of the Nazarene. They have a historic value as a landmark indicating the stage of moral progress which the race had reached at that time, but they should be judiciously omitted in the services of Christian worship.

Such archaic and purely local features are rare in the Psalter, and the larger part of these one hundred and fifty songs of devotion gathered into this book of praise over twenty centuries ago still remains one of the most inspiring, eloquent, pathetic, heart-stirring, soul-uplifting manuals of devotion which the world contains. The natural and supernatural are blended in its impassioned lyrics in the most striking way. There is a simplicity, a rugged grandeur, a passion of piety in the Hebrew lyrics, which make this the fount and source of much of the hymnography of all later songs.

Dean Stanley has graphically shown what a mighty grip the Psalms have had upon the religious life and thought of the world. "They were sung," he says, "by the ploughmen of Palestine in the time of Jerome; by the boatmen of Gaul in the time of Sidonius Apollinaris. In the most barbarous of Churches

the Abyssinians treat the Psalter almost as an idol, and sing it through from end to end at every funeral. In the most Protestant of Churches—the Presbyterians of Scotland, the Non-conformists of England,—psalm singing has almost passed into a familiar description of their ritual. In the Churches of Rome and of England they are daily recited, in proportions such as far exceed the reverence shown to any other portion of the Scriptures.”

With Christ there came into the world new ideals and standards, new hopes and purposes, which marked a transformation in life and character, and in methods of worship as well. A new kind of worship-song was needed to give expression to the new spirit of devotion. The use of the Psalter was not abolished. Christ’s own example in singing the *Hallel* with his disciples at the last supper made the hymn book of the Jewish nation a welcome handbook of praise in the Christian church.

But it was not enough. Christians wanted something which would voice their ecstasy over the greatest event in the history of the human race and express their aspirations in view of the glorious revelations Christ had given. They must sing not only the Songs of David, but the Song of the angels over Bethlehem, “peace on earth, good will to men”; the *Magnificat* of Mary; the *Nunc Dimittis* of Simeon; the benediction expanded into the *Gloria Patri*; and perhaps the *Gloria Patri* and the angelic song blended and expanded into the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The early Church was a singing church: it could not help voicing its thanksgiving and adoration “in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.”

Gradually the more skilful members of the early Church began to cast their devotional expressions into the literary form of the secular lyrics of their age, and the unmetrical rhapsody gave way to the metrical hymn. The earliest specimen now remaining for us is perhaps the hymn ascribed to Clement of Alexandria, written about 200 A. D. and translated by Dr. Henry M. Dexter; of which the first line is, “Shepherd of tender youth.” Probably the famous “Lamplighting hymn,” the beautiful evening song, is of nearly the same date. E. M. Eddis has given us this translation of this Greek hymn:

O Brightness of the Eternal Father's face,
 Most holy, heavenly, blest,
 Lord Jesus Christ, in whom His truth and grace
 Are visibly expressed;

Now that the daylight fades, and one by one
 The lamps of evening shine;
 We praise once more the Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost divine.

Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
 Praise from Thy Saints, O Lord;
 Be Thou, O Son of God, in whom we live,
 Through all the world adored!

The hymnody of the next seven centuries is that of the Eastern Church, of which these hymns were the first fruits. Some of the chief favorites of our day date back to the devout and earnest "melodists" of that early age, as they were called. There was Synesius, the pupil of the famous Hypatia, who accepted a bishopric on the condition that he would surrender his fields and his amusements; but he would not surrender his wife nor his philosophical ideas. His hymn, "Lord Jesus, think on me," has sung itself even to our day, since his death in the year 375.

A century later came Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, who crowned the Emperor Leo. His song for the tempest-tossed, "Fierce was the wild billow, Dark was the night," and his evening song, "The day is past and over," are to-day as good as ever in their expression of Christian trust.

Two centuries and a half later came another devout Bishop, Andrew of Crete, who was born in 660. His hymn of conflict and courage,

"Christian, dost thou see them,
 On the holy ground,"

is one of the most vivid and thrilling battle-calls of the Christian soldier.

Two great monasteries of the Eastern Church were especially rich in the fruitage of religious poetry. One was that of

St. Sabas in Palestine, on the western shore of the Dead Sea, where John of Damascus (d. 750) wrote the familiar hymns,

“Come ye faithful, raise the strain,”

and

“The day of Resurrection!”

both full of the jubilant and exultant spirit of Christian hope. His nephew was Stephen the Sabaite, who in the same cloistered life wrote that most tender and touching rendering of Christ's invitation in Matthew xi: 28,

“Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me saith One, and coming,
Be at rest.”

The other monastery was the Studium of Constantinople, the great centre of Church life for the Eastern Church. Here Theodore (d. 826) and Joseph (d. 860) and Theoctistus (d. 890) varied the monotony of monastic life by writing poetry, and we have from their pens, “Jesus, name all names above,” and “O happy band of Pilgrims,” and other songs.

We would not willingly be without these lyric treasures of that old Greek life. Yet it must be said that these writers probably have a far wider vogue to-day than in their own time. The Psalms were for centuries the main staple of Christian devotion, and as Chrysostom says, they were “first, middle and last in the assemblies” of worship of that early Church. The public use of uninspired song was looked upon with much suspicion. And although Chrysostom thought he could best counteract the Arian heresy, which was spread by its popular songs, by antiphonal and processional hymns composed on purpose to combat the rising error, the new Christian hymns did not attain universal use.

The Latin Church, however, from about the end of the fourth century gave a new and powerful impetus to hymn-singing. Hilary, the Bishop of Poitiers from 350 to 366, the stout defender of the Nicene Creed, is called “the father of Latin

hymn-writing." Jerome says he wrote a "book of hymns," which the Spanish Church used, but which is now unhappily lost. Jerome describes the growing use of sacred song, and says that in his day those who went into the fields might hear "the ploughman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vinedresser singing David's Psalms." Hilary has left to us some eight hymns, of such excellence that we lament the loss of the rest.

But Ambrose of Milan and Gregory the Great were the mighty forces that inspired and set the pace for the Latin hymnists. The *Te Deum*, which is an expansion of an old Greek hymn in prose, probably owes its present form to Ambrose, though we may not accept the tradition that he and Augustine produced it in spontaneous antiphonal responses, when the latter was received into the Church. The "Ambrosian hymns," so called, number about 100, some of the best of which are from his own hand and others by his disciples. They are irregular in rhythm, and often with only a rude suggestion of rhymes; but intellectual power and the passion of a lofty devotion breathe through them.

Two centuries later (about 600) came Gregory, the first Pope of that name, who has left us eleven of his hymns, but whose influence in church-song is due even more to the modifications and improvements in church music which he secured. The "Ambrosian music" gave way to the Gregorian, whose simplicity, nobility, and richness of harmony are still a power in our modern worship.

These men gave impetus and inspiration to a large company of Latin poets who for nearly a millennium enriched the worship of the Church with their songs. Some of them were laymen, like Prudentius, the Spaniard, who about the year 405 wrote, "Of the Father's love begotten," and Jacopone, the Italian lawyer, who 900 years later wrote the *Stabat Mater*.

Some were kings, like Charles the Bald, who is now believed by many to be the author (890) of *Veni, Creator Spiritus*; and Robert II of France, the son of Hugh Capet, who about the year 1030 may have written, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, which

Trench calls the loveliest of all mediæval hymns. Dean Stanley's translation of this hymn is one of the finest:

Come Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love,
Thine own bright beams impart;
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart!

Some hymn writers were bishops, like Theodulph of Orleans, who about 830 gave the Church the beautiful Palm Sunday hymn, "All glory, laud and honor"; and Venantius Fortunatus of Poitiers, whose great Easter hymn "Welcome, happy morning," written about 600, was sung by Jerome of Prague in his hour of martyrdom.

Some were great scholars, like the Venerable Bede of England, the first of English hymn writers, as of English scholars, who wrote eleven hymns, as well as two poems on "The Day of Judgment"; and St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Doctor Angelicus," who wrote about 1260, "Sing, my tongue, the mystery telling."

Some were monks, like Notker of St. Gall, who died in 912, and who gave us the beautiful chant—"The strain upraise of joy and praise"; and Adam of St. Victor, "the greatest of mediæval poets," as Trench and Neale say, who sang, "Be the cross our theme and story"; and the two Bernards, one of Clairvaux and one of Cluny, each of whom has given to the world four exquisite hymns, taken from longer poems, which are among the very best of our songs of devotion.

There is a depth of tender piety, an ardent faith, and a bewitching charm of rhythm and rhyme about some of these old Latin hymns, which gave them in the original a singular fascination. One is reminded of the musical cadences of Edgar Allan Poe as he reads the tintinnabulating strains of the *Stabat Mater*, for example:

Stabat Mater, Dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius;

Cujus animam gementem,
 Contristantem et dolentem,
 Pertransivet gladius—

which Dr. J. W. Alexander translated:

Near the cross stood Mary, weeping,
 There her mournful station keeping,
 Gazing on her dying Son;
 There in speechless anguish groaning,
 Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
 Through her soul the sword had gone.

And the same marvellous music is noticeable in that weird and terrible masterpiece of Thomas of Celano, the friend and biographer of Francis d'Assisi, who died about 1226,—the *Dies Iræ*;

Dies iræ, Dies illa,
 Solvet sæclum in Favilla,
 Teste David cum Sybilla.
 Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando Judex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricto discussurus,

which has been rendered thus:

Day of wrath, with vengeance glowing,
 Seer and Sibyl long foreknowing!
 Earth and time to ruin going.
 How the guilty world will tremble
 When the Judge shall all assemble,
 And not one will dare dissemble.

This hymn, like a stern trumpet blast of doom, held the affrighted soul of mediæval days under its spell of terror for centuries.

The Latin Church, after the time of Gregory, had its singing done largely by monks and choirs. The hymns were inspiring; the music was often elaborate and impressive. But the people praised by proxy. When the Reformation came it gave back to the people the privilege of carrying out the injunction

of the Psalmist, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." It was in perfect accord with the fundamental principle of the Reformation, which accorded to every man the right of private judgment and of direct personal access to God. Christians were no longer to have their praying or their praising done for them; they were to do it for themselves. Luther, who was an expert musician as well as a theological athlete, set to work to give the German people some songs that would set their hearts on fire with the passion of holy purpose. He knew that a singing Church is the only victorious Church. He formed a "house choir" of musical friends to try, select, and compose the best hymns and tunes for the use of the Church. He published a little volume of eight hymns, in 1522, which grew to sixty-three in 1527; and these to one hundred and twenty-five in 1545—a small hymn book, but effective. He himself composed thirty-seven hymns, of which some twelve were translations and adaptations from the Latin, and the others were the joyful outburst of his own Christian courage and confidence. His "Ein' Feste Burg" Carlyle compares to the "sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of the earthquake." Heine calls it "the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation." Coleridge declares that "Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible," and if we may take the testimony of an enemy as to his power of stirring the hearts of the people with song, we may hear the Roman Catholic theologian Congenius lamenting that "the hymns of Luther had destroyed more souls than his writings or sermons." These hymns of his were often set to familiar and popular airs, and spread like wildfire, giving a congregational character to Protestant worship such as the mediæval Church had never known.

The example of Luther was contagious, and a host of German poets have contributed to the worship-song of the Church, till the hymns from the land of Luther number over 100,000. They are from such writers as Nicolai, and Gerhardt, and Teersteege, and Novalis, and Gustavus Adolphus, and Schmolke, and others, whose tender and heart-moving verses enrich every modern hymnal.

The Reformers in other lands were equally eager to have a

singing Church, in which all the people should participate in praising God. John Calvin was a hymn-book maker. He found the version of Psalms which Clement Marot had turned into French verse, and set to popular airs, and to music by Gondimel, and which had been sung by Francis I, and his Queen and courtiers, who had made them quite the style. Calvin, who held that whatever was sung in church must be from the Bible, took up these metrical versions of the Psalms by Marot, added five original translations of Psalms from his own pen, also the Apostles' Creed, the Song of Simeon, and the Decalogue in verse. This was published in 1539, and was the germ of the Genevan Psalter which was published in 1542. Only one original hymn, not based on the Psalms, is left to us from Calvin's facile pen; it begins, "I greet Thee, who my sure Redeemer art," and it is doubtful if, with his principles, he would have permitted it to be sung in church, since it was not a transcription of Scripture.

In England the same movement for congregational worship in song appeared at the same time. When Miles Coverdale, Thomas Cromwell's friend, and the translator of "The Great Bible," as it is called, put forth his "Goostlie Psalms" at Cambridge in 1536, he was the forerunner of a long procession of those who were to compile the songs of the Church in our English tongue. His "Goostlie Psalms," like the "Geistliche Lieder," of the land of Luther, were simply the "Spiritual Songs" of his day.

Thomas Sternhold, the pious groom of the robes to Henry VIII, and afterwards to Edward, was so scandalized by the amorous and obscene songs of the Court, that he resolved to do as Clement Marot had done in France. He turned into English metre fifty-one of the Psalms, and set them to music, hoping that the gay singers of the king's household would use them instead of the ribald songs which corrupted and degraded the Court. A little later, with a collaborator, he put forth in 1549 the famous Sternhold and Hopkins version of the Psalms, which held its own in the Church for a hundred years. Then a complaint arose that its style was obsolete and old-fashioned, and Francis Rous, in 1646, a lawyer and member of Parliament, and later one of Cromwell's Privy Council, put out a new version

which became very popular, whose rude and uncouth measures may still be heard in some quarters. Half a century later Nahum Tate, poet-laureate of England for twenty-five years, and Nicholas Brady, sometime chaplain to William III, tried their hands jointly at a new metrical version of the Psalms, which appeared in 1695.

While these attempts were being made in England, our fathers on this side of the sea were singing out of "Ainsworth's Psalms," which had been published in Amsterdam in 1612 just after the Pilgrim Fathers had fled to Holland. And in 1640 the *Bay Psalm Book* appeared, the first book ever printed in New England. The literary editors of this venture were Richard Mather, Thomas Welde, and John Eliot, all graduates of Emmanuel College in Cambridge University, England, and who in spite of their great learning produced a book of terrible jargon. It was printed in the house of President Dunster of Harvard College, on a "printery" recently imported, and it ran through seventy editions. No better evidence of the tremendous constitutions and indomitable nerve of our ancestors is needed than the fact that they survived the use of this poetical and musical monstrosity through seventy editions. As an antiquarian treasure of great rarity the *Bay Psalm Book* of our fathers is to-day worth its weight in gold: but for any other purpose it is valueless. It has been well called "the most unique specimen of poetical tinkering in our literature."

As a specimen of the sort of sacred song they had in the "good old times," take this extract from the Sternhold and Hopkins version of the 109th Psalm, sometimes called the "cursing psalm," which was a great favorite of Cromwell's:

As he did cursing love, it shall
Betide unto him so,
And as he did not blessing love
It shall be farre him fro,
As he with cursing clad himselfe
So it like water shall
Into his bowels and like oyl
Into his bones befall.

Or this from the *Bay Psalm Book*, from the Song of Deborah and Barak:

Out of a window Sisera
his mother looked, and said
The lattess thro' in coming why
so long his chariot staid?
His chariot wheels why tarry they?
her wise dames answeréd
Yea, she turned answer to herself
and what have they not sped?
The prey by poll: a maid or twain
what parted have not they?
Have they not parted, Sisera,
a party-colored prey,
A party-colored neildwork pray
of neildwork on each side
That's party-colored meet for necks
of them that spoil divide?

The poet who composed such verses as these seems to have driven Pegasus over a corduroy road.

Singularly enough the Bibliolatry of the age was one great reason why the religious songs were so grotesque and uncouth. The exaggerated reverence for the Holy Scriptures as giving the *ipsissima verba* of Jehovah, made men feel it a sort of impiety to worship God with any form of words save those He had himself given. Hence they clung to the most literal and exact reproduction of scripture words which they could twist into metre, and they undertook to put the whole Old Testament into singable form. They made paraphrases of Solomon's Song, of the proverbs, of twelve chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, even of the genealogies of the Hebrews. Uninspired hymns were proscribed in the public worship, even of the Anglican Church, till near the close of the seventeenth century.

To be sure, quaint George Wither made a hymn book in 1623, containing, besides the paraphrases of Scripture, his own hymns for festal days and special occasions—for sheep shearing, for a lover, for a tailor, and others. But he evidently did not expect them to be used in public worship.

At last the dapper little Independent minister, Isaac Watts, only five feet tall, but a condensed package of genuine poesy,

broke away from the fetters that had crippled and hindered the Church. He was disgusted with the rude doggerel which it seemed to him almost a blasphemy to use in worshipping God. He boldly took the ground that a hymn might be founded not only on a Psalm, but on any other devotional passage of Scriptures, or on any Christian sentiment expressed in Scripture. He began by writing for his own Sunday service the hymn, "Behold, the glories of the Lamb," and he followed it up by a succession of similar lyrics, so noble in sentiment, so pure and beautiful in style, so full of sound Christian feeling, that they revolutionized the song service of the Protestant Churches. He is recognized as the father of modern English hymnody, and many of his hymns still hold their place as among the finest gems of sacred song in all our treasury of worship-literature. For two centuries Watts has distanced every other contributor to our modern hymn books, both in number and general quality of hymns. Of course he wrote a great many things which do not stand the test of time. Doggerel and bombast and trivial or distorted ideas got the mastery of him at times. But some of his lyrics are among the noblest in the language. Matthew Arnold considered his hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," the finest English hymn ever written. The little pocket-edition poet-preacher is still *facile princeps* among the hymn writers.

But Charles Wesley is a close second. Of his six thousand hymns, an enormous production in bulk, a great deal is winnowed out by the sifting of time. But there remain to us in the residue some of the finest lyrical material in our Saxon speech. If one were going to select the best fifty hymns in the English language, he would be pretty sure to put in this half-dozen of Wesley's,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
"Love divine, all love excelling,"
"Hark! the herald angels sing,"
"Come, Thou Almighty King,"
"O for a thousand tongues to sing,"
"O love divine, how sweet thou art."

Charles Wesley was the Corypheus of the Methodist movement, and leaving out of account the large amount of what now seems to us rubbish which his prolific pen produced, probably

two hundred effective hymns of his constituted a tremendous dynamo of spiritual energy in that great denomination which has advanced by such leaps and bounds in a century and a half.

Into this renaissance of church-song inaugurated by Watts and Wesley came other writers of hardly less skill and fire—Philip Doddridge, William Cowper, John Newton, James Montgomery, Thomas Kelly, and others. And in later years there has been a large amount of the finest lyrical material added by a group of modern writers which is constantly growing. John Mason Neale and Edward Caswall have rediscovered and put into exquisite literary form many of the half-forgotten hymns of the Greek and Roman Churches. Archbishops Benson and Maclagan, Bishops Heber and How and Wordsworth, Deans Alford and Stanley and Milman, Horatius Bonar and Frances Ridley Havergal, John Ellerton and Frederick William Faber, Thomas Toke Lynch and Henry Francis Lyte, Ray Palmer and Samuel Francis Smith, and many others, have rendered invaluable service by their noble hymns.

All branches of the Christian Church are found in this jubilant singing host. The Roman Catholics have been large contributors, from Ambrose and the two Bernards down to Cardinal Newman and F. W. Faber. At the other extreme is a group of Quaker singers, from Bernard Barton to Whittier. Methodists from the Wesleys to Dr. F. M. North, Presbyterians from Calvin to Henry Van Dyke, and Baptists from Leland to W. N. Clarke are in the choring company. More than a hundred Congregationalists from Isaac Watts to Washington Gladden have given these lyrics of the soul. Anglicans from Joseph Addison to Bickersteth are side by side with Unitarians from Sir John Bowring to Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Episcopalians of America through Bishops Coxe and Doane and Phillips Brooks and others have given many really beautiful hymns. Other branches of the Church have added their quota.

When one takes up one of the best modern hymnals, he finds it to be a careful selection from several hundred thousand hymns, the cream of the whole. The process of exclusion has been carried on with strict regard to certain principles which are rigidly applied. Dr. Louis F. Benson has set forth these canons of

judgment admirably. He says the best hymn must have five qualities: (1) it must be a genuine lyric, something singable, the expression of noble feeling that naturally bursts into song; (2) it must have literary excellence, in the felicity of its phrases, in the good taste of its imagery; (3) it must have liturgical propriety, and be adapted to the purpose of worship; (4) it must be reverent, as befits the service of religion in the presence of God; and (5) it must have spiritual reality, being neither insincere nor untrue, avoiding all exaggerated statements of personal feeling, and all sensationalism. It is easy to see that if these tests are faithfully applied, a great deal that has passed muster with careless collators of worship-song must go to the waste-basket.

And this is what has occurred, as a matter of fact. The best editors to-day reject the material that does not measure up to this standard, and the result is the gathering of from six hundred to a thousand hymns of a very high quality. Some one disparages these as "not literature." Not literature? If he will take up one of the latest and best of our modern hymnals, he will probably find in it hymns composed by Alfred, Lord Tennyson; by Goethe, who shares with Luther the honor of being the greatest literary power in German thought and life; by John Milton and Alexander Pope and Walter Scott; by John Keble and George MacDonald; by Francis Turner Palgrave, who was Professor of Poetry at Oxford; by Rudyard Kipling and John Hay; by Mrs. Browning ("Shakespeare's daughter") and Adelaide A. Proctor; by Phœbe Cary and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Richard Watson Gilder; by that famous quintet of American poets, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whittier.

Of course it must be admitted that much wretched material is poured forth upon a long-suffering world through other channels. Pious rhymesters grind out crude stuff by the mile. And the worst of it is, a great many people like it. Ragtime poetry set to ragtime music too often tickles the vitiated taste. Catchy airs float into wide use many a weak and trivial hymn, loaded with a nauseating sentimentalism, or a distorted theology. Sunday schools and churches often sing such things till their spiritual vision is perverted, their spiritual strength emasculated, and their taste depraved. It is like over-indulgence in sweets or intoxi-

cants. People come to depend on the stimulation of their nerves by grotesque and sensational words and music, till they lose the power to be inspired by the noble thought, voiced in really devotional music, given by the finest poets and the best composers.

But the over-production of the trivial and enervating songs may be discouraged by refusing to use them, and by assiduously cultivating a taste for better things. As Michelangelo transformed Rafael's beginnings of the decoration of a Roman palace, where the figures were all too small for the proportions, not by verbal criticism, but by sketching on the wall a gigantic head, exactly adapted to the vast spaces to be filled, so churches may drive out the worst by persistently using the best.

The best "Gospel Songs," as they are called, are valuable for occasional use. Ballad music has its proper place in the service of the Church as it has elsewhere, and some of these heart-songs of the Christian life have been immensely useful. They often touch the sympathies and stir the aspirations of the average man where songs of the higher class would not move him. They often prepare the way for better things. But they should be used sparingly, and with a large admixture of the stronger and nobler hymns and tunes, which when made thoroughly familiar will intrench themselves in the affections of the people as nothing else will. It is worthy of note that Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," which is preëminently the fruit of high culture, set to Dyke's tune *Lux Benigna*, which is one of the more elaborate and difficult of the modern English tunes, has, since it has become known as McKinley's favorite, been sung everywhere with popular relish, so that even the hand-organs have taken it up as a people's song—a folk-song.

Much may be done to cultivate a noble taste in Church song, by a judicious selection of what shall be sung. It is to be feared that many people choose a song for the music rather than the words, and the music is certainly an important element to be considered. But it ought to be the rule not to sing anything the words of which will not read well. If the hymn is full of faulty rhetoric, false theology, weak sentimentalism, claptrap nonsense, extravagant pietism, which cannot be the genuine expression of

a healthy soul, let it alone. Its weakness will be revealed when read, rather than sung.

Certain things, at least, can be avoided. A distinguished preacher of our day has declared that he will never call himself a "worm," even in song, thinking that it dishonors God by belittling his noblest creation. That would rule out that otherwise noble hymn,

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

It used to be felt that we exalted God by vilifying ourselves, and that it was a mark of piety to apply to ourselves the most extravagant self-accusations; but that day has fortunately gone by. Such expressions lack the note of spiritual reality.

Merely didactic hymns which were intended simply to enforce doctrine, and not to express devout feeling, especially if the doctrine is faulty, should not be used as the lyrics of faith. Our fathers sang this expansion of the 12th verse of the 51st Psalm;

Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart
But we're defiled in every part.

That is going a good deal further than David intended, and is no longer regarded as a fit song for the Church.

Another hymn of a century ago, which was dear to the heart of some who thought that religion was fostered by presenting stern and terrifying dogmatic statements, began with the words:

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead.

Happily it has long since passed into disuse.

Such hymns seem almost like travesties of the Christian religion, so foreign are they to the teachings and spirit of Christ. But when we see what people in the "good old times" were willing to sing, we are not greatly surprised at the offering of a devout poetaster of a later day, quoted by the Rev. W. Garrett Horder of London in one of his lectures in this country:

My heart is like a rusty lock;
Lord, oil it by thy grace;
And rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,
Till it reflect thy face.

Fortunately the higher standards and sounder taste now prevailing have led the Churches to turn away from mere rhymed dogmatics to truly devotional hymns. There is a splendid abundance of the best hymns in our day, set to noble and inspiring music. Children are becoming familiar with them in the Sunday school. Their elders are singing them with fervor and delight in the church.

With the use of these nobler songs of the soul men are finding that there is a dynamic in them of the greatest value. Enthusiasm is kindled, interest deepened, and decisions are intensified by them. Churches are avoiding a too frequent use of plaintive and melancholy songs, which imply that the harps are still to be hung upon the willows in a strange land. They are singing songs of courage, of cheer, and of triumphant faith. They are not singing as much about heaven as they used to. They are singing more about the Kingdom here below which is to transform earth into a heaven when the victories of Christ are complete. They are not singing songs of vague and dreamy sentimentality as much as of old. They are singing songs of character, of service, of brotherhood, of Christian patriotism, of aggressive missionary spirit, of the practical Christian life.

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